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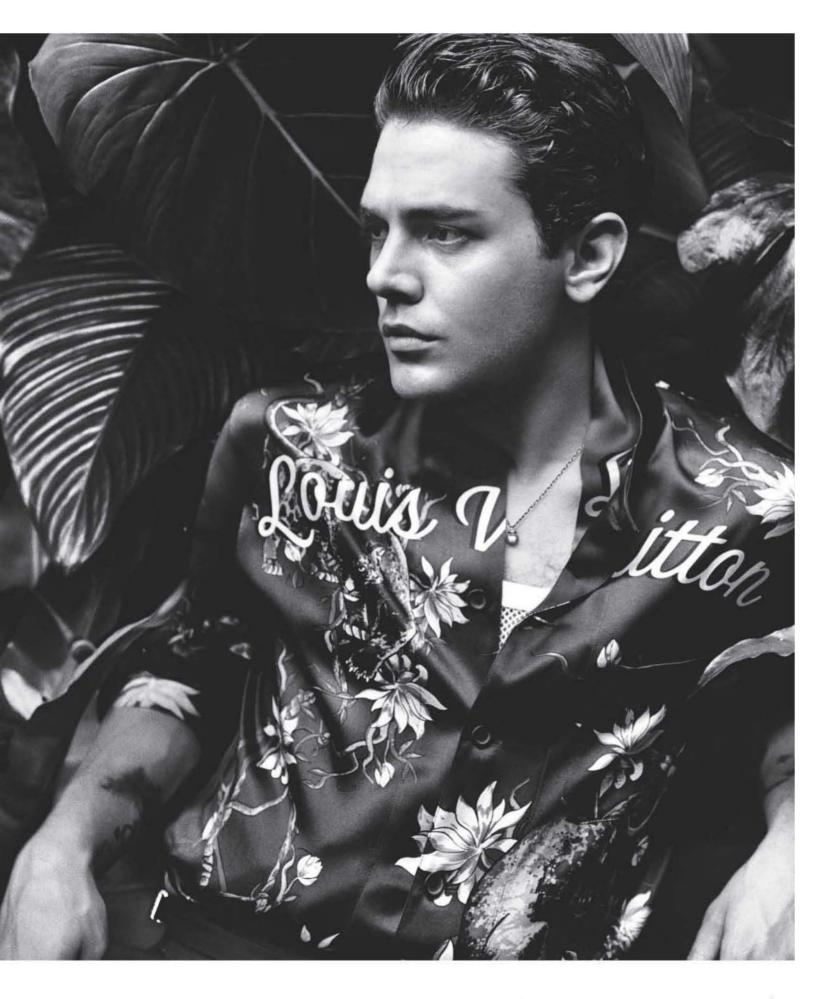
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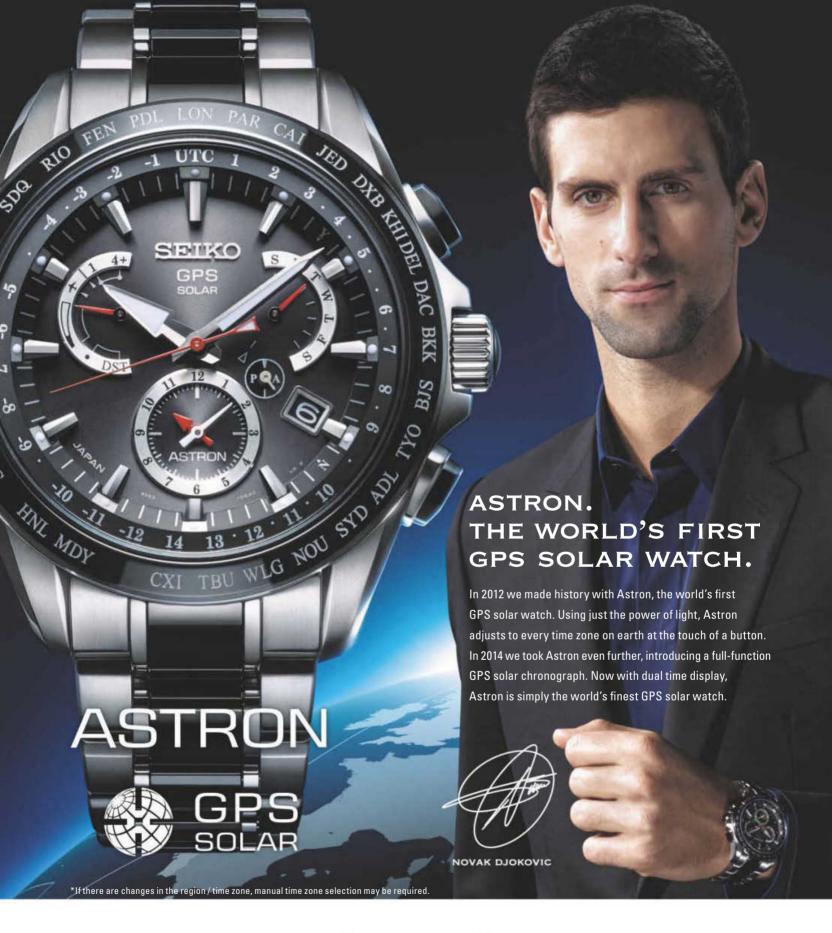
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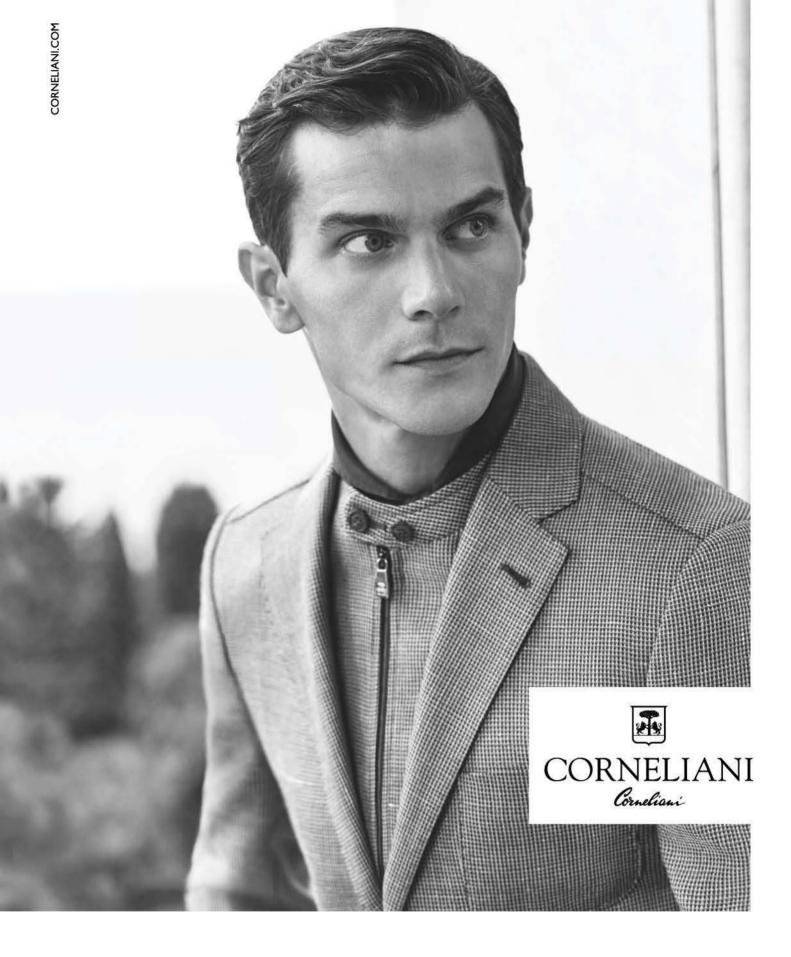
Published by The Condé Nast Publications Ltd, Vogue House, Hanover Square, London W1S1JU (Tel: 020-7499 9080; fax: 020-7495 1679; telex 27338 volon). Printed in the UK by Wyndeham Group (Published National Conditions). Colour origination by Tag: Response, Published 12 times a year, All rights reserved, Reproduction in whole or in part without written permission is strictly prohibited. All prices correct at the time of going to press, but subject to change.

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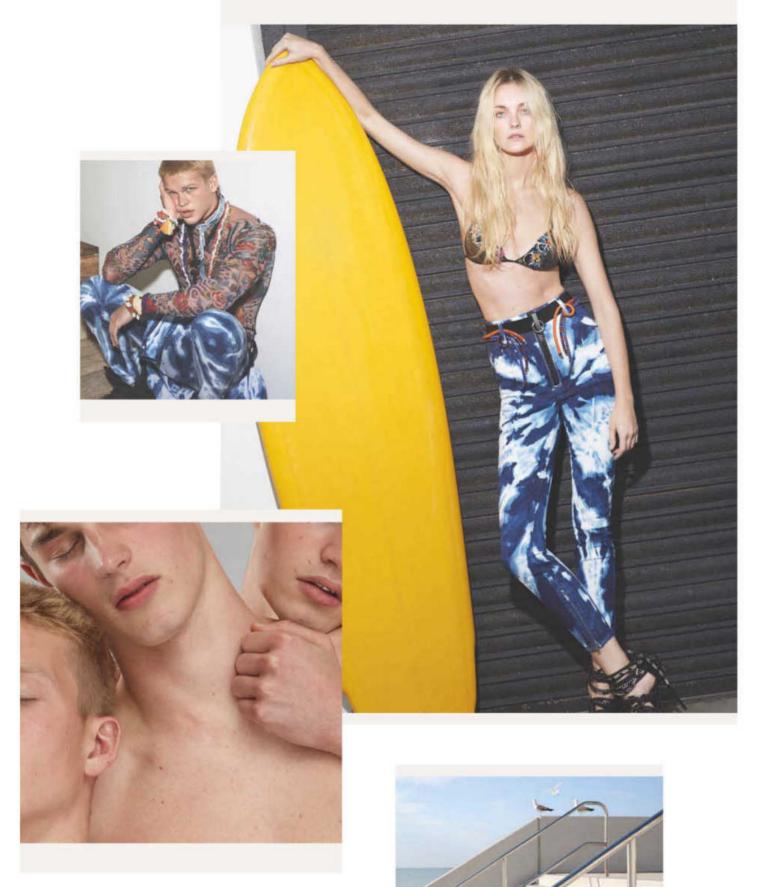
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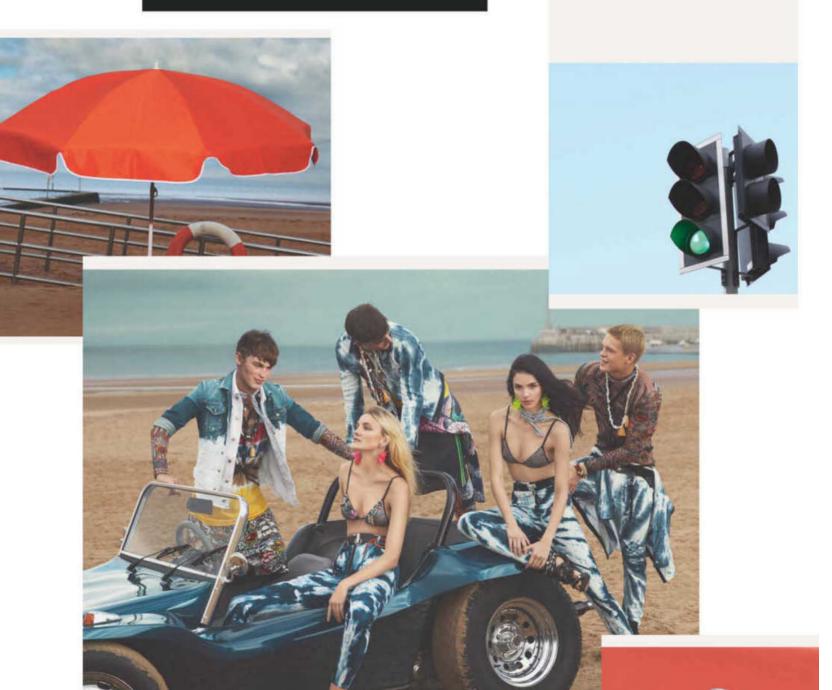
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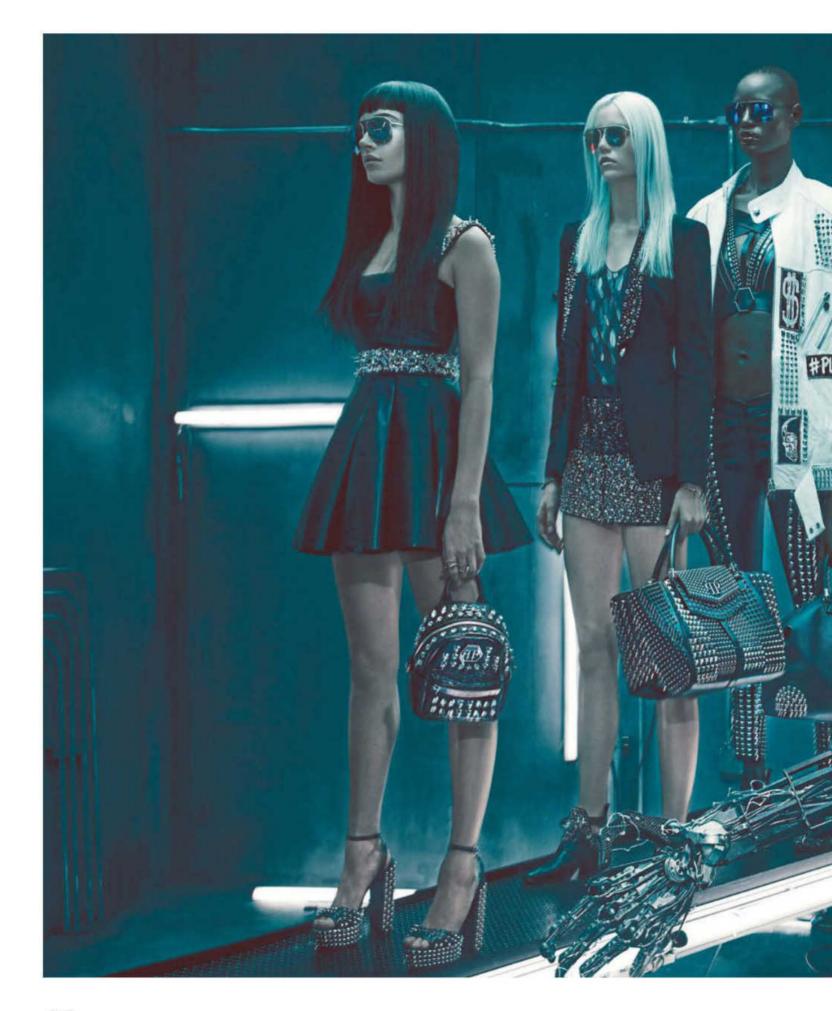




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PHILIPP PLEIN



BOTTEGA VENETA

Our latest flame...

Red alert: Amy Adams photographed for British GQ at Milk Studios, Los Angeles, by Norman Jean Roy

Right: Jacket by **Balmain**, £1,230. At matchesfashion.com Swimsuit by **Eres**, £240. At Fenwick. fenwick.com. Earrings by **David Webb**, from £33,000. davidwebb.com

Cover: Dress, £665 by **Versus**. At matchesfashion.com. Bracelet, from £25,000, by **David Webb**.





AMY ADAMS UNLEASHED HER INNER SEX SYMBOL. IT WAS A

REVELATION

ome films you just know you're going to want to see again and again and again. In the case of *American Hustle*, I knew I wanted to see it more than once having just seen the poster. It wasn't only the cast – although a screen full of the likes of Christian Bale, Amy Adams, Bradley Cooper, Jennifer Lawrence, Jeremy Renner and Louis CK sets quite a high bar already – and it wasn't simply the fact that it was set in the Seventies, a decade that, sartorially at least, creeps closer to redemption with each passing month. And it wasn't just the fact that it had "romp" written all over it in inappropriately knockabout inverted commas. And it wasn't the obviously appealing fact it was a broadly drawn crime movie. No, although all of the above helped, *American Hustle* was immediately attractive because

head up alongside *GoodFellas, Casino, The Sopranos, Boardwalk Empire, Black Mass* and *Prizzi's Honor*. David Denby in the *New Yorker* called it "intentionally overripe", and he was right (not that he or his compadre Anthony Lane have never knowingly been wrong about anything). He even called it the movie of the year, a comic fantasia that he also knew was going to need repeated viewings, a film so

it had all of these things and more, a masterpiece of genre filmmaking that can hold its

fantasia that he also knew was going to need repeated viewings, a film so rich in content it was destined to be remembered (and justly celebrated).

One of the true revelations of the movie – forgetting for a minute Christian Bale's paunch and Bradley Cooper's hair – was Amy Adams and the way she reinvented herself using a sassy array of plunging jumpsuits and slinky dresses. She said at the time that the nature of the part, and the way she needed to be portrayed, made her "more comfortable" with her figure. She had already made a name for herself in movies such as *Catch Me If You Can, Junebug, Enchanted, Julie & Julia, Doubt, The Fighter, The Master* and *Her* – in an eight-year run she was nominated for five Oscars and six Golden Globes, winning two of the latter – but it was in David O Russell's *American Hustle* that she unleashed her inner sex symbol, as a former stripper and con artist who creates the fake persona of a British heiress.

As Adams tells Stuart McGurk of her character in this month's cover feature, "It's funny, I never thought of her as sexy, because for me she was putting it on. But then I was like, wait a second, does everyone put it on? It's funny, because I thought of >

EDITOR'S LETTER

The raise really damaged, like she was lying to everyone. People said, 'You are so hot in that movie.' I thought, 'Oooh, people like hot liars!' As long as you're tanned and skinny you can do whatever you want. Awesome!" As Owen Wilson says about Penélope Cruz in the recent Zoolander 2, "She's hot. I trust her."

This new-found confidence was certainly present on our cover shoot, as Amy turned up with a completely open mind, put her total trust in the photographer – the great Norman Jean Roy – and the GO creative team, and was a willing accomplice as opposed to an actor simply fulfilling contractual publicity duties. So many young actors act aggrieved these days when they have to publicise their movies, believing that their "work" should speak for itself, yet it's always the ones who go out of their way to connect with the media and the public (which are nowadays the same thing) who make their careers work in the long run. And Adams is one of those.

On our set she was funny, self-deprecating, and not overly obsessed with what everyone else was doing on the other side of the camera. Which basically means she left us to get on with what we do for a living – in this case making Amy Adams even more magnificent than she is in real life.

As for American Hustle, well, all important



Girl on film (above): Amy Adams with Bradley Cooper in American Hustle (2013), the film that helped her break free of the ingénue roles that had defined her career; (below) Adams on set with the British GQ team and photographer Norman Jean Roy at Milk Studios, Los Angeles

movies have a big story and this one was no different. As McGurk relates in his feature, by all accounts, David O Russell's behaviour on set was more than horrendous. He'd always had something of a reputation – he famously got into a fistfight with George Clooney during the shoot for *Three Kings* in 1999, with Clooney vowing never to work with the director again – but it was assumed he'd changed.

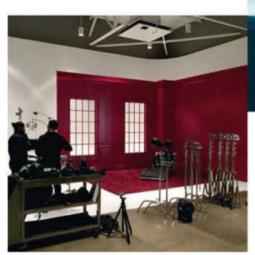
One of the infamous leaked Sony emails – from journalist Jonathan Alter to his brother-in-law, Sony Entertainment CEO Michael Lynton – would prove otherwise. Alter said Russell "so abused" Adams on the set of *American Hustle* that Christian Bale had to step in to defend her. "His abuse and lunatic behaviour are extreme even by Hollywood standards," wrote Alter.

"Was this true?" asks McGurk. In a word: yes. Working with Russell was always crazy, she says. On *The Fighter*, there was a lot of energy, but this was something else. "Even I was surprised on *American Hustle*, because on [his previous film] *Silver Linings Playbook* he had developed this wild, crazy way of working with Bradley [Cooper] and Jennifer [Lawrence]... and it was mania. I was like, 'Wow."

Russell is obviously a formidable director, but then Amy Adams is so obviously a formidable actor. Read all about her in Stuart McGurk's fabulous cover story this month.



SHE IS FUNNY, SELF-DEPRECATING AND NOT OVERLY OBSESSED WITH WHAT EVERYONE ELSE IS DOING



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Contributors



Ellen VON UNWERTH

Ellen von Unwerth might be best known for her photographs of women, but for our feature on the second outing of Miles Kane and Alex Turner's band The Last Shadow Puppets, she captured a more masculine sensibility. "I love British music, so working with the band was so exciting," she says. "We clicked straightaway, shooting all over London's 100 Club while listening to their last album.



AA GILL

More people are killed by lightning in Colorado than by cars, yet that didn't stop Contributing Editor AA Gill from taking to the exposed tees of the state's Fairway Pines golf course with two highly competitive players. Gill did not share the desire to win but discovered the joy of cheating. "I forgive myself for it with an easy largesse," he writes for GQ.co.uk.



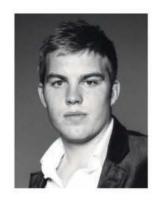
Shireen JILLA

In this month's Foreword, the journalist and novelist Shireen Jilla discusses the psychology behind ignoring others and the effects it can wreak. "Blanking is a social scalpel," says Jilla. "What fascinated me is that only certain people have the power to crush us in this way – not all blankers affect us. It's down to the importance of the blanker and our own state of mind."



Stuart McGURK

It has been a busy few weeks for GO's Senior Commissioning Editor, Stuart McGurk, who profiled three creative powerhouses for this edition: Motown hit-maker Berry Gordy: Anomalisa writerdirector Charlie Kaufman; and cover star Amy Adams. "It's a great privilege to tackle such a range of stories," says McGurk. "Each interview was fascinating in its own way, but talking to Gordy - 86 years old but with the energy of a man half that - was an inspiration."



Ed CAESAR

For GQ, Contributing Editor Ed Caesar met one of the greatest mountaineers of all time. Reinhold Messner. the first climber to ascend Mount Everest without supplemental oxygen. The adventure took Caesar to one of Messner's castles in the South Tyrol for a faceto-face meeting. "Messner is an extraordinary storyteller," says Caesar. "Listening to this angry, amused, ferocious and curious man was an unforgettable experience."



Norman JEAN ROY

Fashion photographer Norman Jean Roy shot actress Amy Adams for our cover story, ahead of her starring role in *Batman v Superman: Dawn Of Justice*. The styling draws on the colour of Superman's cape to chime with Adams' role as the Man of Steel's love interest, Lois Lane. "I've photographed Amy so many times," says Roy, "and she always gives 100 per cent."







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I HATE YOU. PLEASE DON'T IGNORE ME

Even the most placid people pleaser fears getting left out in the cold, but reacting badly to being 'blanked' says a lot about your own emotional baggage. Time to look deep within...

STORY BY SHIREEN JILLA

Foreword

m I the only one who thinks Spitalfields in London's East End is overrated? But I find myself there for a somewhat random, somewhat work-orientated party. So I'm already annoyed. The girl on the door cannot find my name. I repeat it numbly, before scanning the list myself. The bar is bedlam. I'm too sober, too cold. I make a beeline for a friend and ex-work colleague of my partner's, already lifted by the thought of batting around some banter. He blanks me.

Blanking – the ugly stepsister of looking over your shoulder – always has context, like my whinge. We've all experienced the chill, but we react paradoxically. Psychotherapist Noel Bell gives this example. "One person says, 'Why did the receptionist ignore me?' Another: 'What receptionist?' Ten people blank you on an average day. Nine you never notice. Why notice the one?"

Often it's down to the ranking of the person doing the blanking. If it's your boss, it's frightening. If you're a newbie and it's the entire team, it's Guantanamo. "It goes down deep – we fundamentally need to be acknowledged," explains relationship therapist David Waters. "Blanking makes you feel like you don't exist."

Social media is the ultimate blanking blowtorch. If a babe in a bar studiously ignores your charms, you can return to your mates with a round of drinks and a plausible excuse. But the swipe of a thumb exacts more calculated cruelty, whether it's failing to endorse your Tinder profile or unfriending you on Facebook.

After Ed's fratricidal victory over firstborn David, the brothers Miliband passed each other on the ground floor of Portcullis House (the MPs' modern office block) within smelling distance yet without the limpest wave. David might have been perked up by swinging a Clarkson punch. But Jeremy Clarkson must equally wish he had simply blanked his producer.

Therein lies the rub. A full-scale barney, let alone bloodletting, is not socially acceptable. Blanking can seem like the best option.

To blank or not to blank, that is the question. There is no doubt that it is a sign of healthy self-preservation to avoid crazy-makers. "If there's a complete breakdown, it's far easier to ignore them," says Waters. And even therapists are pretty unanimous that we'd be shallow human beings if we loved everyone. "We've all thought, 'Oh Jesus, why are they here?' And whatever they say gets on your wick," Bell readily admits. Blanking can also be particularly useful short-term. "We all get annoyed with people we socialise with. And we definitely benefit from a break from them."

But it's worth remembering that blanking is a crucial tool in a narcissist's trade. Think of the idiot at work who always ignores you when you return from your holiday abroad, Americano-coloured and eager to tell all.

The Wolseley restaurant in Piccadilly, London, is a park of rutting media types air-waving over their eggs Benedict. When a veteran TV presenter raised his arm to acknowledge a newscaster, the

latter abruptly turned away. Surely it was rash to publicly blank an elevated rival? The newscaster's insecurities merely shimmered more brightly than the chandeliers.

Plus, the blanker can be ultimately left unsatisfied. "Blanking someone is often about brooding and resentment. We're avoiding confrontation, pussyfooting around," explains Bell. "Far better to talk about the facts, which are always undisputed. If the response is: 'Eff off, I'll pick up the phone when I want,' you can decide whether or not to put up with it."

Constantly averting your gaze can prompt an unflattering flash-back. Teenagers brutally blank to promote their cool gangs. They are only defined by those they ostracise: the naff, the nerds, the geeks. "Bolstering ourselves at the expense of others is rather a naive position to take," says Waters, "Human beings need to have good social etiquette and to engage."

The Urban Dictionary describes blanking as: the purposeful or accidental act of not acknowledging someone when they are trying hard to get your attention. So why can it feel so harsh? "It's like someone's firing blanks. We really do have a sense of being fired at," explains Waters. "We all fear not being welcome."

solation is a fundamental fear, according to existential psychotherapist Irvin Yalom. It shrinks any relationship back down to that of parent and child (particularly as blanking is used by parents with troublesome kids). "Bosses generate the same feelings we had with our parents," explains Waters.

San Francisco life coach Marty Nemko wrote an online article about what to do "When You're Ignored" that got 170,000 views. His basic point is: don't waste energy cannibalising your own innards;

coolly spell it out to the perpetrator. "We all have our pet peeves. I must admit that mine is getting frustrated when I don't get a reasonably prompt response to important emails. I know you're under a lot of pressure but I'd consider it a favour if, when possible, you got back to me within 24 hours, say."

Of course, some are greater people pleasers than others. We've all been blanked round a dinner table. But are you the sort of person who simply moves to talk to someone else? "One of my clients is so alert to the smallest sign of being overlooked," Waters adds. "But it's important to remember that we are not surrounded by people who find us endlessly fascinating."

The odd person will always blank us. It's really a question of how affected we are by other people's reactions. You might need to ask why you need their approval so badly because, as Bell says, "No matter how perfect a human being you are, someone won't like you."

We all have screwed-up days when we feel needy. Bell suggests getting a good friend to remind you, "This is where you go with this stuff." After all, most of us are hauling around a couple of wheelie suitcases of rubbish.



A full-scale barney is not socially acceptable. Blanking can seem like the best option



TATEOSSIAN



MONTECARLO SILVER AND ALLITEX BRACELETS. GEAR TRIO MECHANICAL CUELLINKS



S DE S

92%

Increase in the number of Brits searching for "grime music" on Google over the past 12 months. *Do* call it a comeback... EDITED BY CHARLIE BURTON

A life of grime: After a stint as a successful actor, Kano returns to music with a new 15-track album Jacket, £1,575.

Jacket, £1,575.
Trousers, £410. Both
by **Lanvin**. Shirt by **Christopher Kane**,
£420. All at Harrods.
harrods.com.
Trainers by **Adidas**,
£245. adidas.com

 $A \underset{\text{\tiny P_0 HEAR}}{\text{\tiny HEB}} M$

ALONG with Dizzee Rascal and Wiley, Kano was one of grime's pioneers. Now, after three years on Channel 4's *Top Boy*, the east Londoner is returning to music. "This is my most autobiographical album," says the 30-year-old of *Made In The Manor*, which features Damon Albarn. "The key to acting is vulnerability and maybe that's influenced the record." So ten years ago, did he imagine that grime would still be in such rude health today? "At the start we never expected anything to come of it – let alone money: we'd pay to go on pirate radio." Now, Kanye and Drake pay tribute to the scene. "There were eras of English music where people tried to rap in American accents and lost their way," says Kano. "But we have a strong identity right now. We're thriving." Kevin Perry *Out on 4 March*.

BOOK

JOKING

ASIDES

THE breadth of writer-

director-producer Judd

Apatow's work (Anchorman,

Trainwreck, Girls) suggests

he might just be the most

connected man in comedy.

His new book, Sick In The

everyone from Mel Brooks

to Chris Rock, proves it. It's

funny (natch), gossipy, page-

with hard-won observations

about showbusiness and life.

We asked him to elaborate on

six of them... John Naughton

turningly readable and packed

Head, in which he interviews



Seinfeld is still the king

"I used to go see him in New York and his act was perfect; he would annihilate the place," says Apatow. "He's still the same. He went on *Letterman* recently and did this perfect routine about how terrorists seem to love monkey bars. Every terrorist compound, always the monkey bars."



Don't be scared of it going badly

"Jon Stewart talks about how you have to learn to love the bomb. You have to lean into it. Ironically, one of my worst bombs was when I had to follow Jon Stewart. He was at the top of his game. I ate it so hard."



Creativity is stressful

"You never know if you're going to pull it off. You're living in a question mark most of the time. And if you don't pull it off your career starts falling apart. That's different from if you work in a post office."



There is now a profit motive in making great television

"Unlike movies, where studios all chase the action film that can gross a billion dollars, streaming services want to have the most talked-about show. They're desperate for something unique, original and bold. Thank God."



Everybody tells me you get five bombs before you go out of business

"Your budget will get lower every time vou have a bomb. If you have three bombs in a row your budget will drop to, like, \$8 million. At five you're done."



A bit of dysfunctionality helps

"Garry Shandling interviewed Jerry Seinfeld about this and Jerry said, 'What if it's just about being talented?' And Garry replied, 'Why so angry, Jerry?'" Sick In The Head: Conversations About Life And Comedy (Duckworth Overlook, £18.99) is out on 10 March.



RUMOUR

ALEX WICKHAM



Almost a year on from his election defeat, how is **Ed Miliband** finding life on the backbenches? My mole reports that he tells friends, "Well, I'm not as busy as if I had been prime minister.' For all its foibles. Labour never was

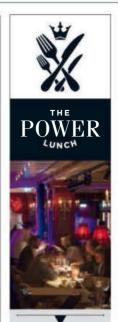
John McDonnell's

description of Labour moderates as "hard right" infuriated Ian Austin MP who faced the shadow chancellor in the Commons and asked, "I'm hard right am I. John?" Note to McDonnell: Austin's father escaped a Nazi

no servant more loyal than his parliamentary private secretary, Gavin Williamson whose enthusiasm for carrying the PM's bags has earned him an unkind nickname from colleagues: "Uriah Heep", after Dickens'

David Cameron has

Labour MPs Diane Abbott and Dawn Butler have fallen out over who gets to chair the All-Party Parliamentary Group on Jamaica. We're sure the spat has absolutely nothing to do with the position involving free trips to the Caribbean



CALL it China's

answer to Sexy Fish Located just down the road from London's blingiest brasserie, Alan Yau's new restaurant, Park Chinois, is full-on, pre-Lehman OTT. "Pre" by some way, in fact: it's meant to invoke a jazz club in old Shanghai - a more dark-anddangerous affair than Sexy Fish, but no less impressive to the Mayfair finance houses that wine and dine clients here. The broad menu positions the Peking duck as its centrepiece, but here's the deal: the entry level option costs £75 and then it's up from there - by which we mean. "How much caviar would you like on the side sir?" That's not to denigrate it. Park Chinois might be located in a neck of the woods where prices often trump quality, but this is fantastic food at an appropriately fantastic price point. Proof? When GQ visited, the 1,412 sq m site was packed to the gunwales. Book early. CB 17 Berkeley Street, London W1 020 3327 8888. parkchinois.com



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> > Anti-Age

Global Revitalizer

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NEBULA



Since the Eighties voked sportswear and hip-hop (looking at you, Run DMC), rare editions and celebrity tie-ups have proven coveted footwear. But recently, spurred by Kanye's "Yeezy" releases, the sneakerhead scene has been kicked from subculture to mainstream. Here's an everything guide. CB

LET'S MAKE LOTS OF MONEY

The resale market in sneakers is estimated to be worth \$1 billion (£693m). Here are the top three most valuable shoes from the end of

last year, according to data analysts Campless. Props to Kanye West...

1 Yeezy 750 Boost Triple Black by Adidas, \$1,876



2 Gel-Lyte III Homage by Ronnie Fieg x Asics, \$960



3 Yeezv 350 Boost Oxford Tan by Adidas, \$882

A BOOK FOR YOUR BOOKSHELF

All Gone 2015

Since their launch in 2006, Michael Dupouy's limited-edition All Gone annuals have catalogued the year in cult trainers and become a bible for the scene. £55, allgonebook.com

In three cities



LONDON: FOOTPATROL





footpatrol.co.uk

NEWCASTLE: END

This flagship store opened last year and offers a huge range of cult kicks across three marble and concrete floors.

133-137 Grainger Street, Newcastle Upon Tyne,



ABERDEEN: HANON

It might be based in Scotland, but Hanon has such gravitational pull that it lures customers from across the UK.

51 The Green, Aberdeen AB11 6NY. hanon-shop.com

GET THE INTEL

Limited-edition kicks fly of the shelves fast, so it's crucial to stay plugged in. Tap into the chatter on Instagram, which is a mine of trainer porn. Follow these guys...



@nicekicks



@archwood



@mvncnt



@runnerwally



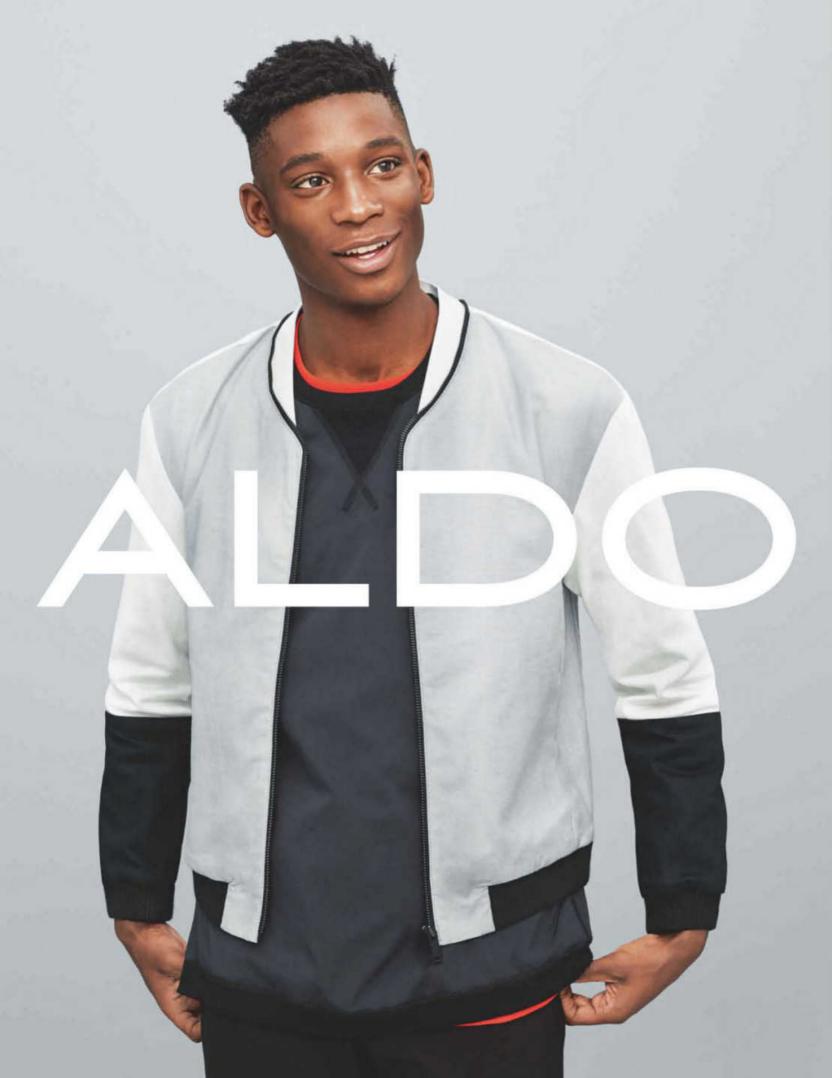
...AND LOG ON TO THESE SITES

thedropdate.com A dedicated news site that promises to "organise the chaos" of European trainer releases. facebook.com/groups/basementapproved This group has become the online hangout for sneakerheads, and has spawned its own products and pop-ups.





TOPMAN







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help it, I was born that way." So now Dormer, who boasts a forearm tattoo that reads "Fear is the mind-killer" (it's from the science-fiction novel Dune, apparently), is kissing goodbye to the scheming and embracing the unexpected.

Exhibit A: psychological thriller The Forest. Dormer plays Sarah, who ventures into Japan's Aokigahara forest, an infamous suicide spot, and slowly loses her mind. Exhibit B: Game Of Thrones, in which, after five series,

her character Oueen Margaery Tyrell has been locked up to

face indecency trials by religious nuts. No use asking for spoilers; Dormer only ever reads her own part so she can enjoy the show on TV ("I see people in make-up trailers, but I'm not privy to the details," she says of the swirling plot rumours). But, she offers cryptically, "It's not going to pan out the way you think." Then, she's on to another adventure: moving back to London from LA to film In Darkness, which she co-wrote - "a whole different

> skill set" - with her fiancé, the director

GQ TRIVIA

HER GAME OF THRONES CHARACTER MIGHT

AVOID THE FRAY, BUT DORMER HERSELI

Anthony Byrne. "It's fun," she says. "Trying to surf the wave. Not being in control anymore." Oliver Franklin-Wallis

The Forest is out now; series six of Game Of Thrones starts on HBO on 25 April.



No direction home: Natalie Dormer in thriller The Forest, set in the macabre Aokigahara forest in Japan



SCIENCE



JEDI POLITICS

Vance Packard's 1957 book The Hidden Persuaders exposed the psychological tactics used by marketers to make people spend. The persuaders have since spread to politics and are now more powerful than ever. Ahead of the US presidential election, here are the latest tools designed to manipulate voters

NEUROPOLITICS



In a line: Mind reading.

How it works: By looking at brain imaging, heart rate, facial coding and eye-tracking data from volunteers, messaging can be analysed and optimised for maximum impact. A wave of companies is now setting these tools to campaigns.

Who has used it? The Turkish PM, Ahmet Davutoglu, enlisted a firm called Neuro Discover to ensure his speeches engaged emotionally.

PROP BOTS



In a line: Social-media fakery.

How it works: It has been shown that the more times someone encounters a certain opinion about

a candidate, the higher their propensity to adopt that view. This software can be programmed to imitate humans on social media and spread propaganda.

Who has used it? The Russian government has allegedly commissioned a system called Storm-12 from the company Iteranet to disseminate viewpoints in this fashion.



In a line: Idiot-box ads with web-like specificity.

How it works: Rather than serving one-size-fits-all TV adverts to broad sections of the population, data from set-top boxes can be combined with demographic data to identify

Who has used it? Barack Obama's team developed a tool called Optimizer for just this purpose. It has now been made available to all through an outfit called Civis Analytics. CB

hard-to-reach voters and target them directly.

HŪMOŪR SLOT

TAKE a picture; it lasts longer. Even better, let Instagram do it for you. Here are the three funniest 'grams we've seen this month.





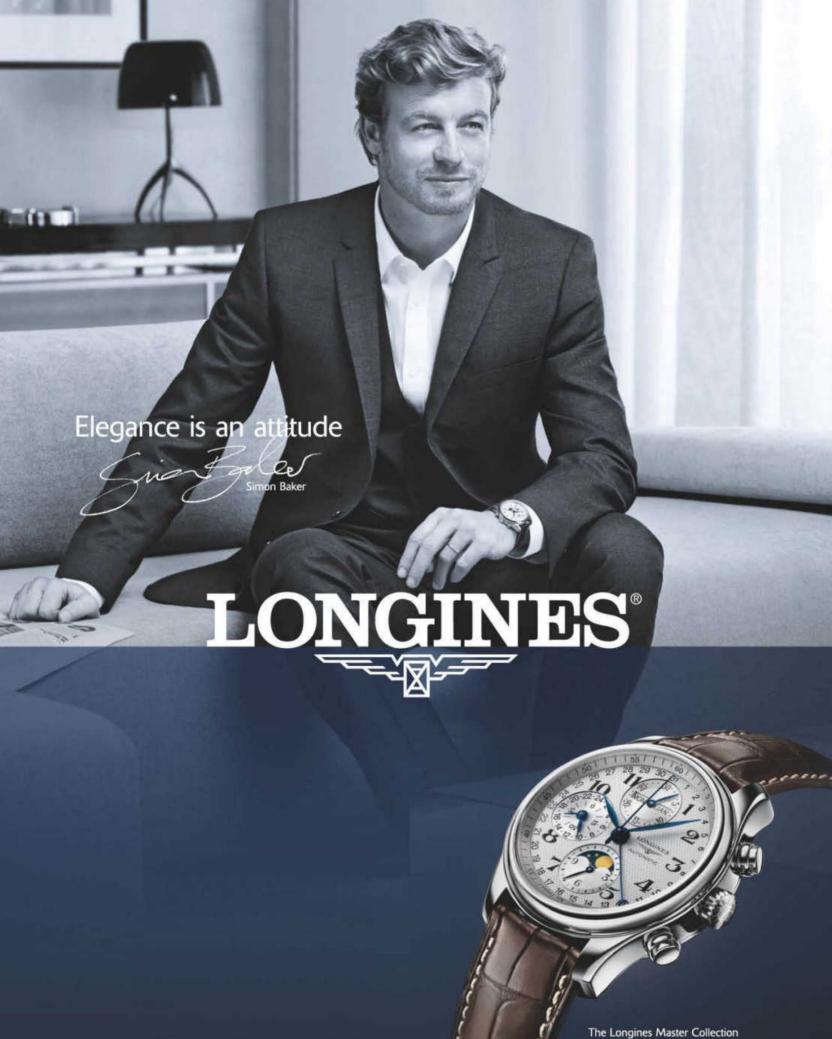














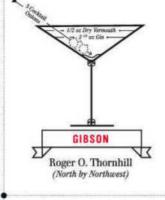
THE REEL REVIVAL

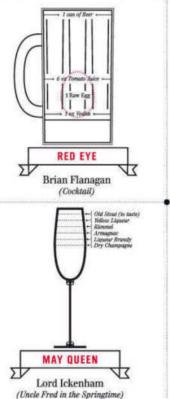
YOU'VE heard about the vinvl comeback - but, rewind, what about the return of the tape cassette? It comes over half a century since the medium's inception. with bands such as Bullet For Mv Valentine, Green Day, The Weeknd and Skrillex all releasing tapes in the past year. This boomlet has inspired a worldwide series of Cassette Store Days (the UK's will happen in the autumn) and boosted the profits of the National Audio Company, one of the few remaining manufacturers, by 20 per cent.

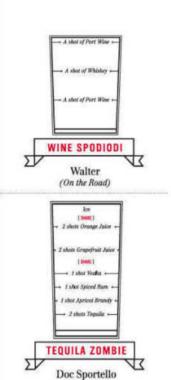
"It stems from nostalgia," explains James Skelly, lead singer of The Coral, whose album Distance Inbetween has just been released on cassette, "Tapes emit a comforting, warming sound. The saturated, soft haze on a tape is a relief from the harsher sound of digital music." In other words, it's a response to the same problem that is prompting listeners to dust off their turntables. But beyond its cheaper price, does the format have anything to offer that vinyl doesn't? "Tapes have their own personality - they never sound the same way twice - which is why they used to be the perfect gift. Just as you can never have a unique digital track, no one can have exactly the same tape." EH

GREAT SHAKES

THE infographic renaissance has conquered the media; now, a Brooklyn start-up is taking it into art. Pop Chart Lab visualises cultural data (from coffee-shop orders to hip-hop taxonomies) as fine lithographs. Here's an extract from their bestseller *The Cocktail Chart Of Film & Literature. £20. popchartlab.com*







(Inherent Vice)



We never understood bike sat-navs (call us old-fashioned, but we prefer to keep our eyes on the road) until we saw the BeeLine. Like all the most astute designs, its success lies in its simplicity. Instead of flashing up attention-demanding instructions, intricate maps and lists of numbers, the clip-around backlit display (above) comprises merely an arrow pointing you in the right direction and the distance to your destination, allowing riders to navigate on the fly. Sure, this compass-like approach means it doesn't prescribe exact turns, but that's the whole point: cycling's about freedom, no? Available for pre-order now. CB £45. beeline.co

F1 FORETOLD

Last year in Formula One was dramatic: Lewis Hamilton won his third title and Fernando Alonso flamed out. What to expect this season? We consulted driverturned-Channel 4 pundit David Coulthard.



Who will win - can Lewis Hamilton secure his fourth title? "If you were making a safe bet, you'd put it on Lewis Hamilton," says Coulthard, "but Nico Rosberg came with performances last year that Lewis didn't have an answer for. I have no idea what's going to happen, but, hell, does that make it exciting."

Will Fernando Alonso make it to the podium?

"It's all in the hands of Honda, McLaren's engine supplier. They did such a poor job developing a hybrid engine. It's embarrassing. I just don't see how they'll have turned that into a winning car over the winter. Any championship hopes for Fernando Alonso or his teammate, Jenson Button, are some way off in the future"

Who will struggle this year? "The Renault engine [supplied to Red Bull] hasn't been as competitive as Mercedes, so I think it is going to be a transitional, difficult year for Red Bull and Renault. They're unlikely to challenge."

Who will be the surprise team of the season? "I think we should look out for the first American team for some time, Haas, potentially being the best new team in Formula One. They've got a technical collaboration with Ferrari.

which lets them buy as many of the bits of a Ferrari as they physically can and put them on their race car. Whether the car is aerodynamically strong enough remains to be seen"

Which of the rule changes in 2016 will prove most significant?

'The stewards are being encouraged to be slightly more open-minded on incidents that would have got a penalty in previous years. I think we will hopefully make drivers more confident to 'have a go'. That's good for getting some Hollywood action." Conrad Quilty-Harper David Coulthard will present Channel 4's F1 coverage, beginning with the Australian Grand Prix on 20 March.



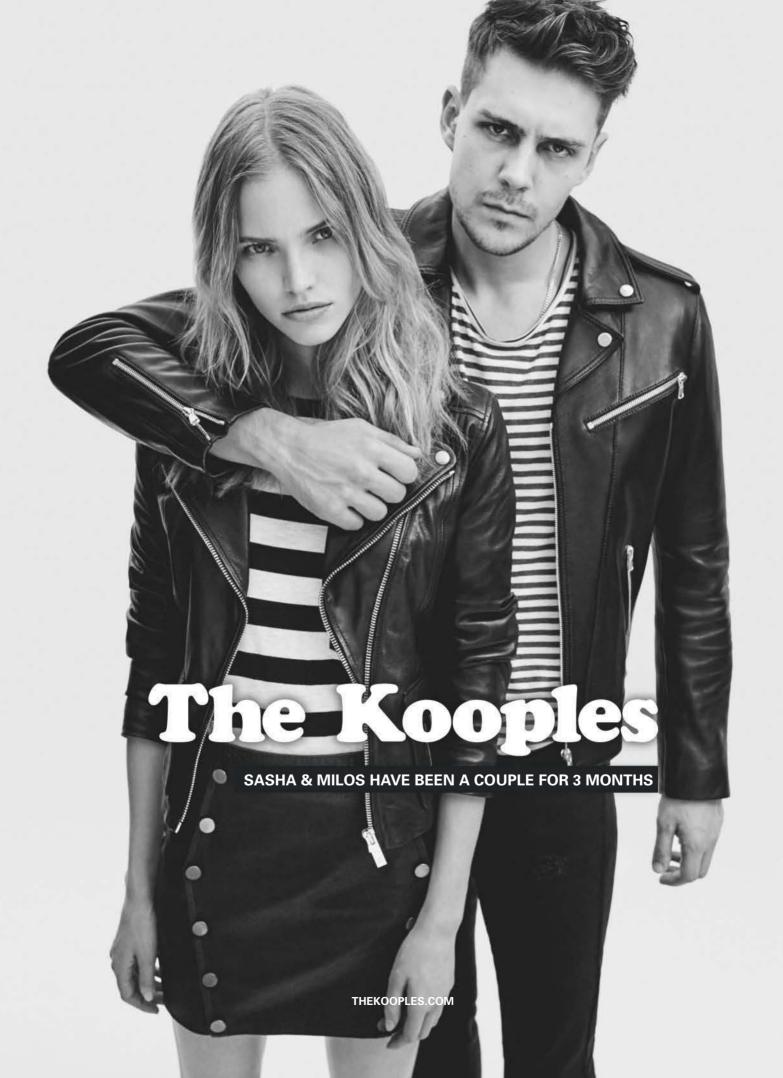




SHELF EXPRESSION

HALF the appeal of owning a bike is how good it looks – so why do most storage innovations pretend that you want to hide the thing away? Hence Vadolibero's Bike Shelf: crafted from oak, the customisable piece of furniture holds your ride proudly on display and surrounds it with compartments and pegs for (don't pretend you're short of it) cycling gear. There's also an LED lamp built into the underside of the clothes rail to help with maintenance work, or simply to direct the gaze of anyone who enters the room – and why wouldn't you want them to take notice when, as Vadolibero's website claims, cyclists are known to be "better lovers". Did we mention it was made in Italy? EH From £2,813. vadolibero.com







MASERATI GHIBLI. STARTING FROM £49,160

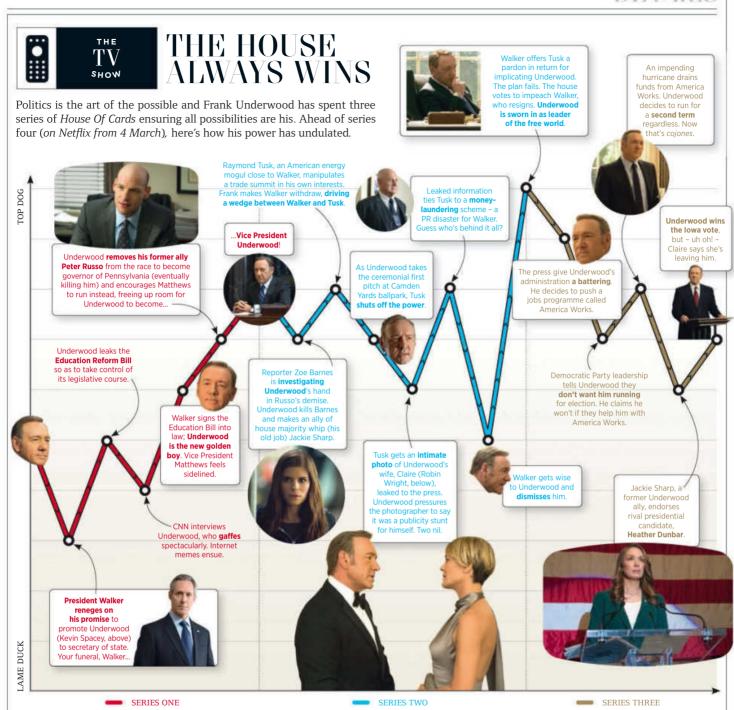
The Maserati Ghibli is powered by a range of advanced 3.0 Litre V6 engines with 8-speed ZF automatic transmission including, for the first time, a V6 turbodiesel engine.



www.maserati.co.uk

Ghibli

Official fuel consumption figures for Maserati Ghibli range in mpg (l/100km): Urban 20.5 (13.8) – 37.2 (7.6), Extra Urban 39.8 (7.1) – 56.5 (5.0), Combined 29.4 (9.6) – 47.9 (5.9). CO_2 emissions 223 – 158 g/km. Fuel consumption and CO_2 figures are based on standard EU tests for comparative purposes and may not reflect real driving results. Model shown is a Maserati Ghibli S at £68,913 On The Road including optional pearlescent paint at £1,776, 20" machine polished Urano alloy wheels at £2,205 and Red brake callipers at £432.







Do something different this month; tune into these new sounds...



SOAK? Try AURORA

She covered Oasis' "Half The World Away" for last year's John Lewis Christmas ad, and the 19-year-old Norwegian's own music is just as icv. All My Demons Greeting Me As A Friend is out on 11 March



LANA DEL REY? EMMY THE GREAT After two albums of

guitar-driven anti-folk, the Hong Kong-born songwriter goes electronic for a record about love and its new bedfellow, technology. Second Love is out on 11 March.



BRUCE SPRINGSTEEN? **BRIAN FALLON**

The Gaslight Anthem frontman strikes out alone for his debut solo record, but road ballads and torch songs remain the focus





Into BRIGHT EYES? M WARD

Zooey Deschanel's other half in indie duo She & Him – and a resident of Portland, Oregon - M Ward could hardly be any more hipster. But don't let that put you off. No, really. More Rain is out on 4 March.



THE XX? LAPSLEY

It seems years since this 19-year-old Merseysider was tipped for the top. The spellbinding electronica of this debut album was worth the wait. Kevin Perry

> Long Way Home is out on 4 March.



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WELCOME TO THE JUNGLE

How to make your bachelor pad seem less bro cave and more bucolic retreat? A little green goes a long way

IF every plant you've ever owned has prematurely died, we have one word: terrarium. These self-contained ecosystems are a low-maintenance yet reassuringly masculine-looking solution for the botanically challenged – and few options are as evolved as the Biopod. Developed by the biologist Jared Wolfe, this app-operated device can create a self-regulating rainforest-like environment for growing statement plants in your living room. This is down to sensors which automatically track moisture, humidity, ventilation, lighting and temperature then upload the data to the cloud. Once this is analysed, Biopod's server adjusts the microhabitat's conditions remotely. All you have to do is, well, absolutely nothing. Eleanor Halls £210. biopod.org



For a lo-fi alternative, go traditional. We like the Glass Orb Air Plant Terrarium, £23.50. At DingaDing. dingading.co.uk



HOW TO MAKE A COEN BROS FILM

Hail, Caesar!, the Coen brothers' Hollywood satire (out now) might seem like a one off, but it shares DNA with their previous classics...

















HAIL, CAESAR! (2016)

INSIDE LLEWYN **DAVIES** (2013)

NO COUNTRY FOR OLD MEN (2007)

O BROTHER WHERE ART THOU? (2000)

THE BIG LEBOWSKI (1998)

FARGO (1996)

RAISING ARIZONA (1987)

The Setup "I / WE HAVE YOUR "





Drug money, and no hitman's going to take it back

Treasure. So let's escape this prison and I'll show you where it's buried

Wife (though her kidnap is actually a ruse)



Son. as we can't conceive one of our own



Major Offscreen Incident

Cloonev's controversial Commie movie

Bob Dylan plays The Gaslight

Two crucial killings

Tommy Johnson sells his soul to the devil



Jean Lundegaard's A howling contest murder

Unusually, it's all there onscreen

An Acolyte Returns





John Turturro (five Coens films)

Jon Polito (five Coens films)

Steve Buscemi (six Coens films)

Frances McDormand (eight Coens films, also Joel's wife)

Hero Seems Like A Tool, Until...



He literally saves a cat, as per the classic screenwriting formula

He brings water to a dying mar

Не charms some hobos

He writes a cheque for 69 cents

N/A. We won't hear a word against Marge Gunderson



Shouting Fat Man?

Many, with megaphones

Yes, John Goodman

No. Weirdly

Yes, John Goodman



No - also weirdly

Yes, John Goodman

Bad Hair Day

Clooney's whenin-Rome 'do

Justin Timberlake's preppy parting

Javier Bardem's bonkers bowl cut

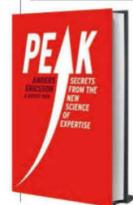
The Soggy Bottom Bovs' beards

John Turturro's sex-pest net

Peter Stormare's vanilla

swirl

Nic Cage's manspreading mullet Matt Glasby



THE BOOK: TEN THOUSAND REASONS TO THINK AGAIN

IT'S one of the most treasured concepts in the big-idea-book canon: the "10,000-hour rule" mooted by Malcolm Gladwell in his seminal Outliers, which asserts that achieving worldclass skill in any area is simply a matter of putting in that amount of practice. Well, a new book, Peak: Secrets From The New Science Of Expertise by Anders Ericsson, the man behind the 1993 study on which Gladwell based his rule, debunks it thoroughly. Here's why, he says, it's wrong: 1 The study observed Berlin violin students. While they were extremely good by the 10,000-hour point, says Ericsson, they weren't maestros. That would possibly take another 15,000 hours. 2 The number was only an average.

In fact, only half of the accomplished students in the group had reached 10,000 hours. "Gladwell misunderstood this fact and incorrectly claimed that all the violinists in that group had accumulated that," says Ericsson. 3 Gladwell's definition of "practice" was very broad. He puts the Beatles' success, for instance, down to their gruelling early concert schedules. In fact, although their many onstage hours might have honed their performance skills, they were not truly "practising" musicianship. Says Ericsson, "All of the hours that the Beatles spent playing in Hamburg would have done little, if anything, to help Lennon and McCartney become better songwriters." Your move, Gladwell. CB

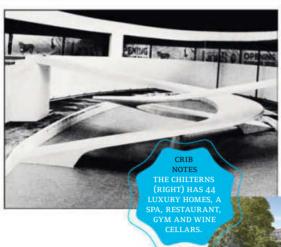


SALAL SALAS

DEVELOPING STORIES

David Bailey shoots his vision of Marylebone for Chilterns' luxury pads

NO: it's nothing to do with the Chiltern Firehouse. While you might imagine that David Bailey's new photography series about Marylebone has something to do with the flow of A-listers that have recently poured into the area thanks to André Balazs' hotel hangout, its origins actually stretch back to the year before the Firehouse started blazing. The backers behind Marylebone's new Chilterns property development (right), Frogmore and Galliard Homes, wanted to commission 46 images that captured the spirit of the locale to be displayed both in the apartments and in a "lobby gallery" when the site opens this summer. For them, Bailey, London's photographer in residence, was the man to call.



Despite an initial misgiving ("They asked me to do it in the middle of winter," says Bailey, "the worst time of the year really") the narrow focus of the commission appealed. After all, Marylebone was home to his favourite bookshop, Daunt, and he used to live nearby in Primrose Hill. While the area has recently had a moment, the pictures seem timeless, speaking to its 200-year history as a neighbourly enclave in the heart of the capital.

So does he think the current wave of destination restaurants and luxury

PENGUIN POOL, LONDON ZOO 2015 By David Bailey

"The Penguin Pool is perhaps the best known building in the zoo," says Bailey, of this iconic Modernist structure designed in 1934 by the Russian émigré Berthold Lubetkin. "It's the most famous bird cage in the world and, as I lived in Primrose Hill, I was always popping in to see it. I actually used to have a collection of parrots that I gave to the zoo."

boutiques comes at the cost of its

character? "No. Things change all

much in my life: I was born almost

in Victorian times and now I'm in the space age," says Bailey. "That's

what's great about London and why

London survives – because it adapts

and changes." CB

thechilternsW1.com

the time. They have changed so



BRING YOUR

SQUASH SERVE

The game's popularity

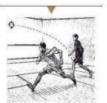
s surging. Newbies: this

is the shot to nail

1 A crucial serve is the "lob". Stand with back foot in the service box, weight on that leg and body at 45 degrees.



2 Toss the ball above shoulder level and hit underarm with an open racket face.



3 Aim about 50cm below the top "out-of-court" line, slightly off-centre (towards the side you're serving from). Limit power - the aim is for it to land with little bounce.

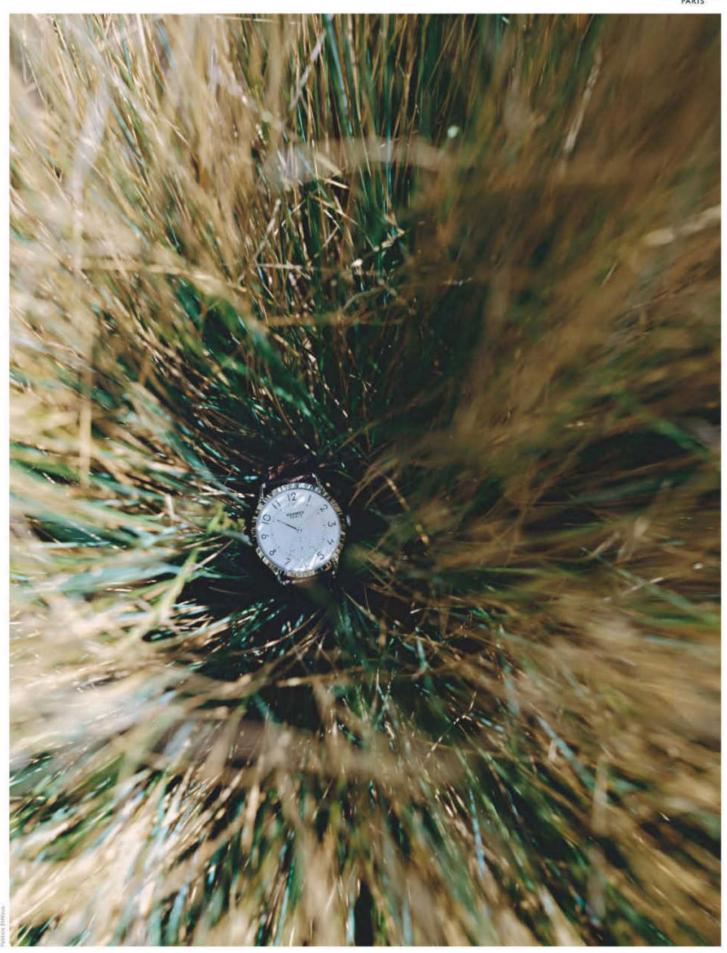


4 On its rebound, the ball should hit the opposing sidewall high and behind the service box.



5 Immediately after serving, move to the "T" – the most versatile position on the court – to prepare for the return. If it comes.







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NATURAL SELECTION

There is just one tipple: Veuve Clicquot Yellow Label (£39)

Premium bottles include Crystal Head Vodka (£90) and Krug (£200). Also available are Monkey 47 gin (£47) and Kraken Black Spiced Rum (£50).

Sips are seasonal but include classics (£8) in addition to look-at-me libations such as the XO Sparkler (£25). which blends Patrón XO Cafe with champagne

miles from Ealing.

Think pink and plump for the St John Hérault Rosé BIB 2014 (£31) Plucked from the sunny slopes of Languedoc, it's an easy-drinking crowd pleaser

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black cab

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WHAT'S

The bottle, an ice jacket and a couple of flutes

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Just the wine: nothing less, but plenty more, with each box containing the equivalent of four bottles.



Blend Yamazaki Single Malt Whisky (£70) with fennel syrup and orange bitters. Stir with ice. Voila, a Mountainside. liquiddrops.co.uk

Nada. They do the lot. spartanscocktail taxi.com



Add crème de cassis for a twist on the traditional Kir Royale. Nicky Clarke stjohngroup. uk.com

DIY



🗖 A MEDIA TREND YOU NEED TO KNOW ABOUT: 8K T\

If televisual innovations (curved screens! 3-D glasses!) tend to seem like marketing gimmicks, you would mostly be right. But this year, a new type of set has emerged that represents a dramatic step change. 8K televisions have a resolution of 32 megapixels per frame (standard HD is around two megapixels) meaning the picture looks like a moving photograph that refuses to reveal its pixels, no matter the proximity of your seat or the size of your screen. LG's 98in version was a star of this ear's Consumer Electronics Show in Las Vegas and comes out in the second half of 2016, though you may need to wait a while longer for, well, any 8K content whatsoever to play on it.

TOOLS

These apps hooking up but are being widely used for

UBER

The new feature, UberPool, matches you with riders who want to go your way - maybe, even, all the way.

The pros: You meet in person and the confined space means it'd be rude not to chat, right?

The cons: Your travelling companions might be The Archbishop Of Banterbury and his pals. uber.com

QUIZUP

The gaming app recently introduced a Tinder-ish feature where you flick through pictures of potential opponents.

The pros: It's easy to find others that share your niche interests. Longing to date another Leonard Cohen fanatic? Hallelujah!

The cons: Can't narrow down location beyond country and users can only share one photo. This is for players of the long game.

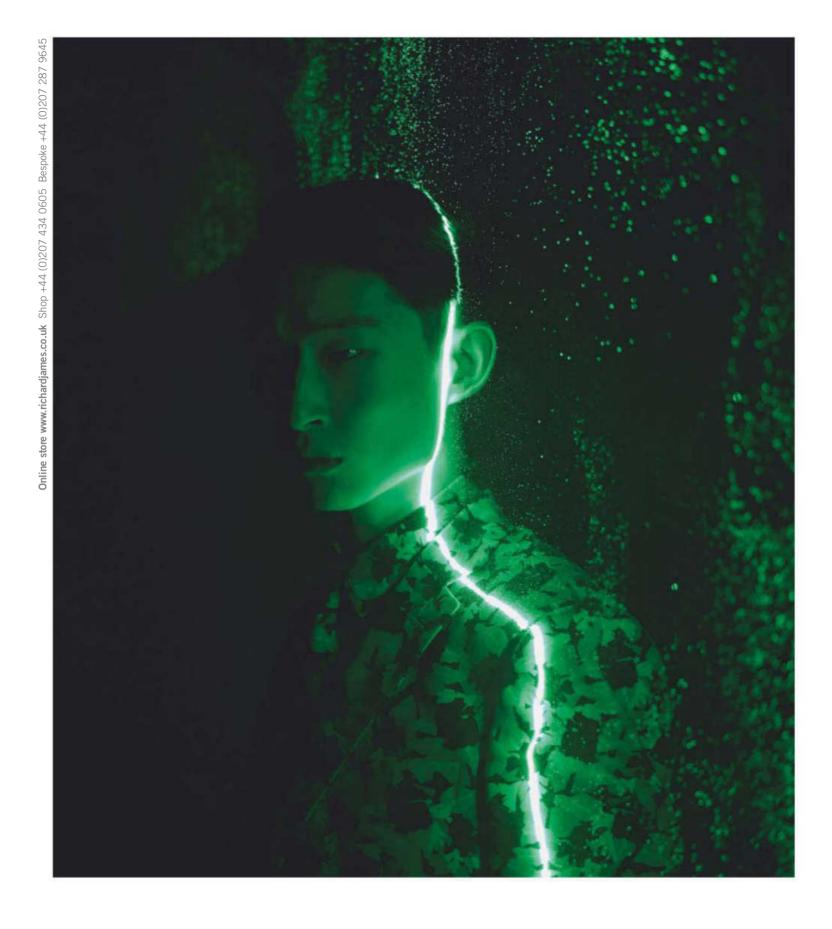
YELP

This site aggregates crowd-sourced reviews of places you love. So who goes to those places? And are they hot? Why not message them?

The pros: Matches can be hyper-local, and a potential partner's writing style is a good gauge of their IQ. You snob.

The cons: It's hard to craft an unsolicited Yelp message to a stranger. But, hey, nothing ventured... Max Williams

yelp.co.uk



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Photographs Joe Alvarez, James Mason; Kris Mitchell/British Fashion Council; Daniel Sims; James Smith/Featureflash; Ashley Verse; Wirelmage





JACOB COHËN













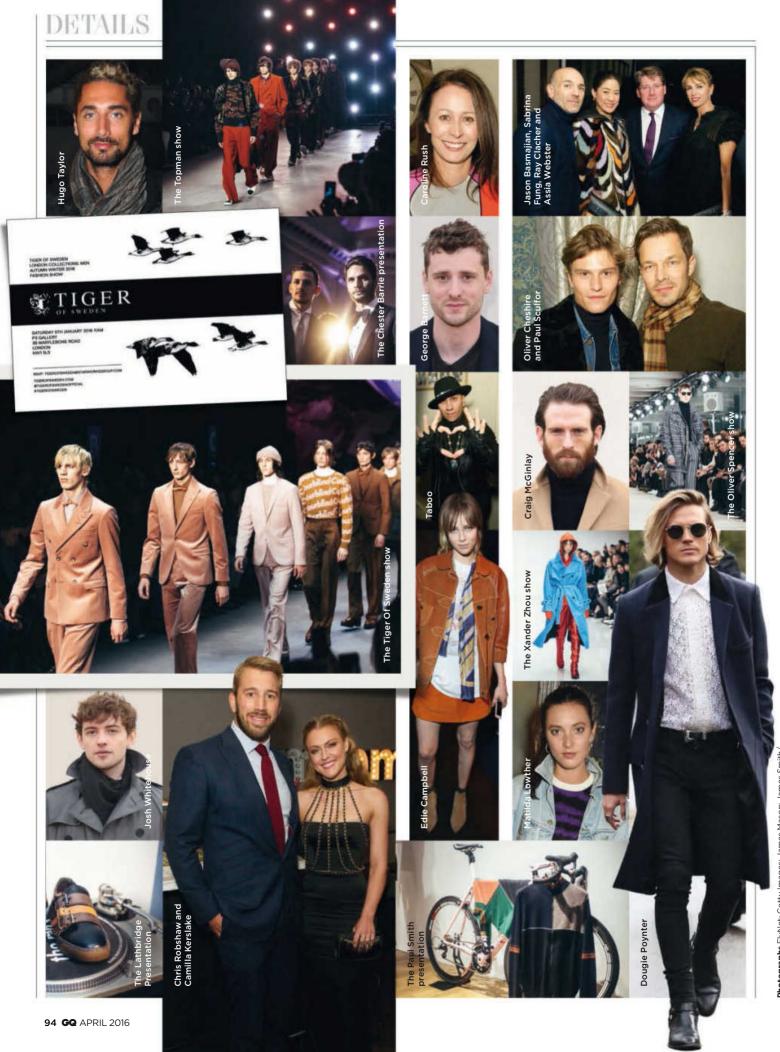
DETAILS



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B e i n g

C H A R L I E

K A U F M A N

Nobody makes films like Hollywood's most original screenwriter – often nobody even tries. As his latest meta-masterpiece wins acclaim while losing money, GQ steps inside the mind of the 21st century's 'mad genius of cinema'

STORY BY STUART McGURK

harlie Kaufman has a room, reasonably small, in his Pasadena home, where he writes, though writing is not strictly what he'd call it. He's rarely, for instance, hitting the keys. He's crippled, he says, by insecurity, self-doubt and a large internet cache. Often, he simply sits and looks at stuff online, "Because I can't think. But I don't recommend it."

Sometimes, he walks to his nearest coffee shop, which is a mile-and-a-half away, and then walks back again. He admits this isn't the most efficient method of getting things done. He works better in the morning, he says, "but not much better".

But finally, of course, the words do come.

He doesn't plan, draw complicated graphs, or, like many Hollywood screenwriters, have a pinboard charting the gentle sweep of act one, two and three. In fact, he often says, he doesn't know what a third act is. This is not

hard to believe. Throughout his career, it has been both his blessing and his curse.

He just writes, he says, straight ahead: chasing an idea's tale. "Like, I like that, it's funny. I like that, it's funny. I like that, it's funny. And I don't care."

And he has done that, in this office, almost every day for the past seven years. He doesn't take weekends off; he frowns in the face of holidays. For each script, he finishes it, gives it to his wife, asks her to read it, stands in another room, bounds in if he hears laughing ("Like, which bit!?") and simply asks her if it's in English.

And in those seven years he has produced much. Three films, for a start. Three TV series, two for HBO. A fourth film is in the pipeline. He's currently, he says, on deadline.

But in those seven years, Hollywood's most celebrated screenwriter – who was nominated for three Oscars in five years between his 1999 debut, *Being John Malkovich*, and 2004's *Eternal Sunshine Of The Spotless Mind*, for which he won – has not seen a single word that he's written said on screen.

He's come close. One film, a warped political satire for Paramount, about how the United States tries to cope after a global crisis, was set to star Joaquin Phoenix.

It didn't get made.

Another, about the culture of rage on the internet – *Frank Or Francis*, for Sony – had a line-up that included Steve Carell, Jack Black, Nicolas Cage, Kevin Kline, Kate Winslet and Catherine Keener, all eager to work with the most original screenwriter in the business.

It didn't get made.

Kaufman doesn't hold much stock in TV's golden age ("Are they actually doing anything new?"), and so prefers the shows that tinker with form. He loves, for instance, *Peep Show* and *Black Mirror*.



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Puppet masters: Charlie Kaufman (left) with co-director Duke Johnson on the set of Anomalisa, 2015



But when he had an idea for HBO he felt was genuinely innovative, he was excited. He started writing a TV show "in which you could watch the episodes in any order and it wouldn't matter". In fact, the order you watch it in would change the experience.

The idea was this: it would be based around one central character (to be played by Catherine Keener), but the entire series would take place on the same day. The twist: each episode would present a different reality, based on a different path she had taken. Some might be minor: a different apartment she'd recently moved into, say, an extra acquaintance as a result. Some might be huge: a different school in her youth, an entirely different life. And some might be entirely unexpected: a different existence in every way, but – who knows? – the same husband. Or job. Or addiction.

In one, a trauma might have changed her life completely – but for the better. In another, an incredible success might have spun everyone else into despair. And in yet one more, a cut on her finger while slicing bread could spell unimaginable consequences years later.

In one TV show, Kaufman thought, he could get under the skin of free will. Of nature vs nurture. The butterfly effect, writ large. Or, more simply, what it is to be a human passing through time.

It was brilliant. It was wildly original. It would reinvent the very nature of what a TV show is and what one could be.

It didn't get made either.

And so, for the longest time, it looked like nothing would. Not the other show for HBO he wrote, or the other one for FX. Nor the other screenplays. "Because that's what always happened. Nothing got made." He started writing a book, because at least that would be published.

Kaufman won't do anything that's been done before: 'It wouldn't be interesting to me'

Yet it was around then, over three years ago now, that a most unlikely thing occurred. A script he'd written that was never meant to be filmed – *Anomalisa*, intended as a sound-only live performance for Theatre Of The New Ear – found its way to stop-motion animator Duke Johnson. He pitched Kaufman a grown-up animated film version. Sure, said Kaufman. Get the money and we'll talk. Good luck!

It was, after all, just a tale of a man who checks into a hotel, seeks out a lost love, embarks on a one-night tryst and returns home to his family. There was a broader point – everyone bar two people had the same voice; a deeper message about our alienation and inability to connect – but barely a plot.

He never expected to hear from him again. So when it went on Kickstarter, the crowdfunding website, Kaufman didn't pay much notice. In 30 days, they were asking for \$200,000. It didn't hit that target: it doubled it, and became the highest-grossing film project in the history of the website.

Fast-forward three years, and it debuted at the Tellurude Film Festival to rave reviews across the board. The *Guardian* gave it five stars and called it a "future classic". A week later, at Venice, it would win the coveted Grand

Jury Prize. Paramount would pick it up for American distribution. Not long after, a film made with puppets, with money from a crowdfunding website, which was only meant for a sound-only theatre show and which saw those puppets have sex, would give Charlie Kaufman the fourth Oscar nomination of his career.

harlie Kaufman is 57, slight, curly haired, slouch-shouldered, a perennial starer at his own hands and a curious kind of famous. I meet him in an LA café and he picks at a muffin like he's trying to defuse a bomb.

Despite being a screenwriter with only six feature films to his name - the unlikely Anomalisa makes it seven – he has had books written about him (The Philosophy Of Charlie Kaufman; Charlie Kaufman And Hollywood's Merry Band Of Pranksters, Fabulists And Dreamers; Charlie Kaufman: Confessions Of An Original Mind), websites devoted to him (beingcharliekaufman.com), academic essays dissecting his work ("The Search For The Self In Charlie Kaufman's Films: A Lacanian Reading") and internet sites that review ill-gotten drafts of his scripts that haven't vet been filmed ("It's unethical, it's probably illegal and I still have to work on it," Kaufman has said about the latter. "I still have to turn it in." He's not a fan).

For a screenwriter – essentially considered a blue-collar worker on most Hollywood films – the fascination is unprecedented.

But then, of course, Charlie Kaufman is no ordinary screenwriter.

For each project he embarks on, he sets himself a simple task: try to do something that has never been attempted before. Simple, right? He wouldn't do anything, he says, that's been done before. "It wouldn't be interesting to me."

It was a plot that didn't so much go straight – act-one-two-three-done – as take the form of spirals, or a Möbius strip, or logic puzzles. It riffed on the nature of self, desire, status, love, gender and sexuality, and is also very funny.

In Adaptation (2002), he wrote himself into his own script. He was meant to adapt Susan Orlean's nonfiction book *The Orchid Thief*, a sprawling meditation on the nature of desire, obsession and beauty when it comes to people who really like rare flowers, but drove himself nuts trying ("I would wake up every day with this depression. I can't face this again. I can't face this again") and so he wrote about a screenwriter trying to adapt it. He assumed he'd get fired. Instead, he was nominated for an Oscar. His greatest trick? Fictional Kaufman's script became the actual script; Meryl Streep's Orlean became a drug addict. It also managed to be about flowers.

Or, finally, Eternal Sunshine Of The Spotless Mind (2004), his biggest box-office hit to date, which saw the majority of the film take place in Jim Carrey's brain – he's having the memories of his soon-to-be-ex-girlfriend (Kate Winslet) deleted due to her recently having done the same to him. It posed a deceptively simple philosophical question: if you could delete emotional pain, should you? Are they our scars or are they our markers? Kaufman gave a lot of thought as to what memory sounds like ("I've spent years trying to figure that out. I still haven't quite done it").

To say his work is not easily defined barely hints at it. It riffs on philosophy and deep maths ("I've been told my work is mathematic, but that's not how I write it") and metaphysics and cognitive brain theory (at one point during our conversation, I mention that the worst people often think they're the most talented; he casually mentions this is called the Dunning-Kruger effect, which, of course, it is). His scripts are closer to the infinity games of Jorge Luis Borges and the nihilism of Beckett than they are to anything else in Hollywood. He loves the brain-teaser: "This sentence is false." Form, he says, is everything. "But it's more like an exploration of using form." Talking of his failed HBO shows, he says, "It's more interesting for me to start from zero and say, 'This is half an hour of TV. What can be done?"

Joel's memories of his relationship in *Eternal Sunshine*, for instance, spiral backwards to when they first met. The fictional Kaufman

in *Adaptation* is the author of his own story. In *Malkovich*, you can almost hear Kaufman cackle with glee when the actor enters the porthole into his own head ("What happens when a man goes through his own porthole?" asks Cusack. Well, *exactly*). He has even spawned his own moniker: Kaufmanesque.

Yet all the above could well be his downfall. As Kaufman says to me now, "It's very hard to sort of gauge what happened to me and what happened to the business, because they're intertwined."

wo things happened in 2008. First, there was the financial crisis, which made Hollywood studios even more timid than they had been before. Superhero movies became the norm. They had always used formulas to judge risk – a romance with a robot made this, so this will



'I did the movie I wanted to do. It wouldn't have been honest for me to do something else'

make that – only now it was law. What could you compare a Kaufman film to? *Variety* called him "a visionary cursed by the sheer originality of his ideas"

But also, Kaufman cursed himself, with his directorial debut, Synecdoche, New York, released the same year. In it, Philip Seymour Hoffman plays a dying theatre director obsessed with putting on one last great work. He creates a large-scale theatre project of his own life, which swiftly becomes a city. Actors play him and his ex-partners and everyone else, and they rehearse all the mistakes he wishes he'd never made. And they too - of course - put on the same theatre project in their world. And so on. Reality spawns deeper reality, until the film ends with everything falling apart, each world collapsing, with Hoffman spluttering his last to an indifferent universe before dying. The New Yorker called it "smotheringly sad". They were kind. I spoke to him in London at the time, when it didn't look like coming close to making back its \$20m budget. He was, understandably, downbeat.

It was the first film, notably, he'd had full control of. And so, to really start to understand Charlie Kaufman, you have to look not at the endings of his films as they stand, but the ones that would have stood had he had his way.

In *Being John Malkovich*, directed by Spike Jonze, his shooting script spiralled off into anarchy, with Cusack engaged in a puppeteering duel with the devil. *Adaptation*, again directed by Jonze, ended with an attack by a swamp monster. But it's *Eternal Sunshine Of The Spotless Mind* that's most telling.

The finished film ended with the two lovers, Carrey's Joel and Winslet's Clementine, their brains erased of each other, somehow remembering to meet up once more, though they didn't know why. They have had what they believe to be their first date. They then find tapes – posted to them by an errant employee (Kirsten Dunst) of the company that did the erasing – of each talking about the other: the petty fights they had, the faults they picked, the cracks that eventually split their relationship apart and perhaps always would.

"I'm not perfect," says Clementine.

"I can't see anything that I don't like about you," replies Joel.

"But you will," says Clementine. "You will. You know, you will think of things and I'll get bored with you and feel trapped... because that's what happens with me."

"OK," says Joel, after a pause.

"OK," says Clementine.

I remember watching this ending – it was the first film I ever saw of Kaufman's, my gateway drug – in utter wonder. Here was a film that didn't just usurp the hokey romance formula that saw a couple getting together as a finish line rather than a starting point (Woody Allen, after all, had been doing that for years), but actually inverted it. We end with a romance doomed before it begins and an acceptance of that. Isn't that, in reality, what love was? Isn't all love, eventually, doomed? It's the bit in the middle, it seemed to say, that counts.

Yet Kaufman's original script went one further. The final scene showed them in old age. It showed a computer screen. It showed, over their lives, that they'd had each other erased again and again and again.

For *Synecdoche, New York*, Jonze was originally due to direct, but stayed on to produce. They had arguments over the tone of it, says Kaufman. Even during test screenings, they quarrelled about the ending.

"Yeah, Spike was looking at the cut and wanted things to be changed," he says. "But I feel like I did the movie I wanted to do. It wouldn't have been honest for me to do something else."

And so, Kaufman's purest, darkest, most nihilistic vision was made, and bombed, **>**



making \$4.4m from a \$20m budget – and ensuring him a curious niche. A revered artist at the height of his powers who would continue to produce work after work, yet with none of it seeing the light of day. Hollywood's JD Salinger, but not by his hand.

harlie Kaufman grew up in Massapequa, on the South Shore of Long Island, New York. It was applepie America, with a Woolworths for the home and a Krisch's for homemade ice-cream. His father was an engineer, his mother a social worker.

He was raiding his father's bookshelf while the other kids were riding on their bikes; reading Ray Bradbury's Fahrenheit 451 and William Golding's Lord Of The Flies. He started on Kafka in his teens. He loved Monty Python, the Marx Brothers and Woody Allen, anything that usurped convention, "anything that took you out of the convention of being alive, of being a person". He remembers being depressed watching romcoms – that wasn't what life was like, and certainly not his. In Eternal Sunshine, Clementine says of Joel, "You're kind of close-mouthed aren't you?" Charlie Kaufman was close-mouthed.

"In terms of girls, it was really debilitating for me," he says, still defusing his muffin. "I remember having crushes on girls very early on and I just felt horrible. Like this slimy little thing, you know?" It was only when he started doing theatre, playing a rooster in a school play and getting belly-laughs, that he felt anything like confidence. "It was like, holy f***. I'm funny! And I couldn't get enough of that afterwards. That was my whole trajectory as a human being."

Yet for the longest time, there was no trajectory. Acting didn't work out. He'd always written as a kid – he remembers penning fiction that twinned him with real explorers, a precursor to the metafiction to come – but it wasn't until he enrolled in NYU's film school that he really discovered his talent. He remembers the teacher holding up two scripts as shining examples: his and Chris Columbus'. The latter would go to Hollywood straight away, writing *Gremlins* and *The Goonies*. It took Kaufman a decade, writing in his spare time between various crushing customerservice jobs.

"It informed me as a person," he says of the latter. "I work with people who were very successful very young and some of them are not nice people to the people who have the support jobs on TV shows. I mean, they just don't understand that they're people."

It was only when he turned 30 that – still living in Minnesota, now married – he decided it was now or never and so sent a spec script to an agent and began calling him every week for a year and a half. Finally, he answered.

He spent a few years in TV comedy – notably on the all-star but short-lived *Dana Carvey*

Show, the staff of which also included Louis CK, Steve Carell and Stephen Colbert – but nearly every show he worked on was soon cancelled and his confidence did not increase. At his first writing job, on sitcom Get A Life, "I couldn't get myself to talk for six weeks. I actually couldn't talk." When he finally did speak, he'd pitch jokes in a whisper. His favourite sketch involved a man who keeps going back to the past to fix something, but exponentially messing it up more each time: a classic Kaufman logic loop.

Spike Feresten, a fellow writer on the *Dana Carvey Show*, would later simply describe him as "that weird Einstein-looking guy that never said anything".

The cancellations, however, had their benefits. It gave him time to write films. So when Spike Jonze – a hot-young-thing director of music videos looking for his first feature – came



'Charlie's nature is to set himself up in ways so he can't possibly succeed'

SPIKE JONZE

across his *Malkovich* script, one Kaufman had only really written as a calling card to get other work, it seemed too good to be true.

As Carell would later put it, "Who knew back then the quiet guy at the end of the hall was going to become the mad genius of cinema?"

n the first occasion I meet Kaufman for this piece, at the tail-end of a London press junket in October, he is painfully aware there is no precedent for selling a movie like *Anomalisa*. His friend, Jonze, jokes that "Charlie's nature is to set himself up in ways so that he can't possibly succeed," and this only seems to prove it. It's a film about minute details and daily frustrations and takes place mostly in a hotel. It's beautiful and strange and, despite using puppets with foreheads not entirely attached to the rest of their faces,

achingly human and sad. It has one of the most realistic sex scenes ever seen on cinema, despite it being puppet-on-puppet. And yet, also, it's a satire: Michael, a customer-service guru, voiced by David Thewlis, for whom almost everyone else sounds the same, is a big-idea take on people like him – those, as Kaufman says of the TV guys he knows, who actually don't see other people as people.

But how do you sell that? His other films were challenging, but at least they had movie stars to sit on talk-show couches. When we meet in LA, in mid-January, it's just opened well in the States, but could not keep up the momentum. At the time of writing, it's made a mere \$2.5m from an \$8m budget (here's what the news reports won't tell you: the Kickstarter money only got them started; the rest came from private investors). It's an ending as ironic and dour as anything he would script. He may yet win the Oscar, but this is not a comeback. There are no fairy-tale endings in Kaufman's final acts: they're too much like life. And life, now, is too much like his art.

I tell him I can't wait to read his book, when he's finally finished it. That, for certain, I'll get to see. He says he'll get back to it soon, when the press tour is done.

Before I go, though, I ask something that's been bothering me. There's so much of Kaufman in all his films. Quite literally in *Adaptation*, of course, but it's there in the others, too: his intelligence, his neurosis, his worries and his fears. But where are his passions? At least in Woody Allen's work, we know: he loves baseball, and women, and jazz.

In Adaptation, Susan Orlean, jealous of orchid-hunter Laroche's all-consuming desires, admits one of her own. "I suppose I do have one unembarrassed passion," she begins. "I want to know how it feels to care about something passionately."

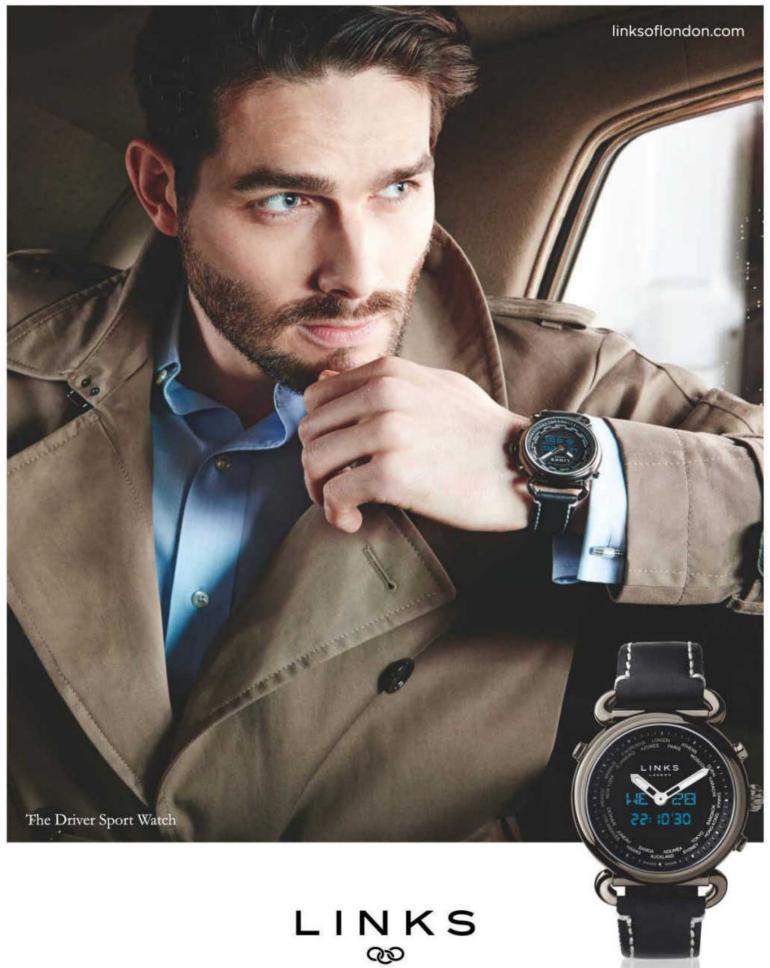
So what is Kaufman's? The weather, he says. The weather? It was raining earlier, he says, and, "I was soaking and I was thrilled!" He remembers a time, he adds, he was camping with his then girlfriend and there was a storm. He unzipped the tent, and stood as the wind blew around him. He mimes holding his arms out, showing how he leaned forward, into the storm. Why? He shrugs a little. It gave him a shift in perspective, he says – the thing he's always looking for.

"It was exciting. It was life. It was scary." He pauses. "And it was so big." ••• Anomalisa is out on 11 March.



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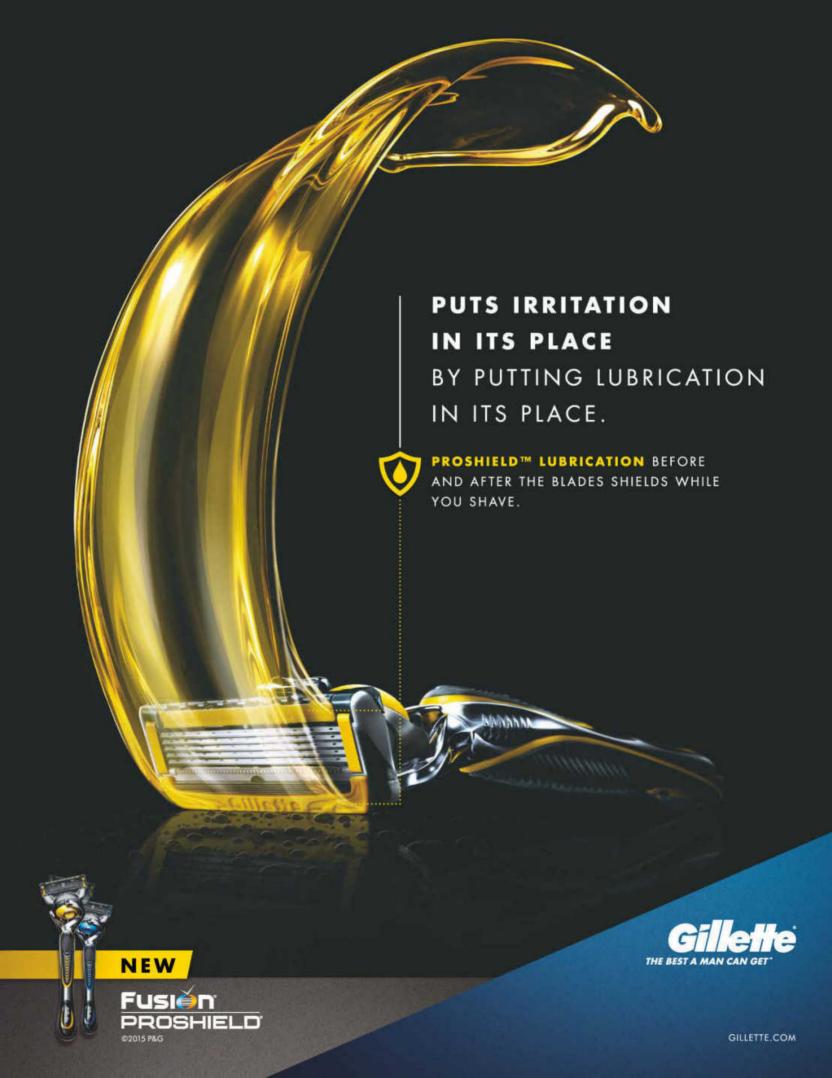
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The state of the s

Smug, self-righteous celebrities and politicians shout about doing 'the right thing' abroad, but what good is the moral high ground when the real floods hit poor souls at home?

gay man walks into a pub and sees Tyson Fury standing at the bar. And it's no joke. Gay shop manager Paul Cole spotted the new world heavyweight champion during the height of the public outrage over Fury's homophobic comments.

"We live in an evil world," Fury had told sports writer Oliver Holt in the *Mail On Sunday*. "The devil is very strong at the minute, very strong. And I believe the end is near. There are only three things that need to happen before the devil comes home: one of them is homosexuality being legal, one of them is abortion and the other one's paedophilia. Who would have thought in the Fifties and Sixties that those first two would be legalised?"

Fury's likening of homosexuality to child abuse went down like a Greek bank. A petition to eject him from the BBC Sports Personality Of The Year award attracted 130,000 signatures. Holt's interview had made Fury possibly the most despised man in the country. And Paul Cole knew that he had to say something.

With impressive courage, the gay shopkeeper walked up to the "Gypsy Warrior" and told him, "I can't stand you."

Fury drew himself up to his full 6ft 9in. He looked Paul right the eye. And then the unexpected happened.

"He said he wasn't homophobic and suddenly rubbed my beard and kissed me on both cheeks," Paul told the *Sun*, which printed a photo of the two men embracing and happily waggling their tongues at the camera. "I've changed my mind about him. He's a big friendly giant who would float my boat if he was gay."

The lovefest did little to stem the controversy, but it suggested that the truth was possibly more complex than the Fury haters would like to believe. Yet he was soon in more trouble for his views on women, including the observation that Olympic gold medallist Jessica Ennis-Hill "slaps up good" and that "a woman's best place is in the kitchen and on her back".

Yes, many of Fury's comments are so old-fashioned they make Fred Flintstone look like Germaine Greer. But all the evidence suggests that, beyond his great flapping cakehole, Tyson Fury is not an evil man.

Boxing has had its share of genuine wrongdoers. Mike Tyson was sentenced to six years (he served three) for raping Desiree

Perhaps all those people spouting hatred at Tyson Fury were only pretending to be good Washington. The richest boxer of all time – Floyd Mayweather – was sentenced to 87 days (he served two months) for domestic violence. But nobody has suggested that Fury ever raised his voice to a woman, let alone his hand. In the end, Fury was not booted off Sports Personality Of The Year (he came fourth). And in an awkward interview with Gary Lineker, he was like a big, wounded bull, bewildered by the mess he had caused in the china shop.

"If I've said anything in the past that's hurt anybody, I apologise," he told Lineker.

As one gay man discovered when he encountered the boxer in a bar, Tyson Fury wasn't wickedness incarnate. Perhaps he was just a religious fanatic. Perhaps he had not met enough gay men. Perhaps, as he conceded himself, he was simply uneducated.

"I'm a little bit backward," Fury later confessed. "I didn't really go to school."

And perhaps all those people spouting hatred at him were only pretending to be good.

"Virtue signalling", which means to ostentatiously display your own moral decency, already has its own entry in *Collins Dictionary*, although author and journalist James Bartholomew only coined the term in the spring of 2015. That's fast. But then the genius of Bartholomew's turn of phrase is that as soon as he typed the words, you immediately knew exactly what he was talking about.

Nant to show the world what a kind, sensitive soul you are? It's very easy. Hate Tyson Fury. Hate Ukip. Hate the *Daily Mail* and the *Sun*. Hate any suggestion of homophobia, sexism and racism.

"It's noticeable how often virtue signalling consists of saying you hate things," noted Bartholomew in the *Spectator*. "It is camouflage. The emphasis on hate distracts from the fact you are really saying how good you are. If you were frank and said, 'I care about the environment more than most people do' or 'I care about the poor more than others', your vanity and self-aggrandisement would be obvious, as it is with Whole Foods. Anger and outrage disguise your boastfulness."

Bartholomew observed that comedians are shameless virtue signallers, getting guaranteed laughs from their audience by mocking greedy bankers and wicked Tories just as the comics of long ago could get laughs just by mentioning the fat mother-in-law or funny foreigners.

"The audience enjoys the caricaturing of all of these," wrote Bartholomew, "sneering at them and, in the process, joining together as a congregation of the righteously contemptuous. What a delight to display your virtue, feel confirmed in your views, enjoy a sense of community, let off some anger and have a laugh at the same time! It is so easy, too! No one actually has to do anything."

Virtue signalling is done without anything being put on the line and, as some of our finest actors have demonstrated, without ever engaging the brain.

ichael Sheen was guestediting BBC Radio 4's *Today*programme at the moment
when thousands of homes and
businesses in Cumbria were
covered in sewage-stinking floodwater. But
Sheen lashed out at those who suggested
that the government should be spending a bit
more on our own flood defences and a bit less
on flood defences in South Sudan, Ethiopia,
Senegal, Chad and Burkina Faso.

"Pushing British people against foreigners, or shirkers against strivers – it's a false argument," declared Sheen. What a nice man. What a caring soul. What an enlightened human being. Just like the lovely Benedict Cumberbatch who, when he was playing *Hamlet*, took to lecturing the audience at the end of every performance about the need to do more for Syrian refugees.

"F*** the politicians!" Cumberbatch cried at the end of one speech, even though the

Foreign aid is not about feeding hungry mouths. It is purely about demonstrating impeccable liberal goodness

most important politician in Europe, German chancellor Angela Merkel, had dropped her borders for more than one million refugees in 2015. It just wasn't enough for Sherlock. He demanded his own personal summit with home secretary Theresa May.

"Our government's not doing enough," Cumberbatch said. "I'd like to sit down with Theresa May and get a full understanding of how her political-economic model works."

Yes, and May must be dying to give Cumberbatch a few tips on how to play the Prince of Denmark. The sanctimonious vanity of the man boggles the mind.

As a committed virtue signaller, Cumberbatch was an early adopter of the T-shirt bearing the slogan "This Is What A Feminist Looks Like", promoted by The Fawcett Society, an organisation devoted to closing the inequality gap between women and men. David Cameron was scorned for refusing to slip into his own, "This Is What A Feminist Looks Like" T-shirt. When it turned out that the T-shirts were being churned out in a Mauritian factory where the female workers were paid 62 pence an hour, they were quietly folded up and put away. Nobody said they got it wrong. Nobody conceded that cheap empty gestures are, in the end, no substitute for real political action. Because being virtuous means never having to say you're sorry.

And all this smug, self-satisfied, shockingly

empty posturing would be merely laughable if it was confined to a few pompous luvvies who make clods of themselves every time they say a line that isn't written by someone far smarter than them. But the desire to demonstrate moral purity now extends its cloying reach all the way to Downing Street, where even pink-faced Tory boys strain to prove their liberal credentials.

Many civilised nations such as Australia, Canada, France, Japan and Ireland have vastly reduced their foreign aid budgets after reaching the conclusion that shovelling billions to the developing world does nothing but encourage corruption, erode democracy and throw away

taxpayers' hard-earned money like a sailor on shore leave.

But in our own country the commitment to spend 0.7% of gross national income on foreign aid has been enshrined in law. The UK spent more than £12 billion on foreign aid last year, at a time when almost every other area of public spending was being slashed. Only the NHS and foreign aid were spared George Osborne's cuts.

How can this be? How can a new private plane for a developing world despot be more important than the police, or the armed forces, or benefits for the disabled? How can it be rational, or even sane, for a country to care more about flood defences in Congo than it does about flood defences in Carlisle?

Because it doesn't really matter if that £12bn a year in foreign aid itself is effective. It is not about feeding hungry mouths. Foreign aid is purely about demonstrating impeccable liberal goodness. Cameron's Conservatives need to demonstrate that they are kind, decent and virtuous, need to show that they bought "Do They Know It's Christmas" when they were at Eton and Westminster. Our foreign aid budget — millions of it shipped to nations where the British are despised — is meant to be conclusive evidence that the Tories care.

irtue signalling begins and ends in the developing world. So Benedict Cumberbatch can't give a thought to a small German town like Sumte (population 102) that finds its infrastructure collapsing under the burden of giving a home to 750 migrants. Sherlock can only prove his liberal goodness by fretting about Syrian refugees.

There is a debate to be had – and it is the debate of our age – about how we manage our moral obligation to our own people with our humanitarian impulse to help the world. But you will never hear that difficult subject broached among the virtue signallers who scream their pious certainties and wag their censorious fingers at the wicked Tories – which is bitterly ironic as David Cameron is the biggest virtue signaller of them all.

"We will recover," a Yorkshire shopkeeper wrote in the window of his business after it had been destroyed in the floods. "It takes more than water to break us."

Who will spare a passing thought for that brave, stoic shopkeeper? Who will feel angry on his behalf as he struggles to put his life back together? We should divert a little of our bloated foreign aid budget to that Yorkshire shopkeeper. After all, it's his money.





BEN SHERMAN

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ARGUNENT ARGUNENT This month: This month:

Explaining is wrong. As is helping. Demonstrating? Also wrong. **Hugo Rifkind** 'enjoys' a no-win situation

he says, "I've had enough of this. Stop mansplaining." He says, "I beg your pardon?" She says, "You heard."

And he says, "I don't think 'mansplaining' means what you think it does."

Then he regrets it, so he says, "No, but seriously, I was only telling you which remote control to use so we could watch the new *Hunger Games* on Netflix through the Xbox. I'm not taking my shirt off and roaring."

She says, "I was talking about this on Friday night. With the girls. About how men always talk down to us. About how patriarchy persists, even through a veil of modernity."

He says, "This was when you were clubbing? While I had a night in with a pizza and the kids? Before you got back at 3am and had lost your keys and I let you in and warmed up the leftovers for you in the microwave?"

She says, "Yes."

He says, "Right."

"It's your tone," she says. "It's the way you simply assume I don't know what I'm doing."

He says, "But you don't. You've been standing there holding the DVD control and shouting. For eleven minutes."

And then she says, "And you were enjoying that, weren't you?" He goes quiet for a while, and thinks about whether she might be right.

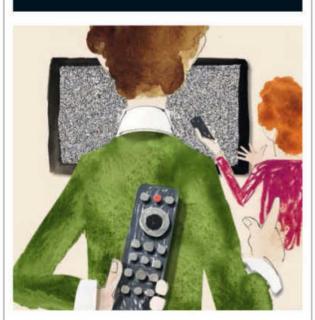
He works hard at this stuff. He's not sure she knows that. The DVD control, for example? That's a new one he got off eBay, without telling her. It's slightly different to the old one, and he's been waiting for her to notice and ask him about it. He bought it after she threw the old one on the table after she'd failed to watch a DVD of *Maleficent* – plainly because she was on the wrong HDMI channel – and it landed in a cup of old coffee. Which he'd made using the coffee machine. Which she hadn't touched since they'd had that argument about which way to fold the filter papers.

"I see what you're saying," he says. "Good," she says.

"You're saying I exercise patriarchal control through technology," he says, "which I make deliberately complex, so as to rob you of autonomy."

"Yes," she says. "Although I already knew I was saying this. So you didn't need to mansplain it back to me." Press the button: He who controls the remote.

controls the world



'It's your tone. It's the way you simply assume I don't know what I'm doing' He says, "That actually was the correct use of mansplaining." She just looks at him. "I can't help it," he says.

She says he could if he wanted. Because that's not how he talks to other men, is it? Like, when he went out. On Saturday. To the pub, with his friend Dave. How did he talk then? Because that's how he should talk at home, too. With her.

He says, "Seriously?" She says, "Yes!"

And he says, "OK, then. How come James Bond never has a boner?"

And she says, "Um, what?"

He says, that's what they were talking about. Him and Dave. For ages. All night, really. And some other guys they met at the bar. Why does James Bond never have a boner? He's always engaging in hand-to-hand combat mere moments after rubbing up against a beautiful woman in a silky négligée. Yet it is never a problem.

She says, "Oh God."

Not all the time, he says. Not when he's on that table, in *Goldfinger*, with the laser. That would be ridiculous. But that scene in *Octopussy*, where he's in bed snogging Maud Adams, and that guy turns up with the serrated yo-yo? There are, like, six of them. And he kicks their asses. It just wouldn't work. The sheer physiology of it. He'd be waddling. Like a duck.

"Stop," she says. "I take it back. Don't talk to me like you do with Dave. Anything is better than that."

He says, "I take your point, though. There must be a middle ground."

"Don't worry," she says. "I think I was just cross about the remote control. Really, you're not that bad. Shall we watch *The Hunger Games*?"

And he says, "Yes please. Put it on." And she says, "Right. But how?"

 Hugo Rifkind is a writer for the Times.



WISH LIST

This Burberry scarf

is perfect for winter

and the cashmere is so soft. Plus, what's more stylish than

Burberry?" £335.

WISH LIST

"Tone is everything in acoustics, and this Gibson

J-45 is so sexy! I love

playing Paul McCartney

and Michael Jackson." £5,045. gibson.com

Guitar

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burberry.com

Scarf

British soul singer, songwriter and multi-instrumentalist **Samm Henshaw** takes us on a tour of his number one fashion standards

PHOTOGRAPH BY SIMON WEBB

Hat

"I always wear hats because I hate worrying about my hair. A cap paired with a baggy T-shirt creates a scruffy skater look that I really like."

By Bailey, £100. baileyhats.com

Jacket

"I like the military look. It looks cool tied around the waist. I also love bold jackets inspired by *The Fresh Prince Of Bel-Air."* By Vans, £140. vans.co.uk

WISH LIST

Harmonica

"I started playing at 16 after seeing Stevie Wonder. I'm not yet brave enough to play during a show though!" By Hohner, £30. At Hobgoblin Music. hobgoblin.com

WISH LIST

Shoes

"I'm obsessed with Dr Martens. I really like the DM and skinny jeans combo that I see in a lot of Eighties fashion." £90. drmartens.co.uk

Trousers

"I'd never worn chinos until I was given these on a shoot. I usually go for a slouchy style, but I thought they looked amazing." By Topman, £30. topman.com

WISH LIST

Bag

"I've become a bag person since I did the James Bay tour, which went all over the UK. This Nike bag is perfect for the road. I store all my comic books in it." £33.

At Asos. asos.com



"I'm not a connoisseur, but I like the brown leather look.
And I haven't taken my handmade purple bracelet off in five years." By Fossil, £135. fossil.com

Socks

"I love quirky socks and showing them off. These from Topman are simple, but I wore bright blue ones with pineapples on tour." £9. topman.com

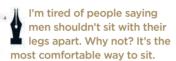
Shoes

"These Kickers were a Christmas present to myself. I have over 40 pairs of shoes, which makes my mum angry!" £100. kickers.co.uk #Will Heard

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Is manspreading getting you into trouble? Can't think of a name for your superyacht? Victoria Coren Mitchell has the answers...



Well, quite. And the healthiest. Summer's coming, think of the heat! Why should you endanger

your sperm count to placate tutting lefties?

A couple of years ago, Richard Madden from Game Of Thrones fell foul of the most furious shriekers after he was photographed, legs splayed, on a train. Personally I was charmed to see such a handsome little beefcake attempting to show himself off to the world. My only quibble is that he was clutching an umbrella in one hand. Never sit clutching an umbrella. There's something nervous and fidgety about it.

However, it's one thing if you're Richard Madden. The open-legged loll is a more difficult look for the ordinary man to carry off. Your average Joe does not look attractive with his flat feet on the floor and his knees agape.

But you didn't say it was attractive. You said it was comfortable. Were you concerned with attractiveness, I would advise you to adopt the "relaxed leg cross", with your right calf or ankle resting gently on your left knee. That is by far the most stylish way for a man to sit: confidently occupying the space, without significantly impinging on anyone else's

But if comfort is your only concern, sit how you like. Carry a cushion, crack open a cold one and enjoy yourself.

I'm attracted to a woman I met at a conference and stayed in touch with. It happens that we both love food and started sharing pictures of innovative dishes and restaurants one or other of us has enjoyed. I'm confused as to how I can take it forward with her.

Yup, me too. Stumped.

How does one choose a name for one's superyacht? Is it something like first pet plus mother's maiden name?

Tricky, isn't it? I always rather liked the name of Johnny Depp's yacht, a sumptuous vessel called Vajoliroja. He took bits of his family's names ("Va" for his partner Vanessa Paradis, "Jo" for himself, "Li-Ro" for his daughter

Lily Rose and "Ja" for his son Jack) and strung them together to make the name of a pirate flag as pronounced in the weird accent of Captain Jack Sparrow. The quizzer in me was a big fan of that complicated, puzzly construction.

In general, though, jokes are dangerous. Vajoliroja is fun, but Roman Abramovich once had a boat called Ecstasea, which is dreadful. Perhaps the rule of thumb is to avoid puns in your second language.

Are you having this SY built from scratch? If not, you can scrap the whole question. It's extremely unlucky to rename a boat. When Johnny Depp broke up with Vanessa Paradis and married Amber Heard, Vajoliroja was re-christened Amphitrite. I suppose that's also a clever bit of wordplay, since Amphitrite is a sea goddess and also (I'm assuming) a punning reference to Depp's compatibility with his new, young actress wife. Nevertheless, it breaks an ancient sailors' rule: respect the name a boat was born with! No good can come of change.

Johnny Depp must have felt the shiver, because he sold Amphitrite a year or so later. She's just been sold again, this time to JK Rowling for £22 million.

I hope JK Rowling doesn't change the name again. I like JK Rowling. I'd hate anything to happen to her.

Dismiss my superstitions if you like, but drop me a line if you want to bet £100 that Johnny Depp's marriage to Amber Heard is still going strong in ten years' time.

I've heard a lot of talk about "clean eating". Does that mean I have to change where I take women for dinner? Where are the best "clean eating" places in London?

Well, not my house for a start. That kitchen floor hasn't seen a mop since the old king died.

But you can forget this line of enquiry anyway. Clean eating is not appropriate for dates. Too dainty. It suggests a fastidiousness that would discourage any sane woman from taking her clothes off. Quinoa and unrefined legumes are all very well for your daytime hours - but at night, with a woman, the vibe you want is "careless and greedy". Yum. 🚳



For to-the-point answers to life's whys and wherefores, share your burning issues with GQ's agony aunt at: askvictoria@condenast.co.uk



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EDITED BY PAUL HENDERSON



REBORN TO PERFORM

Fifty years after Ford's legendary supercar swept the board at Le Mans, the GT is back to claim its crown – and **Jason Barlow** finds the street version is even hotter than the racer

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ALEX HOWE

ifty years ago this summer, Ford scored one of the great sporting routs of all time. Having tried – and failed - to buy Ferrari, Henry Ford II vowed to hit the flinty, demagogic Enzo Ferrari where he knew it would really hurt: on the race track. Nine times Ferrari had triumphed in the world's greatest endurance race the Le Mans 24 Hours, but in 1966, Ford's brutally beautiful GT40 endurance racer crushed the Italians in spectacular style. In fact, Ford was so dominant the team was able to choreograph a perfect 1-2-3 finish.

Now the GT is back, in road car form and as a competition machine. As well as contesting the increasingly popular FIA World Endurance Championship (WEC) and the US-focused IMSA series, Ford will build 250 road-going GT supercars per year, demand for which is already outstripping supply. "The GT represents everything that is great at Ford," Dave Pericak, Ford Performance global director, says. "When Henry Ford II said, 'Go get it', and rolled out all the resources and they actually did get it... well, we're doing that again now. Will we win at Le Mans? I don't know. There are some things we can control and some we can't. But what I can say is we've got the right product, the

right team, the right drivers with vou're a team owner in sport – any the right heart and the ability to sport - what do you get out of it if

dig that little bit deeper..."

The WEC driver line-up includes British endurance stars Andy Priaulx and Marino Franchitti and the car will race in

the GTE-Pro category against Aston Martin, Corvette, Ferrari and Porsche at venues such as Spa, Silverstone and the Nürburgring, as well as Le Mans. For motorsport fans, this is akin to putting the band back together, albeit reborn in an ultra high-tech guise. American racing blue blood Chip Ganassi is charged with running the race team and clearly only knows one primary mode. "If

you're not winning? There's really very little reason to get in an accident in a 24-hour race. I tell my drivers, 'If you hit someone, obviously it's your fault. If someone hits you, it's your fault. The only time it's possibly *not* your fault is if a meteor falls from space and lands on your car."

What Ford gets is the opportunity to develop an all-new, highly evolved supercar in parallel with a competition car. "When we put the road car next to the race car, other than some items, such as the fixed wing, they are the same car," Pericak says. "I'll repeat – it's the same car. We're thrilled to be racing again, and going back to Le Mans, and it's a huge deal for the company. But the GT road car is really more important in this whole story for Ford: it serves the brand globally."

The street GT arrives at the end of this year, powered by the same 3.5-litre, twin-turbo EcoBoost V6 as the race car but, thanks to the FIA's controversial "Balance Of Performance" regulations, it'll actually be more powerful than its track sibling. Well over 600bhp, in fact, to go with that carbon-fibre chassis and highly aerodynamic body.

Franchitti is upbeat about the GT's chances, not least because he's already racked up some serious development miles in testing. "It goes even better than it looks, which is saying something," he says. "I was in tune with it immediately and that's not something that happens as often as you'd like. This isn't just marketing stuff. This is Ford in maximum attack mode." 🚳 For more information, visit ford.co.uk



1966 and all that

(top): The GT will once again do

battle with Ferrari,

Aston Martin and

the original GT40

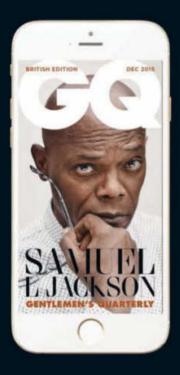
Porsche: (inset)

wins at Le Mans



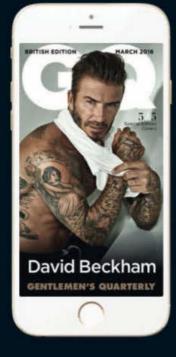
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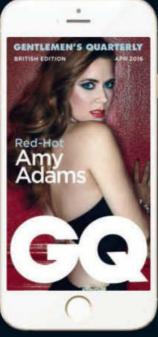
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GQTRAVEL

EDITED BY BILL PRINCE





RIDE WITH THE HIGH ROLLERS

The **Italian Dolomites**' Rosa Alpina provides luxurious solace after a hard day in the saddle





ountain living is, so studies claim, very good for you. All that fresh air and regular exercise at high altitudes can encourage weight loss, reduce the risk of heart disease and help you live longer. All of which is great, obviously. However, it isn't a lot of comfort when you are three-quarters of the way up an increasingly steepening seven-mile

ascent on a winding road in the foreboding shadow of Mount Lagazuoi in the northern **Italian Dolomites**.

Despite the fact that I am riding a Pinarello Dogma racing bike (the one Chris Froome rode last year on his French summer holiday, RRP £9,500), my thighs are on fire, lactic acid is flooding through every muscle in my body and my lungs are so desperate for sweet,

clean oxygen that my eyes have started watering (no, I'm not crying). It's at this point that two questions swim into my mind: firstly, if this is good for you, what the hell is bad? And second, why can't I be back at the hotel?

Because the **Rosa Alpina**, nestled in the tiny Ladin village of **San Cassiano**, is a hotel as welcoming and luxurious as a pair of chinchilla-lined slippers. Having been S

expectations of the Pizzinini family, the five-star hotel is now run by the charming GM, Hugo, and his wife, Ursula, who make guests feel completely at home. And their hospitality is infectious because despite its size – there are 51 individually designed bedrooms and suites that mix authentic Tyrolean style with classic Italian touches – when every multilingual member of staff knows your name, it's hard not to feel special.

The sense of pampered luxury extends throughout. From the newly renovated spa, with its indoor pool, saunas and views of the landscaped gardens, through to the four outstanding restaurants (including the two-Michelin starred St Hubertus, overseen by executive chef Norbert Niederkofler), the Rosa Alpina's facilities offer guests very little incentive to actually leave the hotel. They don't discourage it, though, and if you get on Hugo's good side he can arrange for you to have lunch (or even stay overnight) in one of his mountain chalets.

And for those truly determined to make the most of the great outdoors, there are options galore. In winter there is outstanding skiing and snowboarding. In the summer hiking, climbing, golf and, for the truly bold and adventurous, some of the best cycling (off-road and on) in the world...

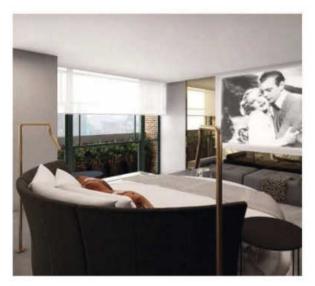
Which brings us back to that bike ride. Sensing my distress as we push on, my Rosa Alpina guide and ride partner Diego Zanesco tries to distract me by cracking jokes, chatting comfortably about the history of the mountain and telling me conspiratorially about his rich and varied private life. I can barely breathe; Zanesco is so at ease he could be riding downhill. As we make it to the summit, he gives me a firm final push in the back that gets my broken body to the top where I collapse in a hyperventilating heap.

Zanesco, meanwhile, hops off his bike and heads casually into the café for espressos with a spring in his step. He is 56-years-old, has four children by three different women and currently has a new girlfriend on the go. Factor in a long stay at Rosa Alpina, and that mountain living idea is starting to make a whole lot of sense. Paul Henderson



Rosa Alpina offers a seven-night stay for a family of four from £7,185, based on two adults and two children staying on a B&B basis, booked through A&K Villas (akvillas.com, 01242 547705). Price includes flights from London to **Venice** and private airport transfers. rosalpina.it





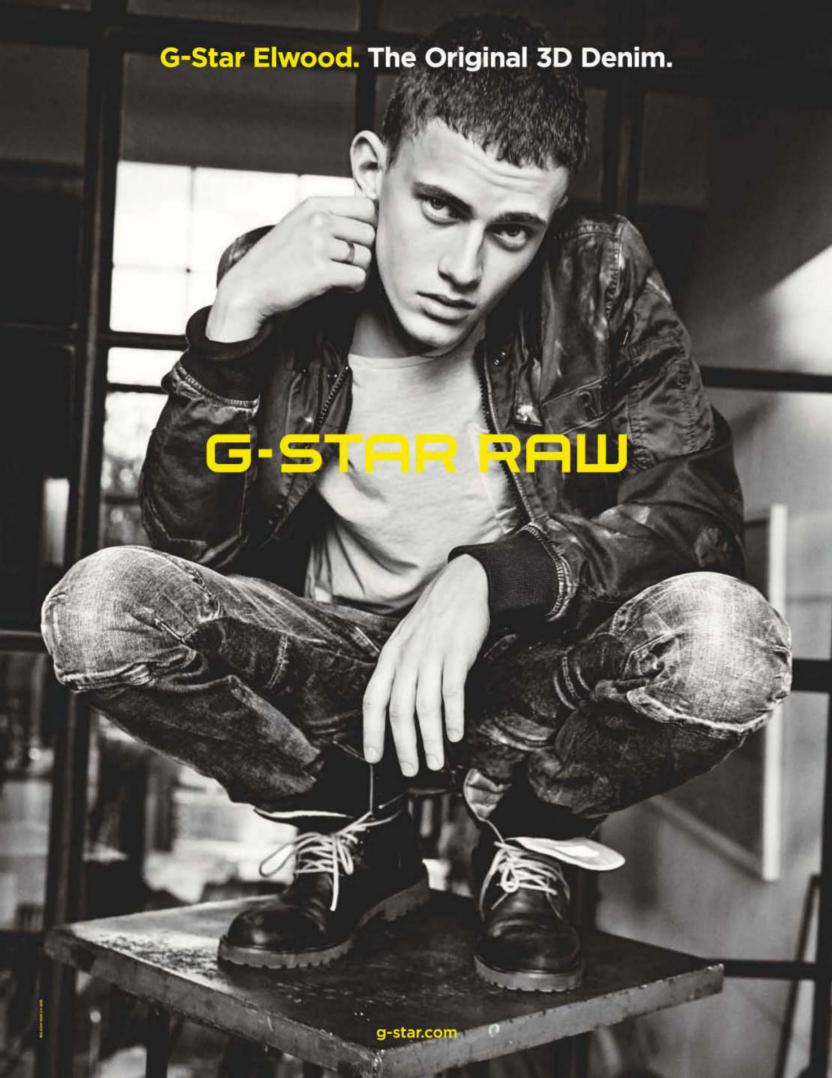
O AMSTERDAM'S HIGH-WATER MARK

W Hotels' "Whatever/Whenever" promise is put through its paces in **Amsterdam**. Just a bitterballen's throw from the central Dam Square, the brand's latest venue offers something for almost every taste. Fancy 360-degree views? Head to the sixth-floor all-day restaurant and lounge, warmed by burnished-gold decor as well as the sunlight streaming in. Need relaxation? Enjoy a cocktail with a dip on the terrace (with its sleek ribbon of water) and admire the **Canal District** below.

If industrial chic is more your style, look to the floors below for dark, velvety corridors leading to rooms with high ceilings, vast windows and a cool sense of comfort. This former telephone exchange houses 172 rooms and across the road a beautifully converted bank has a further 66 with serious old-school opulence. The hotel's fine-dining restaurant, The Duchess, is a riot of candlelit grandeur, like an old Viennese brasserie. Both delicate and robust, Mediterranean and British, the food is excellent – but needlessly bows to the "sharing plate" trend (have you tried splitting a dish of spaghetti, even if it is tossed in butter and oscietra caviar?). *GQ* tip: Don't share. Whatever/Whenever, remember? Jennifer Bradly



Rooms at the W Amsterdam start at £266 per night. Spuistraat 175, 1012 VN Amsterdam, Netherlands. +31 20 811 2500. wamsterdam. com. BA flies from Heathrow to **Amsterdam** from £80 return. britishairways.com





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meridian: nuts about nuts



EDITED BY BILL PRINCE & PAUL HENDERSON

The RESTAURANT > The BAR > The HOTEL > The CLUB > The PUB > The RECIPE > The ROUNDUP > The BOTTLE > The NEIGHBOURHOOD

 Some credit pioneering 19th-century mixologist "Professor" Jerry Thomas for the original hot Tom and Jerry cocktail. This chilled update keeps the eggnog but adds chestnut gelato and meringue.

THE RECIPE

 Did you know that cheese has addictive effects? It contains casein, which releases opiates called casomorphins – just another reason for that tantalising triangle of Swiss on your mousetrap.

GARNISH



At The Cocktail Trading Company you can expect curious concoctions served in ketchup bottles, Brasso tins and chip cones that turn each sip into a cat-and-mouse game for your palette. Say cheese...

 Originally springing from a humble pop-up off London's Carnaby Street, CTC has now found its permanent home in Smithfield.
 Their vision? Great music, honest prices and playful, interactive cocktails.

ORIGINS



THE HOTEL

The Loch Lomond Arms



THE Loch Lomond Arms Hotel has an awful lot going for it. For starters, it's

located in one of Scotland's most **charming** villages, Luss. Just down the road is the loch itself. And framing both is the jaw-dropping beauty of The Trossachs National Park. Against that backdrop the handsome former coaching inn, dating back to the **17th Century**, can't help but pale in comparison. Inside, however, it makes a bold attempt at delivering everything you'd expect of a country gastropub with big ambitions.

With open fires, antique furniture. a large bar with a range of local brews on tap and a creative menu on the chalkboard, it ticks all the right boxes. But where the pub part of the Loch Lomond lets itself down is with the attention to detail. For instance, when GQ visited, the food was hit and miss. When it was good (black pudding Scotch eggs, fish pie and sticky date and toffee pudding) it was very good, but when it was bad... well. just avoid the risotto. Likewise, the service fluctuated from sweet and attentive to "Sorry, we're busy tonight."

If you are staying – and you should – the 14 individually designed rooms are neat, comfortable and attractive, but *GQ* would recommend making enquiries about the hotel **cottages** that are available close to the banks of Luss Water. A stone's throw from the hotel proper, they are quaint and quiet, offering the privacy you'll appreciate if you want to get away from it all in the Highlands. The Loch Lomond Arms is a good base camp for a Scottish exploration. With a little more care and attention, it could be great. PH

 The Loch Lomond Arms Hotel, Main Road, Luss, Scotland G83 8NY. 01436 860420. Jochlomondarmshotel.com THE BAR

The Cocktail Trading Company, Smithfields

ARE you the kind of wonderful weirdo who likes to sip their Pisco Sour from a plastic ketchup bottle, paired with crisps that look like chips and a large gherkin arranged on a plastic saucer? Answer "yes" and you'll love this new, tiny, candle-lit basement bar beneath the restaurant Ask For Janice. Answer "no" (the correct answer) and you'll still love it, because they have as many normal-looking cocktails as they do quirky ones – just make sure you check the picture on the menu first.

For example, the more traditional among you might want to avoid the "Bag O'Chips", which is, literally, a chip cone wrapped in newspaper. A safer bet might be the Rum Forest Rum (Colombian rum, chinotto wine, tobacco and rose essence), which comes in a proper glass garnished with a wrapped chocolate. Double the pleasure.

The bar itself is charming: low, crumbling ceilings, dimmed lighting, dark red walls lined with newspaper clippings from the First World War and pillars that hide everyone from view adding a real sense of intimacy. But as you might have guessed, The Cocktail Trading Company is all about presentation.

Their ethos, says the head bartender, as he scolds his colleague for not sprucing up a mojito with purple micro-basil, is "interactive". It's possible that by this he meant "edible", since biscuits, sweets or the odd savoury snack accompanied nearly all the cocktails. Tucking into a pink wafer, *GQ* certainly wasn't complaining, and for a reasonable £9 per cocktail, it's a bargain. Eleanor Halls





THE RECIPE

Monkfish Masala, Red Lentils and Coconut Garnish

by Glynn Purnell



FOR THE MONKFISH MASALA

Ingredients

- 4 x 130g monkfish fillets
- 300g rock salt
- 4 tbsp masala spice mix
- 25g butter

Method

- Sprinkle the rock salt over the fish fillets, leave for 5-6 minutes to draw out the moisture, then rinse the salt off thoroughly under cold running water. Wrap the monkfish in a clean tea towel and leave in the fridge overnight.
- Spread out the spices on a plate and roll the monkfish fillets in the mixture. Seal each fillet in a vacuum food bag and cook for 11 minutes in a water bath at 63C - or wrap each fillet in heatproof clingfilm then heat a saucepan of water until it reaches 63C (use a cooking thermometer) add the wrapped fillets and cook for 11 minutes, keeping the temperature constant
- Melt the butter in a frying pan over a medium heat until foaming. Remove the fish from the bags (or clingfilm) and then sear on each side for 2-3 minutes until golden brown and crisp all over.



FOR THE RED

Ingredients

- Splash of
- vegetable oil
- ½ onion, peeled and chopped
- 1 tbsp mild curry powder
- 225g dried red lentils
- 500ml chicken stock
- ½ red chilli, finely chopped

- 2 heaped tbsp chopped coriander
- Juice of ½ lime
- Salt

Method

- Heat a splash of vegetable oil in a saucepan and sweat the onion over a gentle heat for 4-5 minutes until softened. Stir in the curry powder, then add the lentils, stir well and cover with the stock. Simmer for 10-15 minutes, or until the lentils are tender.
- When the lentils are cooked, stir in the chilli, coriander and lime juice and season to taste with salt.
 Set aside.



FOR THE COCONUT GARNISH

Ingredients

- 400ml full-fat coconut milk
- 1 kaffir lime leaf
- Pinch of salt
- ½ fresh coconut, flesh only, thinly sliced into strips on a mandolin

Method

- Pour the coconut milk into a saucepan and add the kaffir lime leaf and salt.
 Simmer over a medium heat until reduced by half.
- Heat a frying pan until hot and toast the coconut strips for about 2 minutes until golden brown and fragrant.

To serve

Spoon the lentils on to each serving plate. Carve each monkfish fillet into thick slices and place next to the lentils. Drizzle over a little of the reduced coconut milk, then garnish with the toasted coconut strips (and pickled carrots and coriander shoots, optional).



On a culinary quest for the unexpected? Head for the Midlands, and the restaurant of the man who brought Birmingham its first Michelin star

WITH his bushy beard, broad shoulders and tattooed arms, at first glance chef Glynn Purnell (above, right) looks exactly like you'd expect of a man born and raised in what was once one of the largest single housing developments in Europe. Throw in a thick Brummie accent and a mischievous sense of humour, and the "straight out of Chelmsley Wood" image is complete.

But like so many working-class cooks turned talented-and-successful chefs, scratch beneath the surface and the 41-year-old father of three quickly comes across as garrulous, enthusiastic and charmingly eccentric. Or as Jason Atherton describes him: "A great guy... bonkers, but brilliant." Then again, if you've seen Purnell in action on *The Great British Menu* or *Saturday Kitchen*, you will probably already have guessed as much.

Having started his career by accident at the Metropole Hotel in the NEC (he was 14 and supposed to be doing a placement at a different restaurant, but he thought the hotel looked so smart he hung around until they offered him work), he eventually found his forte in the world of fine-dining. After stints working

with Gordon Ramsay, Gary Rhodes and Claude Bosi, his first head chef role came at Jessica's in Edgbaston, where he won Birmingham's first Michelin star in 2005.

Two years later, with the help of a remortgage, maxed-out credit cards and some very creative accounting, he opened Purnell's and established himself as one of the country's most innovative chefs. Recently refurbished, like the man himself it is brash, bold and quirky (birdsong plays in the corridor on the way to the toilet) with bags of personality. And the food is exceptionally good. The seasonal tasting menu is playful but perfectly executed, and includes all of the chef's greatest hits, including cheese and pineapple tacos, haddock and eggs, monkfish masala (see left) and aerated mint chocolate.

It is a menu that could hold its own in any of the big foodie cities in the world, but perhaps Glynn Purnell's greatest feat is that he has done it in one of the most unfashionable. He has, it would be fair to say, put Birmingham on the culinary map. You never thought you'd read that in GQ, did you? PH

Purnell's, 55 Cornwall Street, Birmingham B3 2DH.
 O121 212 9799. purnellsrestaurant.com

SMALL BITES

Where



has been eating this month...



THE LITTLE TAPERIA

Don't get in a huff when you have to wait for a table – you're about to enjoy some of the best Spanish cooking in South London.

STANDOUT DISH

Baby squid stuffed with morcilla on pisto manchego

143 Tooting High Street, London SW17. 020 8682 3303. thelittletaperia.co.uk



LUCKY CHIP BURGERS & WINE

From van to pop-up and now to a permanent home in Dalston, you'll never guess what's on the menu.

STANDOUT DISH

Royale with cheese and "Lucky Chips"

25 Ridley Road, London E8. lucky-chip.co.uk



THE GREENHOUSE

This two-Michelin-starred dining room boasts a peerless wine cellar and spectacular cooking.

STANDOUT DISH

Monkfish with onion and banana purée

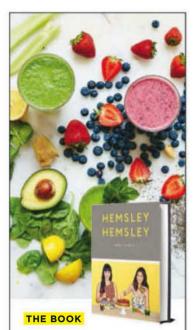
27a Hay's Mews, London W1. 020 7499 3331. greenhouserestaurant.co.uk

THE ORIGINAL

- SINCE 1882 -



maldonsalt.co.uk



Good + Simple by Jasmine and Melissa Hemsley

JUST when you

thought it was safe to sneak back to Bleecker Street for a black burger/angry fries/vanilla shake blowout, *GQ*'s favourite **bone-boiling**, broccoli-ricing, courgette-spiralising dynamic duo are back to save you... from yourself. But reluctant dietary reformers should fear not: fast food is still on the menu. It might be free from gluten, grains and refined sugar, but not from flavour.

In Good + Simple, amid the soups, stews, slaws and kale carpaccios, you will find fish finger sandwiches, steak salads, pulled pork, chicken wings and even chicken Kievs. All healthy, all delicious and all simple to make. Of course, you can't have a Hemsley book without remixed versions of their greatest hits, so bone broth, quinoa, chia seeds and root veg disguised as pasta all feature in recipes that are as good as they are good for you.

"What we're advocating is not a diet," Melissa says. "What we want is for people to eat more healthily and **cut out the rubbish**. It is a food philosophy that will make you feel better." PH

 Good + Simple (Ebury Press, £25) is out now. THE CLUB

The Pickle Factory



Finally, a new club that's all about the music – and it's good too. Launched in October by its sister venue, Oval Space, The Pickle Factory brings together world-famous and underground DJs every Friday and Saturday for all-night sets of house and techno

Erm, it looks like a big square box. That's because it is: a dark and intimate space with stripped-back lighting and floor-to-ceiling windows. Forget tables, The Pickle Factory is about dancing until you drop, circa 6am when the club shuts.

What does that mean for the dress code? If you haven't got a long coat or a pair of Dr Martens, drape some headphones around your neck and you'll be fine.

What's in a name? The club was indeed once a pickle factory, housing a company called Swedish Delicatessen that manufactured a range of pickles and chutneys.

How does the music sound so good? Because it's a ridiculously high-end German D&B Audiotechnik system – the first of its kind in London and custom-built for the space. Expect plenty of German revellers, too, as they flock here to see visiting DJs from Berlin.

I need some fresh air. With a 200-person capacity it's a tight squeeze. Head to the large courtyard outside to catch your breath before the next DJ hits the decks. EH

 Prices vary from show to show. Book online in advance or risk it on the door. 13-14 The Oval, London E2. 020 7183 4422. ovalspace.co.uk





THE ROUNDUP

Cracking: Three egg-themed spots to shell out for





Orange Elephant 351 Fulham Road, London SW10. oesteak.com

The setup: In case you were wondering – what makes the steak so special? That would be the Green Egg: a large, dome-lidded barbecue that nods to ancient clay-cooking.

Eat this: The pièce de résistance is the Tomahawk. This beast of a rib cut (1.3kg) is served on the bone with a starter salad and hand-cut chips – perfect for sharing (£80).

Drink that: How better to kick off an evening than with a Porn Star Martini? Vodka and passion fruit purée with a shot of prosecco on the side (£9).





The Good Egg
93 Stoke Newington Church Street,
London N16. thegoodeggco.com

The setup: The Good Egg is a stripped-back yet cosy brunch-lunch-anything eatery occupying a former betting shop. Try the eggs. **Eat this:** Most (evening) plates are sharing: sprouting broccoli (topped with zhoug aioli and, yes, a runny egg, £5.50), fried chicken (chilli dipped, £5.50) and brisket (spinach topped, pomegranate popped, £14) For breakfast: the eggs.

Drink that: In the evening, try the gin-based Promenade (£6.50). For breakfast: the runny eggs.





Bad EggCity Point 1, Ropemaker Street,
London EC2. **badegg.london**

The setup: There is more to this classic diner than just eggs... think burgers, 'dogs and ribs galore, thanks to executive chef Neil Rankin.

Eat this: Enjoy a two-hour bottomless weekend brunch – either Virgin (£23.50) or Boozy (£35). Pick three dishes per person, loosen your belt and die happy.

Drink that: Unlike most brunches, you get an unlimited choice of Bloody Mary, Frizzante or Mimosa. Mix and match to your heart's content. Or your liver's.



THE PUB

The Swan Inn, Swinbrook

Join prime ministers and presidents for a pint in the Cotswolds



THE photograph that hangs in the dining room of The Swan at Swinbrook, showing local gals the Mitford sisters enjoying a Christmas night back in the Twenties, suggests life around here has got decidedly livelier. Today, The Swan is a hub (of sorts) for the Cotswolds community, so much so that last year its MP David Cameron brought the French head of state François Hollande in for a beer (their session is similarly memorialised with a photograph on the wall). Yet somehow The Swan retains its pubby-ness, with flagstone floors, unshowy furniture and a sit-where-youplease policy even at lunchtime (a rarity at the best of times and possibly unique in this neck of the gastro-woods). Now run by local licensees on behalf of the Devonshire estate, it boasts a seasonal menu that's updated daily, eleven bedrooms (five overlooking the River Windrush, the remainder tucked away in the neighbouring stone barn) and in a pint of **Pigswill** – the perfect reward after a brisk walk through inevitably muddy fields. BP 🚳

 The Swan Inn, Swinbrook, Oxfordshire, OX18 4DY. 01993 823339. theswanswinbrook.co.uk





Whole lemon sole with clams brown shrimp and samphire butter at the Assheton Arms





THE NEIGHBOURHOOD

Forest Of Bowland

Train:
London to Preston costs
from £40 – take a local
train on to Clitheroe

Time: From three hours. Journeys from Clitheroe to the Forest cost between £10 and £20.

With remote fells, **heather-clad** hills and picture-book cobbled street villages, the Forest Of Bowland is an undiscovered **rural gem**. Fuelled by a well-stocked larder of game and fish, expertly served up by a burgeoning array of inns, this little corner of Lancashire is well worth a visit...



IN the shadow of the treeless, boggy sweep of Pendle Hill, where witch trials took place

back in the 17th century, lies more cosy sanctuary in the form of the (1) Assheton Arms (Downham Village, 01200 441227. seafoodpubcompany. com) in the tiny medieval village of Downham. Besides a crackling fire, this stone-floored warren of rooms offers local real ales and a fish-heavy menu that changes daily. If the contorting dark lanes outside look too forbidding after dinner, then there's now a dozen crisply furnished rooms next door - one of which was once the village post office - the sign still hangs outside the window.

Nearby, the (2) Inn At Whitewell (Whitewell Village. 01200 448222. innatwhitewell. com) overlooking the River Hodder may seem familiar. It was here that Rob Brydon and Steve Coogan engaged in one of their many "impression-offs" in The *Trip.* The hubbub from the locals in this coaching inn isn't nearly so garrulous, with the emphasis on local produce served without pomposity - think home-cured gravlax of Westor Ross salmon followed by roast rack of Burholme Lonk lamb. The pub can also arrange a daily fishing licence so you can dip your rod in search of grayling and trout.

If the charms of these ancient inns leaves you gasping for some modernity, then the (3) Three Fishes (Mitton Road, Great Mitton. 01254 826888. thethreefishes.com) delivers with a recent refurb that has brought stout red banquettes and amber lighting yet maintained the real log fire. Grab a spot close to the flames and devour their outstanding fish-sharing platter.

The market towns of Whalley and Clitheroe are the main hubs of Bowland and central to the former is (4) Benedicts (1 George Street. 01254 824468. benedictsofwhalley.com). Proprietor Hilary Shepherd has a strong claim to possessing the most bulging contacts book in Bowland for the colossal array of homegrown produce in the deli from locally distilled vodka to sausage rolls and organic peanut butter. Her café serves up huge antipasti platters, hot salads and croque madames all day.

Back in Clitheroe, where LS Lowry painted so many of his famous "matchstick" paintings, slumbers are on hand at the new (5) Fifty One And A Half lux B&B (Hawthorne Place, Clitheroe. 01200 427710. fiftyoneandahalf. co.uk) where the large rooms are bedecked in muted greys and creams and the artwork showcases framed copies of owner Andrew Field's favourite Northern Soul seven inches.

For the ultimate Bowland pub dining experience though, track down the (6) Freemasons At Wiswell (8 Vicarage Fold, Wiswell. 01254 822218. freemasonsatwiswell.com). Secreted away down a footpath in the village, here lies stout wooden beams, sturdy wooden furniture and a philosophy from local boy Steven Smith to serve up composed and skilled dishes without formality. It succeeds in spades; don't miss the duck with parsnips and sliced apple and a cheese board gargantuan enough to leave outsiders needing a lie down. Locals, however, have been known to think it "just right". Appetites are hearty

in these parts. Rob Crossan @



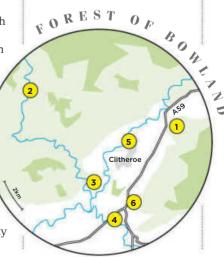


Superior room at the Fifty One And A Half bed and breakfast





Above, from top: Duck and orange and chicken with mushrooms and asparagus, both at Freemasons At Wiswell





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Our Stuff



From Foster Wallace to Spencer Hart, GQ's commissar of substance and style reveals the key features of a life in letters



SURVIVAL INSTINCT

Now, more than ever, to adapt is to survive. So whether you're motoring between meetings or plotting a weekend escape, let the **FIAT 500X** give you an evolutionary edge. You'll find there's always more than meets the eye to this brilliant city-slicker

Automotive history provides countless examples of FIAT at the forefront of Italian manufacturing style, but for this long-standing Torinese master of the metropolis, 2015 marked a turning point. It came in the form of the FIAT 500X, a beautifully crafted and unsurprisingly stylish solution to what modern life may throw at you. The five-door FIAT 500X proves that a city-4x4-compact SUV needn't compromise on looks, while it is just as comfortable tackling rural terrain with its Traction+ system and 4x4 capability as it is darting through backstreets with a nine-speed automatic transmission and multiple hi-tech safety systems.

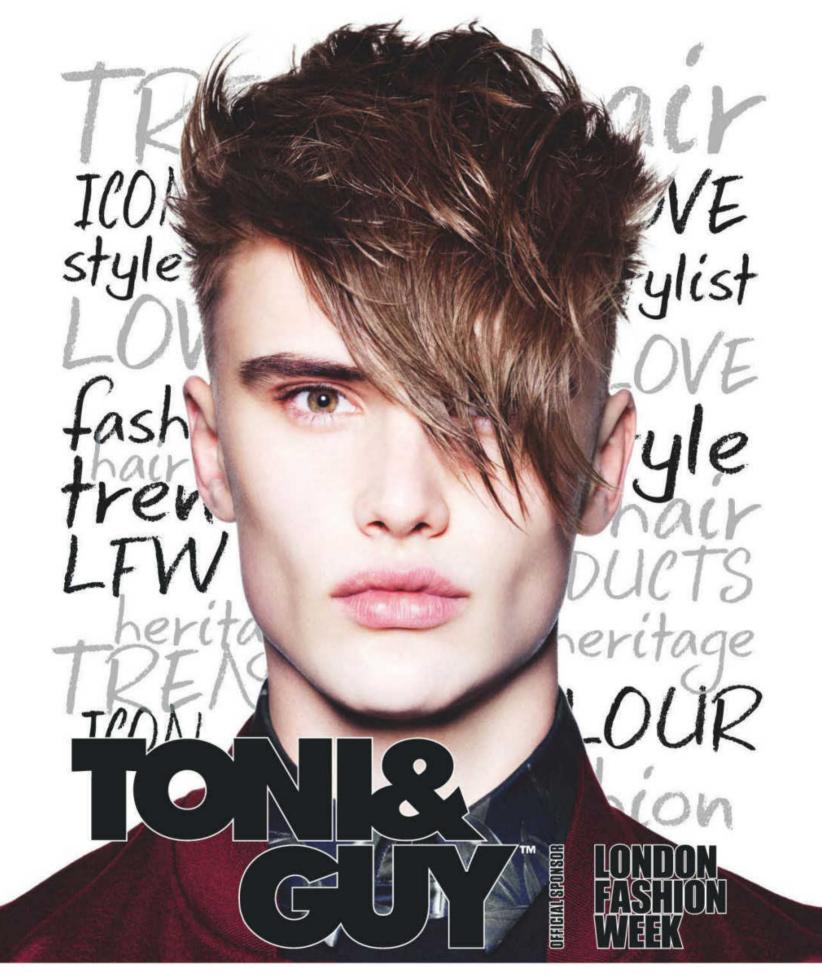
The interior of the 500X is equally impressive, especially when it comes to the technology at its core. It's chic, of course, but intelligent and interactive, too. As standard, this FIAT 500X comes armed with automatic climate control, rear parking sensors, keyless Entry & Go and Uconnect 6.5in touchscreen radio with sat-nav and Uconnect™ Live Systems such as Facebook looks to social media compatibility, the FIAT 5000X has confirmed its credentials as the perfect 4x4 compact SUV for any occasion. fiat.co.uk











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The hedge-fund guys are calling.

lt's panic and dial.

This might be something like the days when armies amassed and everyone on the sidelines, with no loyalties other than their own interests, became great sifters and retailers of rumours and information. We are all spies.

An hour ago, under the subject line "TWX", I sent the following email to a hedge-fund manager: "I'm hearing from good source Apple sniffing around and maybe more than sniffing and Nelson Peltz buying. Thoughts?"

Fifteen seconds after that, the hedge-fund guy calls me (a novel experience for a journalist to have a call promptly returned): yes, he's heard Apple. But Peltz! He should have known. How could he have missed that? Thanks!

TWX is Time Warner, the \$55 billion (£38bn) conglomerate that owns HBO, CNN and Warner Bros. Apple is Apple, which, as a potential buyer of Time Warner, would almost entirely upset the fragile ecosystem balance between technology and media. And Nelson Peltz is an "activist investor" whose attentions may indicate that Time Warner is quite between a rock and hard place.

I have had, since the new year, similar exchanges about Viacom, CBS, BSkyB, News Corp, ITV, Yahoo and Discovery. In some sense – by some seemingly secret agreement, or some alignment of rumours – every media company is in play. A convulsion on a worldwide corporate scale, a vast realignment of media power, is, the money believes, underway.

Against the background of wild political news in the US, as well as in most other uncertain Western democracies, it might also be noted that the composition and control of the media may be as important to civic identity and wellbeing as the nature of the political order. Consider it noted.

The last major worldwide upheaval in the

media industry began with Rupert Murdoch's purchase of 20th Century Fox in 1985 and finished with Time Warner's merger with AOL in 2000, but was most concentrated by a tumult of deals in the mid-Nineties. Thousands of independent media companies were combined into the handful we know now. Along with making Murdoch Murdoch, it ratified the age of powerful men and capital concentration, industrialising the media business into a single corporate force (before this, there was not a media business at all, but the unconnected businesses of newspapers, magazines, books, movies, television and music) – the age of perceptual imperialism if you will.

Well, here we are again, if the money knows anything. Almost everybody in the media industry is poised for a series of changes in control, in business models, in technology, in behaviour. This represents, of course, enormous opportunity and, as well, peril. It is an entirely unsettled power matrix. Borders fall, empires rise. Everybody who is anybody sees this as their time to move – except of course they don't know exactly where to move. Well, a few at least act like they know, so everybody else tries to follow them.

he precise circumstances against which this will play out is itself a hot, feverish, almost sexy, and quite ethereal discussion – Gordian-knot like in its sociological, business and technological strands. Something like debating socialism in, say, the 1880s.

For one thing there is the phenomenal, epoch-shaping, behaviour-bending rise of the digital world with its autonomous, nation-state-wealthy empires, Apple, Google, Facebook, Amazon (eg, Google has \$64bn [£45bn] in the bank), with Netflix rising.

At the same time, there is the digital media flaw – a potentially mortal one. As technology itself has become an increasingly commodified business (the cloud), technology companies have sought to change their command of people's time into a media model. Having captured the attention of the world with their utility-like centrality, they would sell advertising against it. Voila! They would not have to produce media (ie, content – the expensive part of media) to be media! On the basis of that remarkable formula, Wall Street gave these "platform" companies new and magical values. But, because their leaders and executives



were not showmen, they failed to understand differences in the quality of attention. The vast (ever-unrealised) promises of big data aside, an undifferentiated, utility-like attention has meant that the price of a digital view is heading to an increment hardly above zero – and to the gob-smacking recognition that if tech companies are going to be media companies they need content. Now, this realisation ought to mean that the behemoths are in dire trouble, but because they have the cash to buy this content, their value remains high, even in the face of plunging advertising value. The weakness of digital is not as weak as traditional.

The traditional media companies, which own this sought-after content currency, grew up and achieved their power and wealth on the basis of their ability to control the distribution of their content. More than actually making content, their business was in seizing market control or even creating monopolies. They existed in an insider/outsider world. Television was a set of fixed networks. Newsstands had only so much space. Cable and satellite cost bazillions. And then unions and government regulation. This was a well-protected world for the insiders. But now the contention of the digital world is that it has busted these protections and monopolies. There is no strength in distribution, only in convenience, in ondemand and in cost.

All well and good, except that much of this flight to channels of instant gratification is also to exactly what traditional media companies have always been selling. Digital has not managed to invent a new entertainment form – just new ways to get the old entertainment. Hit-making and storytelling remain *sui generis* talents. Computer programmers are a dime a dozen, but writers are unique. Indeed, Netflix will pay Hollywood \$6bn (£4.1bn) this year for its storytelling abilities.

But even if media companies continue to produce the product everybody wants, even if content is king, nobody thinks current media managers can actually protect their own stuff. They are old. They are dumb. They don't get it. In this, movie and television executives suffer from the example of print and music, which allowed their goods to be usurped, repositioned, reused, and devalued. Netflix may pay Hollywood \$6bn, but that may destroy \$100bn (£69bn) in value.

And that, largely, is the consensus of Wall Street. Media companies may own the gold but they no longer have any idea how to deliver it effectively and are therefore screwed. Hence, there's been a run from media stocks to tech stocks, depressing media company values, meaning that almost every media company trades lower than its asset or break-up value. So, of course, if you have the money, you ought to buy now!

But along with content value, efficient delivery, management prowess and capital



State of the union: Time magazine celebrates the disastrous AOL/Time Warner merger in 2000

availability, there is a further existential element, incomprehensible to almost everybody. The media business, traditional and digital, is the advertising business - and we have entered the age of ad blocking. Call it the post-advertising age. This technological and behavioural leap threatens the very nature of web, mobile and social media advertising. For television, there is more and more a bifurcated world: if you can afford not to view advertising, you don't, avoiding live television and buying programming in the ad-free ancillary markets. That means that advertisers are left advertising only to people who can't afford to avoid advertising or buy their products.

This, in turn, puts added value on the entertainment that people will pay for. The value is in creating entertainment so captivating and amazing that people will shell out for it, paying more to see the show than advertisers ever paid to reach people watching a show. That's a creative revolution.

o, will Apple, its tech products becoming ever more commodified, and its media efforts – Apple music and Apple TV – ever lagging, buy Time Warner? Or will Amazon... or Google?

Therein lies the dreaded memory of when AOL bought Time Warner, a deal that destroyed AOL, flattened Time Warner, and precipitated the great dotcom crash. Indeed, tech companies have prided themselves on their foresight to keep a distance from media hucksters, charlatans, egomaniacs – a culture at odds with the regimented, Kool-Aid drinking, corporate-citizen, island-people culture of the technology industry. And yet...

as they seem.

John Malone, the 75-year-old
cable billionaire, largely living off
the press grid in Denver, Colorado, has been
amassing interests in a set of international
media companies, including ITV, Discovery,

edia people may not be as dumb

media companies, including ITV, Discovery, Virgin Media and the second largest cable system in the US, all in an effort to do... what exactly?

Similarly, the Murdochs, father and sons, suddenly, once again, have a lot to prove. In 2014 they lost a bid for Time Warner. Would they let that happen again?

At the same time, longtime Murdoch nemesis Sumner Redstone, at 92, barely holds on, his failing condition the subject of a court battle involving heirs, girlfriends and executives. When he dies, his companies – CBS and Viacom – are all up for grabs.

The CBS CEO Leslie Moonves, regarded by many as the most talented mass-market programmer since the great age of mass-market programmers, will, many believe, consolidate his hold on CBS and attempt a merger with Time Warner. Executives of Viacom, on their part, believe John Malone is stalking their company, which includes MTV, Paramount Pictures, Showtime, Nickelodeon and Comedy Central.

The strategic and hegemonic play here, by one, or several of the key players is to so control content rights that the new technology platforms - whose value is in their ability to undermine and disintermediate traditional media companies - become, without advantage, just more bidders in an international marketplace that ever ups the value of successful entertainment. Which is, of course, precisely the reason Apple may be set to buy Time Warner and try to absolutely shift the balance of media power from hucksters to product managers (not that this hasn't been tried before) and why every potential media target is filled with hedge funds who are calling me - and anybody who might have any new feverish rumour of the day.

There is a great deal of money to be made. But there is too that further sense of an imminent power shift so great that no one is strong enough to control it. Entropy and rebirth, such that even the peanut gallery – and there is none so plaintive and disputatious as in the media business – will for a moment come to awed attention.



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RAYMOND WEIL

GENEVE





Future Sound of art

Mounted on the latest ultra-slim speaker tech, these are original pieces that – literally – talk to you. GQ beats the drum for the artists who are now being seen <u>and</u> heard

STORY BY DYLAN JONES

o there you are, just arrived home, and – doesn't this always happen?
– you're late. You're meant to be cooking for six of your friends and they're due in just under an hour. You managed to grab what you need from the local supermarket, but they'd sold out of the cut of meat you wanted and the deli closed early (or maybe you just got the time wrong).

The champagne is already chilled – one of the things you're proud of is the fact that you've always got a chilled case of bubbles ready to go at a moment's notice – and so you spend ten minutes in your cellar (OK, OK, it's a temperature-controlled cupboard adjacent to the utility room) and you open three bottles of monumentally good Super Tuscans.

Then you pour yourself a glass of cooking wine, start mucking about with your pots and pans and turn on Spotify – although in your home, the Spotify experience is rather more extravagant than it is in most others'.

That's because you're using Soundwall and the music you've chosen is pouring out of a





Art boom (from left): Soundwall's New York showroom, with work by Bisco Smith; Abstract #103 by Spencer Rogers Bulgarian investor and collector Spas Roussey orchestrated the audio revolution: Resonance is a new Soundwall-based installation by New York-based artist Aaron Li-Hill (below)



giant artwork recently installed in your dining room. The artwork happens to be a moderately priced silkscreen of a black-and-white photograph taken in the Sixties but printed only a few months ago and its presence is enhanced by the swirling John Barry tunes that are wafting out of it.

Ah, you think to yourself, as you take a gulp of your wine, tonight is going to work out just fine.

The Serpentine Gallery's Hans Ulrich Obrist has said that each piece of art should have its own soundtrack and Soundwall is the natural development of that. The brainchild of the Bulgarian entrepreneur, investor and art collector Spas Roussev, Soundwall is an intriguing mix of art and music. Not only is Roussev a titan of the telecommunications industry, but he is also a serious player in the art world, which makes Soundwall the perfect fusion of his twin obsessions. He calls Soundwall the canvas of the 21st century, the Sonos of the art world. And with good reason. The artists of the networked age will require tools that enable

'The eye is drawn into the vibrating texture of the paint. The beat has a face; the painting has a voice'

them to create connected or networked art. Soundwall has done just that, producing art in the form of paintings, prints and photographs as well as canvas, paper and aluminium, all using computers to generate music.

The artwork can be a portrait on a canvas; it could be a sculpture; it could be the entire brick facade of a building. Because everything is controlled digitally, you could walk into your boardroom or your bedroom and have every wall sing to you. Suddenly every flat surface has the potential to be an orchestra.

"As soon as I saw how the technology worked I got very excited by the thought of artists and photographers being able to express themselves in this way," says Roussev. "You can tell stories and you can give much more emotion to the pictures. Also, because it is Wi-Fi-based, the artists stay connected with the collectors. They can change the story; they can add something to the story; they can send a message. This is how art will be in the future."

The artist marries sound to each individual image, creating soundscapes that can be unique or completely customised, all using special flatpanel audio technology. It's art, but the entire surface of the piece is a speaker. These can be specially recorded pieces of music, ocean sounds, raindrops, whatever – anything to enhance the artwork and the environment in which it sits. The sound could also be the voice of the artist discussing their work. Prices start at around £2,000 for an original artwork.



major awards

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NEW! 2015	DMA Men's Lifestyle Magazine Of The Year	2007	MDA/MJA Press Gazette Awards Best Cover
NEW! 2015	FMJA Stylist Of The Year (GQ Style)	2007	P&G Awards Best Styling (GQ Style)
- N	BSME Digital Art Director Of The Year	2006	P&G Awards Best Grooming Editor (GQ Style)
2014		2006	P&G Awards Best Styling (GQ Style)
2014	DMA Designer Of The Year	2006	MDA/MJA Press Gazette Awards
2014	TCADP Media Award	2000	Interviewer Of The Year
2014	FPA Feature Of The Year	2006	MDA/MJA Press Gazette Awards
2014	FPA Journalist Of The Year		Best Designed Consumer Magazine
2014	Amnesty International Media Award	2006	MDA/MJA Press Gazette Awards
2014	PPA Editor Of The Year		Subbing Team Of The Year
2014	FMJA Online Fashion Journalist Of The Year	2006	PPA Writer Of The Year
2013	EICA Media Commentator Of The Year	2005	PPA Writer Of The Year
2013	DMA Men's Lifestyle Magazine Of The Year	2005	Magazine Design Awards Best Cover
2013	BSME Editor Of The Year	2004	Association Of Online Publishers Awards
2013	FMJA Outstanding Contribution To		Best Website
	London Collections Men	2004	BSME Magazine Of The Year
2013	PPA Magazine Writer Of The Year	2003	PPA Writer Of The Year
2012	Mark Boxer Award	2002	BSME Magazine Of The Year
2012	BSME Editor Of The Year	2002	PPA Writer Of The Year
2012	DMA Lifestyle Magazine Of The Year	2001	BSME Magazine Of The Year
2012	Help For Heroes Outstanding Contribution	2001	PPA Designer Of The Year
2012	Px3 Prix De La Photographie Paris Gold Medal	2001	Printing World Award
2011	Foreign Press Association Media Awards, Sports	2000	Total Design Award
2011	Amnesty International Media Award	2000	Jasmine Award Winner
2010	Amnesty International Media Award	1999	Printing World Award
2010	One World Media Press Award	1999	Jasmine Award Winner
2010	The Maggies Magazine Cover Of The Year	1999	PPA Designer Of The Year
2010	P&G Awards Best Styling (GQ Style)	1995	Ace Press Award Circulation
2009	PPA Writer Of The Year	1995	Ace Press Award Promotion
2008	BSME Editor Of The Year	1995	PPA Columnist Of The Year
2007	BSME Magazine Of The Year	1994	PPA Publisher Of The Year
2007	BSME Brand Building Initiative Of The Year	1991	British Press Circulation Award
			Best Promotion Of A Consumer Magazine



Soundwall is a smart product that hangs on your wall, looks beautiful and streams high-fidelity audio. Principally it offers an audiovisual experience you can touch. As one advocate says, "As the sound reaches out and washes over the viewer, the eye is drawn deeper into the vibrating texture of the paint. The beat has a face and, thus, the painting has a voice." Soundwall attempts to change and challenge your relationship with the work on your wall. This isn't a canvas with a speaker attached; the entire canvas is the speaker.

Based in New York but expanding into Europe, the company aims to change interior design forever, turning every gallery space, whether public or private, into an auditorium.

"Every photograph has a story, every painting has a subtext, and that can all be amplified, literally, with Soundwall," says Roussev. "You can have waterfalls, the sound of a rainforest, the sound of an audience, meditation applications, music to send you to sleep, to wake you up, all of it pouring from the art on your walls."

"Soundwall is an amazing platform that helped me express both sides of my creative passions, art and music," says the artist and musician Bisco Smith. "Working with their team and the product we were able to achieve something that elevated the experience for me as an artist and for the viewers in the gallery setting."

Marrying original artwork with high-fidelity audio has long been a dream of Roussev and he couldn't be any more enthusiastic about the product if he had built the prototype in his own garage. The idea came from two engineers based in Boulder, Colorado, who asked media giant Aaron Cohen to help. Cohen, a dotcom entrepreneur who had temporarily retired after selling three companies, was teaching internet history at NYU. A year or so ago he and his wife, Nina, left Manhattan with their son and daughter, finding a house with much more space than they were used to. "Any New Yorker could relate – we had empty rooms and empty walls," Cohen said recently.

Artists of the networked age need tools to create connected art

"What goes there?" Their move coincided with the Soundwall approach and he was immediately hooked.

"When I looked under the hood, what I thought was a flat-plane speaker company was much bigger," he said recently. "I realised that the art I like the most is where I know the artist or have a relationship with it. Soundwall was a chance to make 'connected art' – art that evolves or is interactive or takes its inspiration from its installation."

"The Soundwall experience can be described as deeply emotional," says the art curator and dealer Beau Basse. "The opportunity to own a personal piece of artwork combined with the rich and deep audio of the Soundwall system creates a unique experience."

"Technology is always one step ahead of us, which makes life incredibly exciting," says Roussev. "You go through life thinking you have everything you need and nowadays we have to look at our emails every minute or else we feel disconnected. And if you're disconnected you are in danger, at least you think so. Soon, technology like Soundwall will be commonplace and everyone will expect their smart building to deliver on the same level. But for now Soundwall is the only option."

As for the future, Roussev is currently talking to Henry Hudson about the London-based artist's next exhibition, which is a series of paintings based on jungles. Roussev wants to hear the sound of every animal as his eye crosses the artwork and there's no reason he can't make it happen. "These days anything is possible," he says. soundwall.com

FOUR OTHER GREAT MOMENTS IN THE COLLISION OF TECH AND ART



iPad drawings by David Hockney (2010 onwards)

Swapping canvas for tablet and brush for finger, Hockney has created a body of work he displays on the iPads themselves.



Super Mario Clouds by Cory Arcangel (2002)

Arcangel is a founding father of sci-art. This famous piece was created by hacking a Nintendo game cartridge.



Flight Patterns by Aaron Koblin (2006)

This animation of plane traffic over North America across a 24-hour period has inspired a wave of art projects based on data visualisation.



Truck Vs Truck by Eyal Gever (2012)

No, this isn't a computer render. Gever modelled the impact of these two objects then 3-D printed the results.

The ALASTAIR CAMPBELL interview



Mo Farah may be the golden boy of British athletics, but the fairy tale that took him from emigration and upheaval to wealth and national hero status turned ugly when doping allegations against his coach almost wrecked his reputation. Now, the Arsenal-mad superstar aims to write a fresh chapter with more medal glory in Rio this summer



If Mo Farah had stayed in his native Somalia, even athletics fans would never have heard of him. Unlike neighbouring African countries such as Ethiopia and Kenya, Somalia is not a running nation, and it is unlikely his talent would have been spotted. When his family did leave home – minus twin brother Hassan, whom he would not see for 12 years – he ended up in Britain, not the Netherlands where the grandma he was hoping to live with was then staying. Their loss was Britain's gain, as one of the many weird turns in his life took the young Farah to Feltham, West London,

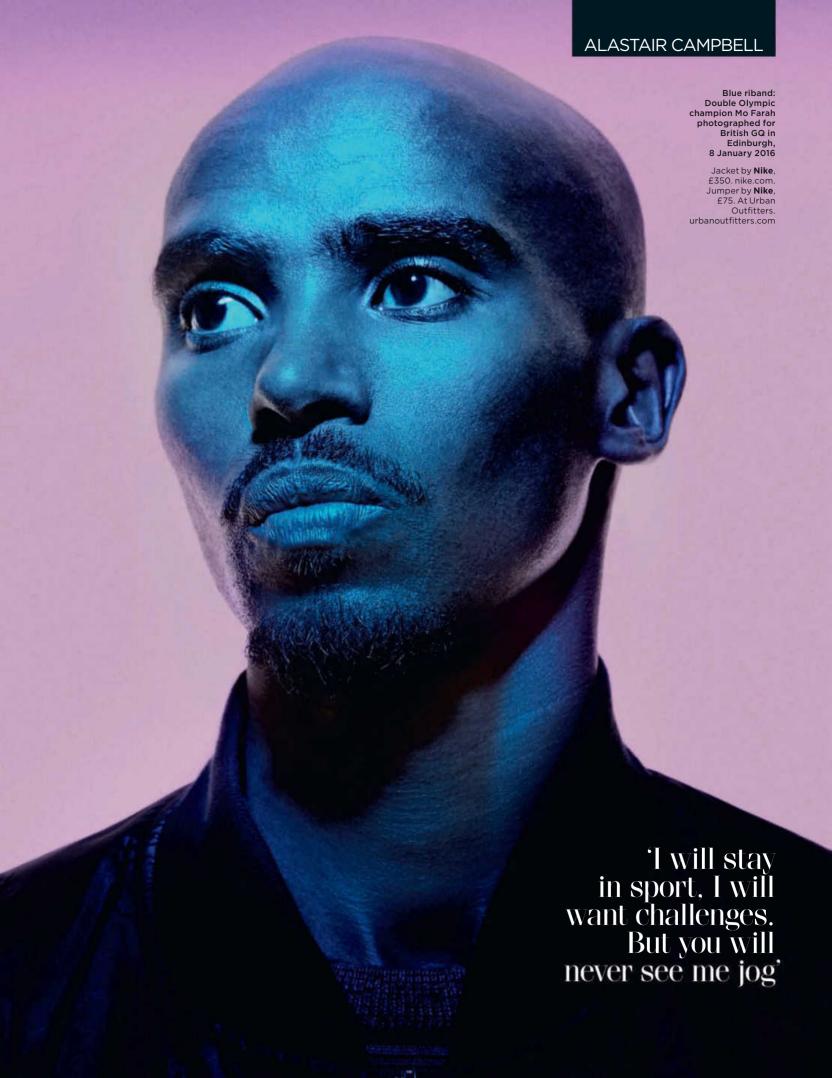
where, unable to speak a word of English, he started a new school and a new life.

Despite his laid-back, laddish approach and fanaticism for football, his athletic prowess was spotted, nurtured and his potential realised. The highlight of a glittering career was the London 2012 Olympics, where he landed the most famous of several double golds, over 10,000 and 5,000 metres. It put him among the all-time British greats. When he followed this up with more "double doubles", including at last year's World Championships, it led BBC commentator Brendan Foster to call him not just Britain's greatest ever runner, but our greatest ever sportsman. He is now 32, famous, wealthy and a proud father. But he wants more gold medals before he settles

down to another new life working – his dream job – for Arsenal.

I spoke to him in Edinburgh where he was preparing for the first race of this – another Olympic – year, in which everything is about getting ready for Rio. It means more training in Ethiopia, more pain, more separation from his family, more missed Arsenal matches. But if there is more gold at the end of it, there will be more of the famous Mo Farah smile that has lit up stadiums around the world. And it will go some way towards wiping away the bad memories of last year, when his coach and, more crucially, his sport were embroiled in doping controversy. That is where we started when we sat down together in Scotland. \bigcirc

Styling Grace Gilfeath



AC: Are you worried about where athletics is right now?

MF: To be honest, I am. It's what we do, what we love. You never want to see it in a bad state and it is in a bad place. The question is how long has all this been going on? It hasn't got to this overnight.

AC: Why is it in this place? When you think about how fantastic the London Olympics were...

MF: The Olympics was the best thing that ever happened; it changed the whole nation. I guess some other countries and people don't take doping as seriously as we do. As an athlete, you put in so much hard work and success brings you a lot of things and it happens because you work and get better than anyone else. But there have to be the same rules for everyone.

AC: How much does drug testing impact on your life?

MF: I am used to it. It is just part of what you do.

AC: Have you ever been unable to pee?

MF: I've had times after a race when it takes six, seven hours, because I have sweated everything out.

AC: What are the testers like? Kind of a weird job, just waiting for people to pee.

MF: They're nice guys, just doing a job. You have to give them a one-hour slot every day, tell them where you will be, and they can come any day and if you are not where you said you'd be, that counts as a missed test. They tend not to bother you just before a race, but I have had

'My name was dragged through the mud and I was tired of it'

them at 10 o'clock the night before a race. I've asked them why we can't be tagged so they know where we are and they can test us any time.

AC: You would be happy with being tagged?

MF: Absolutely.

AC: Do you feel for Seb Coe taking on the IAAF? He has quite a job to do there.

MF: I do feel for him, yeah. He is a great guy, a role model, someone I've looked up to for years. It is incredible what he has done for the sport and for the country. It is a difficult role. He has gone in there and everyone expects a lot from him.

AC: Do you feel he has to be tough?
MF: He has got to be really tough.
We need really tough rules. If every country did what we did – Britain,
Sweden, some of the others...

AC: Are other countries not up there?

MF: No, they're not.

AC: But Kenya, Ethiopia, great runners, but poorer countries may be without the infrastructure to do it the same way.

MF: Of course they can do it. I don't like this idea that other countries can't do it. There's got to be the same



Just say Mo: Controversial American coach Alberto Salazar; (below) The doping scandal hits the Daily Mail, 5 June 2015 rules for everyone. If I am lining up for a race, and I know there is someone there who cheats, it upsets me.

AC: Have you ever lost a race to a cheat?

MF: For sure I have. I know I've been beaten by a cheat.

AC: Like when?

MF: European cross-country, I think it was Dublin 2009, I finished second to this guy, [Alemayehu] Bezabeh [an Ethiopian-born Spaniard, who was arrested while carrying a bag of his own blood]. I did everything in the race, collapsed at the end, and I knew. Anyway, he has been done, got a two-year ban, now he is back. When I see him, I don't say hello, I don't shake his hand. I am hardline.

AC: I spoke to Coe about this and his thing was about redemption. Do they show the capacity for redemption? Do you see any place for that: someone does wrong, admits it, gets punished, comes back?

MF: I am hardline when it comes to my sport. I have just said goodbye to my wife and kids, my young boy just a few months old. I won't see them for two months now because I am working, in a training camp, locking myself away, training day in day out, to be the best I can be. So it upsets me if people do it by cheating.

AC: Why don't the family come with you?

MF: Because that would be a distraction. I have to focus – eat, sleep, train, eat, sleep, train – that's it.

AC: You said that the two weeks following the doping allegations made against [coach] Alberto Salazar and [training partner] Galen Rupp were the toughest of your life because people were pinning it on you. So what did you say to them?

MF: I went over and I talked to Alberto. I wanted answers. I said you have to be honest with me, I need to know the truth.

AC: And do you feel like you do know the truth?

MF: I feel I know as much as I can.

AC: I read every word of that incredibly long rebuttal he did. MF: And what did you think?

AC: I found it pretty compelling, but then I got to the bit about him posting Galen's pills to him inside a cut-out paperback book, and I thought, "This is weird..."





'I know I have been beaten by a cheat. That's why I am hardline'

MF: Yeah, but that's Alberto. He can be weird, he does stuff like that.

AC: You and Galen trained together a lot.

MF: A lot, yeah.

AC: If he was cheating...

MF: I should know.

AC: Is it possible for you to train so closely with someone and not know? MF: It's hard to say. Most of the time, you know, everyone knows what everyone else is doing. But I am long distance, so you're doing trails, you're out in parks, I don't know...

AC: So he could get away with stuff, do stuff, without you knowing?

MF: I would not bet my life on it. For me, I have been trying to concentrate on myself. This thing was all being blown up as being about me.

AC: But you're not someone who just thinks about yourself. When

you won the 10,000 metres in London, you crossed the line and the first thing you did was look round for Galen.

MF: Yeah, when I won I looked back.

AC: So you guys are close?

MF: Yeah. In training camp you know what each person is doing.

AC: And you are as sure as you can be that he is not a cheat?

MF: Yeah, as far as I can be.

AC: Now, Salazar is a determined winner, right? He has to win.
MF: Yes.

AC: I interviewed Lance Armstrong before he got exposed, and I believed him, and in his denials he was pressing a lot of the same buttons as Salazar – interest in technology and science, most tested ever, that kind of thing.

MF: Yeah, people say, "Same as Lance said..."

AC: Do you get some of that?

Running mates: Mo Farah races training partner Galen Rupp at the Beijing World Championships, 26 August 2015 $\label{eq:MF:This is one of the reasons I} \mbox{want to put all my tests out there.}$

AC: Get tagged and get tested every day?

MF: I would love that. I would be the first to put my hand up for that. Tag me, test me, every day.

AC: When was the last time you were tested?

MF: A week ago.

AC: Do you get to know the testing guys personally?

MF: Can be anyone. There are three different testing organisations.

AC: Ever had three the same day? **MF:** No. But I had two the same day. OK, it can be annoying if you're with your family and stuff, but it's fine.

AC: When they arrive, to the kids, does it not feel like the cops have turned up?

MF: The twins and the baby are too young, but Rhianna knows what's going on. She's OK with it.

AC: So Salazar is still your coach. You still trust and respect him? MF: Yes I do trust him. My eyes are wide open.

AC: When does it all get resolved?

MF: I think it is resolved with him.

AC: Why have they not sued the media that made the allegations, him and Galen?

MF: I don't know.

AC: If the allegations had been against you, would you have sued? MF: Absolutely. Of course I would.

AC: So why not them?

MF: For me, it was like even though it was about them, my name was dragged through the mud and I was tired of it.

AC: Do you feel popular in the UK? MF: Yeah, I do.

AC: Do you like being popular?

MF: I've always been popular, even as a child. It's not just about being good at running. I was a lad, always up for a laugh. I still am, but I need to be careful and keep my feet on the ground.

AC: Do you like being famous? Do you like being well off?

MF: It helps. What drives me is knowing my kids will have a better life and do special things. I never had those chances.

AC: But you've done special things and maybe that is because you had a tough background?

MF: Maybe. I want my kids to compete and work hard, too. Rhianna swims, she was second in the state of

Continued on page 260

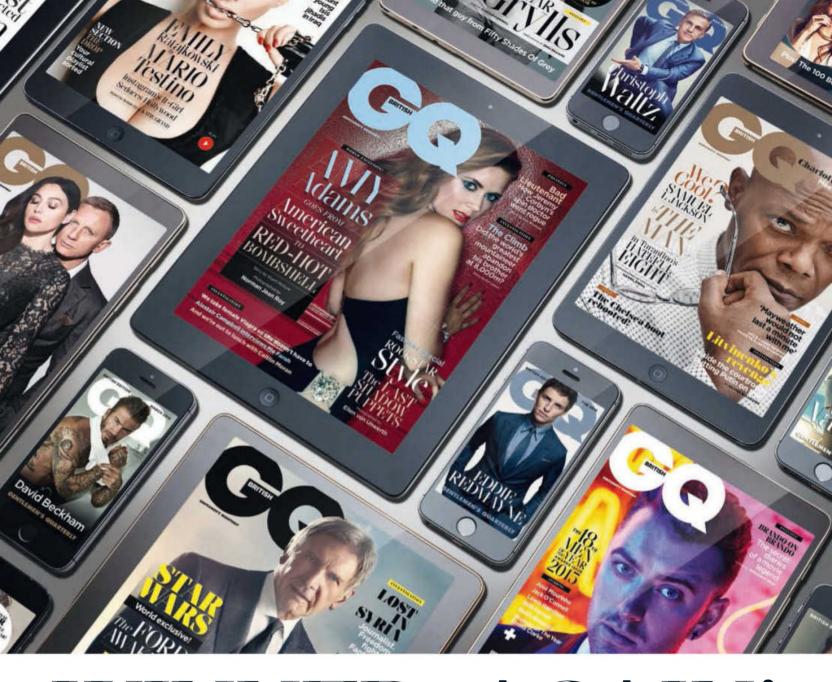


Opposite from left: Suit, £925. Shirt, £265. Slippers, £495. Tie, £85. Pocket square, £50. Suit, £925. Shirt, £135. Pocket square, £50. Jacket, £645. Shirt, £265. Trousers, £295. Slippers, £495. Tie, £85. Pocket square, £50. All by **Richard James.** richardjames.co.uk

The Savile Row stalwart Richard James has taken a refreshingly wild turn. Now, GQ meets the intrepid explorers who guide the brand to discover how one English poet's quest for paradise inspired the surreal tropical fantasy of the latest collection

STORY BY ROBERT JOHNSTON





WINNER AGAIN!

Digital Men's Magazine Of The Year









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in the fashion industry are less than, well, inspired. Think of all the endless references to Steve McQueen or the automatic marrying of denim with cowboys. So when you discover that a new collection has been triggered by something genuinely interesting it is a real joy. This time last year when Richard James' design and brand director Toby Lamb was thinking about the Savile Row label's Spring/Summer collection he started reading about Edward

hand that feeds me but it has to be said that

when it comes to inspiration, many people

may be risking biting the

aged 77, was a true British eccentric. A poet and one of the surrealist movement's most fervent supporters, his mother was reputed to be the illegitimate daughter of Edward VII and his father was the son of a wealthy American industrialist. James

James (no relation). James, who died in 1984

enormous Sussex pile, West Dean. He is most famous for his close relationships with - and patronage of - the surrealist movement in the Thirties. He first met Salvador Dalí and his wife, Gala, in 1935 and the three became firm friends. Dalí was invited to London to decorate James' first great surrealist fantasy project, Monkton House on the West Dean estate. The two of them collaborated on the project, coming up with the ideas of the famous "Lobster Telephone" and the "Mae West Lips Sofa". Indeed, it has been said that without James' influence, Dalí's oeuvre, as we know it today, could never have existed.

Through Dalí, James met the Belgian artist René Magritte, who had taken part in the 1936 International Surrealist Exhibition in London. Magritte and James also became friends, with the former contributing to Monkton Hall and the latter becoming one of his greatest supporters. Magritte's "La Reproduction Interdite" ("Not To Be Reproduced") was a portrait of James - and he was also the subject of Magritte's "Le Principe Du Plaisir"("The Pleasure Principle").

Richard James, however, took its inspiration from Las Pozas (The Pools), the astonishing garden James created near the village of Xilitla, high in the subtropical mountains north of Mexico City. He had relocated to Los Angeles in the early Forties and decided to build a "garden of Eden". He discovered his personal paradise in 1945 and over the next 35 years built scores of massive surrealist concrete structures with names such as "The House On Three Floors Which Will In Fact Have Five Or Four Or Six" or "The Staircase To Heaven". The grounds were also full of tropical plants from around the world as well as James' collection

"When we were thinking abut the new collection I was toying with visiting the idea of pattern and colour as we hadn't done it for a while," explains Toby Lamb. "And by chance I started reading

of exotic animals.

about Edward James. His story of moving to the Mexican jungle and creating this park full of surreal sculptures really appealed to us. We loved the juxtaposition of the hardness of the concrete and the extravagant shapes and floral surroundings of that environment. And he was such a great character; he was surrealist, a great patron of the arts and very decadent. He was a classic English eccentric and that British connection is very important for us."

Richard James has never forgotten that it is - fundamentally - a Savile Row brand. It may have catwalk shows as one of the highlights of

> London Collections Men (LCM), it may do amazing accessories and shoes but the foundation of the brand will always be tailoring. "We are a pretty classic brand," confirms managing director Sean Dixon. "Ultimately we sell a lot of navy and grey suits. It's hard

Surreal life (clockwise from left): Scenes from Richard James SS16 show including a BMW i8 in the label's tropical print; Las Pozas, Mexico; Not To Be Reproduced by René Magritte, 1937



to inject colour into tailoring so we have to think of ways to make it interesting for our customers." And, let's face it, no one wants to go to a fashion show only for a parade of grey suits to troop down the catwalk.

So the first stage of turning a surreal tropical fantasy into a wearable collection of luxurious British tailoring starts with the prints. "Colour has always been important to us so it's a case of using it both cleverly and sparingly and then sometimes turning it up to full volume," says Lamb. "This season we are probably louder than usual. We have done a bright, flower-based camouflage print – which somewhat defeats the point of camo. It's a very strong image and some people like it – and others hate it."

The next stop for Lamb is Lake Como, just north of Milan. This is where you go for the very best in Italian production and in Lamb's case means working on the designs of prints that will ultimately end up on shirts, ties, pocket squares, linings – you name it.

"Take the lime-green bamboo print we produced," he explains. "We decided to put it on a very lightweight cotton twill that we thought would work for tailoring and then onto a fine cotton jersey so that we could use it on polo shirts and T-shirts and then on silk for ties and pocket squares. Not forgetting the swimwear. We really went for it."

And the reason that print and colour are so important to Richard James is because Dixon and Lamb never forget the roots of the brand. "We don't consider ourselves to be a fashion brand," explains Dixon. "We are a brand that is sometimes in fashion but this isn't a conscious decision we make. Our core customers rather like the fact that our suits don't change radically every season but rather evolve over time. It makes them feel comfortable. They certainly don't want us to reinvent the wheel every six months. Of course, if you put one of the current suits next to one from a decade ago you would spot the differences but they would be very subtle."

Running with the fashion pack, however, has seen Richard James nosing ahead of its Savile Row brethren. "You have to keep reinvigorating what you do and because of this I think having been involved in LCM has been very important to us," says Dixon. "It has helped us think about the brand in different ways and to come up with themes that can really influence what we are doing. We can be more creative. Of course, we can't alienate our customers but they have learned to expect certain things from us — and to appreciate them when we deliver."

And that's why right now you can trust Richard James to keep it surreal. RJ Richard James, 29 Savile Row, London W1. 020 7434 0605. richardjames.co.uk



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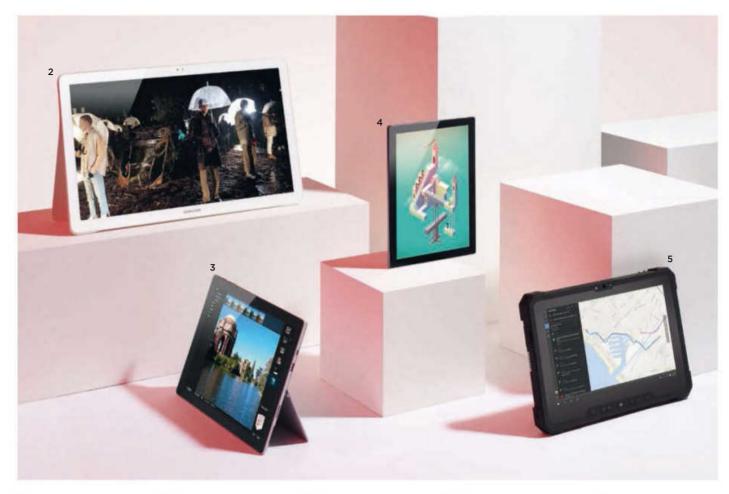
WINNER

Bachelor pads: The highperformance Apple iPad Pro leads the field in next-gen tablets

MOVEABLE BEASTS

In the world of tablet computing, there's a new philosophy: go big or go home. We pitted Apple's large-format iPad Pro against the competition

PHOTOGRAPHS BY SUN LEE



iPad Pro by Apple

The supersized tablet that put the trend on the map, Apple's slim 12.9in device is majestic. Switch it on and marvel at the pin-sharp display. Manipulate an image and double-take at the computing power. Doodle with the Pencil and just try to stop grinning. What's more, the keyboard case makes it a viable laptop alternative. Our only gripe: where to stow the Pencil? Third-party manufacturers are supposedly providing a solution, but still... From £679. apple.com

Win: Great performance
Fail: No Pencil clip

2 Galaxy View by Samsung

With its gargantuan 18.4in screen, this is by far the biggest tablet we tested and it offers massive sound to match. It's also the most peculiar of the group in one crucial way. It has a plasticky stand that comes complete with a carry handle that can't be detached. This makes it supremely unwieldy unless you position it upright to use it like you would a TV. In which case, why not just get a TV instead? £499. samsung.com Win: Enormous screen Fail: Cumbersome stand

3 Surface Pro 4 by Microsoft

This was a close competitor to the iPad Pro but just fell short. We like the boot-up time - at six seconds it was the fastest (the iPad took 12) - and it's very stable when set up as a laptop. Also, being from Microsoft, it has many more ports for peripherals. It's just a shame that its stand compromises the aesthetics when folded flat, and the Surface Pen can't detect tilt angle (so you can't "shade" as on the iPad). From £749.

microsoftstore.com
Win: Zippy boot-up
Fail: Clunky stylus

4 Pixel C by Google

Google's hardware is on a hot streak, so we expected great things of the Pixel C. You can't argue with the price (it's the cheapest by miles), or the weight of the device (it's feather-light, though admittedly it is the smallest), but we couldn't get past the disappointing touchscreen input lag. If we typed too fast, it wouldn't register certain keystrokes. A frustrating and seemingly avoidable hiccup. From £399. store.google.com

Win: Low price
Fail: Keyboard lacks
responsiveness

Latitude 12 Rugged by Dell

Outdoorsy? Meet your next tablet. Its specs are not quite as good as the Surface Pro 4's, but it's perfect for users operating in harsh conditions: the casing looks like it would survive being run over by a truck, even incorporating a sliding shield for the camera lens, and - importantly - the touch interface works with gloves. The resolution isn't a match for the others but, hey, when it's helping you navigate off a mountain, you won't complain. From £1,369. dell.com/uk Win: Highly durable Fail: Highly expensive

The BREAKDOWN

BREAKDOWN		iPad Pro by Apple	Galaxy View by Samsung	Surface Pro 4 by Microsoft	Pixel C by Google	Latitude 12 Rugged by Dell
Screen size	>	12.9in	18.4in	12.3in	10.2in	11.6in
Dimensions (w x d x h)	>	221 x 306 x 7mm	276 x 452 x 12mm	201 x 292 x 8.5mm	179 x 242 x 7mm	203 x 312 x 24mm
Internal hard drive	>	From 32GB	From 24.2GB	From 128GB	From 32GB	128GB
Operating system	>	iOS	Android	Windows 10 Pro	Android	Windows 8.1 Pro
Stylus compatible?	>	Yes	Yes	Yes	No	Yes



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Connected by TAG Heuer

A fully smart watch that doesn't look like one. There are only four faces to choose from, yet the small dial displays smart information (weather, fitness, news etc), meaning no menu swiping. Best of all: you can swap it later for a mechanical movement. Nice.

£1.100. tagheuer.co.uk

Win: Realistic, fully digital face Fail: At 45mm, it sure ain't dainty

2 Horological Smartwatch by Frédérique Constant

The thinnest watch on the test boasts delicate heritage stylings. Like the other semi-smart (ie, non-touchscreen) options, it doesn't have smartphone notifications, instead using the same Motion X app for sleep-tracking and activity goals, but it's perfect for lovers of tradition.

£870. frederiqueconstant.com

Win: By far the most beautiful Fail: The smart functions will date ★★★★★★★☆☆

3 Helvetica Smartwatch by Mondaine

The opposite of the delicate-seeming iWatch, this is satisfyingly masculine but sophisticated. A second dial works as an at-a-glance indicator of smart functions, including sleep tracking and activity goal-tracking and will even switch modes automatically between the two. £600. montaine.com

Win: Clean design, simple readout Fail: Smart functions remain limited ★★★★★★★☆

4 Exospace B55 by Breitling

A genuine hybrid boasting a mechanical movement and a real watch dial, along with sleep/fitness trackers and two digital strip displays. These add a genuine smartwatch/phone link-up, along with the usual Breitling pilot functions. £6,650. breitling.com

Win: Best battery, great app
Fail: The two digital readouts are fiddly

5 Active Smartwatch by Huawei

With 50 read-outs, this is a fully swipeable smartwatch (think football scores, fitness, weather updates and emails) using the Android Wear app. Good value. £289. consumer.huawei.com

Win: Fully smart, lots of faces Fail: Not the most attractive ★★★★★☆☆☆

FACE THE FUTURE

Like the idea of a smartwatch more than the appearance? GQ tests some high-spec options with traditional dials still intent on telling the time...



The BREAKDOWN		Connected by Horological Smartwatch by TAG Heuer Frédérique Constant by Mondaine		Exospace 55 by Breitling	Active Smartwatch by Huawei	
Weight	>	52g	71g	85g	80g	96g
Phone notifications?	>	Yes	No	No	Yes	Yes
Touchscreen?	>	Yes	No	No	No	Yes
Real dial?	>	No	Yes	Yes	Yes	Yes
Fitness tracking?	>	Yes	Yes	Yes	Yes	Yes



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IS there anything Britain's golden boy Dan Stevens can't do? Disarmingly good-looking, Cambridge educated, editor of his own literary journal and renowned worldwide for playing Matthew Crawley in ITV's period drama *Downton Abbey*, Stevens now has yet another accolade to add to his name: Armani.

Along with actors Matt Bomer (*American Horror Story*) and Chen Kun (*Balzac And The Little Chinese Seamstress*), the 33-year-old was handpicked by Giorgio Armani to serve as the new face of the

designer's Made To Measure campaign, which was unveiled in January. Armani's Made To Measure service offers a personal take on tailoring by encouraging customers to take part in the creative process. Underlining the Italian powerhouse's ethos of fusing tradition with innovation, customers can further personalise their custom-fitted suit by choosing from a selection of buttons, lapels and pockets. "It's a uniquely excellent feeling, wearing something that is made just for you," says Stevens.

Dressed in Armani for this month's GQ shoot on the rooftop of a New York studio. Stevens was in his element - adopting different characters and acting out scenarios in collaboration with photographer Tony Kim. Instructed to roll with the Las Vegas playboy look - the sun in his eyes, tired from a night of excess, yet still looking slick - Stevens' Don Juan persona cuts a sharp contrast to Downton's charmingly decent Matthew Crawley. Instead, it brings to mind the aggressive war veteran Stevens played in psychological thriller The Guest in 2014 and pre-emptive of his role as the arrogant Beast opposite Emma Watson's Beauty in a 2017 version of the classic fairy tale.

It is Stevens' status as an actor that appealed to Armani, who wanted his campaign to celebrate both the golden age of television and the versatility of the Armani suit. "The three young actors represent so many modern men, natural and informal, with different cultures and backgrounds," says Armani.

Stevens, Kun and Bomer are from Britain, China and the US respectively and all began their careers in television – Stevens made his debut in the American miniseries *Frankenstein* in 2004. "They have fast-paced, contemporary lifestyles – they know what they want and make a smart

choice in what they wear," says the designer. It's no wonder Stevens' sartorial confidence earned him a place on *GQ*'s 2016 50 Best Dressed list.

For Stevens, whose burgeoning interest in fashion has seen him consider becoming a designer himself, wearing a suit is more than just clothes; it changes his mentality. "If you put on a well-fitting suit, it makes you stand differently; it has a big impact on the way you conduct yourself. I definitely behave better when I'm wearing a suit – or at least I try to!" **Eleanor Halls**

Jacket, £1,600. Shirt, £420. Shoes, £510. All by **Giorgio Armani**. armani.com. Sunglasses, by **Ray-Ban**, £125. ray-ban.com



'A well-fitting suit makes you stand differently; it has a big impact on the way you conduct yourself'





Massimo Dutti



Follow Style Shrink on Instagram @roberttionston





LETTER of the MONTH

What is your view on stitched-up pockets on a suit? Do I unpick the pockets or should I leave them closed to retain the jacket's shape?

Carl Barnett, via email

Off-the-peg suits are often sold with their pockets including the breast pocket – sewn closed. The reason being so men don't deform them when trying on the jacket for size. Some men prefer to leave them sewn up as, over time, wallets, phones and the like will pull the pocket out of shape – and sharp objects such as keys can even go through the lining, which is intensely annoying. And nothing looks worse than a man in a suit that is baggy in all the wrong places. However, I do think that if the tailor has been kind enough to give you a pocket you should use it - though use it with care rather than deforming his work with bulging "stuff" that over time will make the suit almost impossible to press perfectly. If you decide to open the pockets, however, don't use a pair of scissors as these may damage the actual cloth. Instead, invest in a thread unpicker, also known as a seam ripper. If the jacket has a ticket pocket I would be tempted to leave that sewn up, and unless you want to wear a pocket square you can leave the breast pocket sealed as well. Carl also asks if you should unpick the pockets (I feel like this is becoming a performance of Oliver!) of waistcoats. My feeling is that unless you're sporting your grandfather's gold hunter à la Mr Toad these pockets are best left untouched to preserve the waistcoat's lines. Lastly, when you buy a new suit it will often have a brand label attached to the outside of the sleeve. This should absolutely, definitely be removed. I have spotted some of our Italian cousins sporting this as, I imagine, a status symbol. It's not, it's plain wrong.

I like wearing scarves, but I am not sure how to wear them correctly. Should I wear it like a tie. just wrap it around my neck and let it fall where it may or over my shoulders? Secondly, is it OK to wear a scarf with formal clothing?

Aamir, via email

Scarves make me think of Austin Powers' wardrobe, which always reminds me of the best fun I ever had in journalism, dressing up as Powers to wander around Soho seeing if I could get snogged even when wearing comedy teeth. (The answer is yes, by the way. I even heard someone say "It's Mike Myers!" as I walked passed. I was horrified. I'm much taller.) Despite this I still love a scarf whether silk or cashmere. As for how to tie a scarf, the possibilities are almost endless, although not every option is desirable. I have seen them tied like a tie.

but I feel this makes the wearer look a little like a chav groom in a rented Ascot, so I advise against this. If it is a small scarf you can tie it like a neckerchief, with a small knot, although again beware - it is a small step from bohemian insouciance to trolley-dolly uniform so make sure you don't let that knot slip round the side. I would recommend you treat all scarves like, well, a scarf, and wear it as you feel most comfortable. And if in doubt a nonchalant up-and-through, like a lace, will always look good.

What should a man wear at a wedding in July in Ibiza? I'm a fan of the traditional tweed three-piece suit but I'm aware that this wouldn't be appropriate for the venue. Rob. via email

can still show style and individuality without sweating their arse off?" Well, not in a tweed threepiece on an Ibizan beach, I would say. Rob admits that he also likes wearing baggy shirts, assorted necklaces and a trilby, but is worried this is too underdressed. It all sounds very "Ibeefa" to me, but as I always say, if in doubt play it safe. The classic hotweather wedding attire is, of course, linen. It's a cliché, I know, but you really can't beat a pair of white linen trousers, crisp shirt and blue blazer. Orlebar Brown does a cotton and linen-blend pair of trousers that is less likely to crease - twin with cool loafers, such as the tasselled style at Burberry. For an updated take on the blazer, Italian brand Boglioli has produced a knitted linen blazer this season in a steel blue. If so minded you could wear shorts, although make sure they are tailored rather than board - check out the

Left: Jacket, £995. Shirt,

£695. Trousers, £495.

Loafers, £495. All by

Burberry Prorsum.

Above: Trousers by Orlebar Brown, £165.

orlebarbrown.co.uk

As Rob so succinctly puts

it, "What's the middle

ground for a man who

burberry.com.



Submit your questions to our style quru; styleshrink@condenast.co.ul

range at Incotex.

The author of our Letter Of The Month will receive a stylish black and rhodium Townsend fountain pen worth £190 from Cross. Cross is the maker of quality writing instruments and has a range of distinctive lifestyle accessories. cross.com



Service with a style

Harvey Nichols' ambitious revamp means tailoring, advice and hot new brands offer the complete menswear experience

MENSWEAR: it's a big deal. Global sales are forecast to reach £325 billion by 2019 – up from £298bn in 2014 – and are rising faster than womenswear. In the UK, sales are up by 22 per cent to £13.5bn, fuelled by London Collections Men and a growing interest in men's fashion across the board. With it comes an increasingly competitive market, with more retailers entering the sector, clamouring for a slice of the menswear pie.

At retailer Harvey Nichols the results are similarly cheery: menswear accounts for 40 per cent of the total business, with contemporary brands and footwear, primarily a surging trend for designer trainers, leading double digit growth.

While others focus on heritage and style, "Harvey Nicks" has always been about fashion and the here-and-now. On the wave of label mania in the Nineties, the Knightsbridge store was the default destination for *Ab Fab*'s Edina and Patsy and every super-cool stylist and fashion editor in between. From the late Nineties Harvey Nichols implemented a successful expansion plan, bringing high fashion to the centres of Manchester, Leeds, Edinburgh, Birmingham and Bristol and creating an

international footprint in Hong Kong and the Middle East, backed by a new global online business, harveynichols.com.

Today, the pressure is on for retailers to deliver superlative multichannel shopping experiences in a constantly changing consumer landscape. No more so than in Knightsbridge, where London's luxury icons jostle to serve its moneyed global customer base. So, as part of an ambitious plan to redesign their flagship store fully, Harvey Nichols has spent an undisclosed sum on the restructure and improvement of the menswear floors, to be unveiled this April. It hopes to exceed the expectations of even the most demanding male shopper.

"Men are more style conscious than ever before," says Anita Barr, group fashion buying director. "They are more knowledgeable and they know exactly what they want. At Harvey Nichols customers come into store with catwalk images, wanting specific styles and looks, with social media providing a constant flow of inspiration that feeds their appetite for the latest trends or brands."

To serve them, Harvey Nichols has ripped up the branded shop-in-shop format for a more intuitive strategy. "We've thought really carefully about the retail experience," continues Barr. "We know that men don't want to spend ages trawling through rails to find the perfect white T-shirt or the best leather jacket, so we have created a space where customers' wardrobe solutions have been grouped by end use. In our new tailoring department you can find all the day suits or tuxedos in one place."

The beauty of Harvey Nichols (*inset*) has always been its combination of a boutique feel – compact, easy to navigate – with the breadth of choice of a department store. The edit now includes literature, fragrance, accessories, grooming and tech, in a more organic layout with better street access. There's also a barber that opens early and

late and a café that doubles as a bar for evening drinks.

"Some men depend on advice, others shy away from it, so we provide a talented team of advisors who can offer advice on seasonal trends and styling. Customers with the Harvey Nichols Loyalty app can collect points for

generous reward experiences that outweigh the cash equivalent," says Barr.

With huge competition on its doorstep, the focus at Harvey Nichols will be on exclusive brands, items and collaborations at the forefront of catwalk trends.

"The main aesthetic in menswear now is minimalism with cross-pollination between formal and sportswear," says Darren Skey, head of menswear buying, of the neat bomber jackets and luxury track pants that now form a key part of our daily uniform. So look for emerging labels, such as Brit names Tourne De Transmission, Peir Wu, Pieter and 1205 and up-and-coming US designers including John Elliott, Abasi Rosborough, Second Layer, Rochambeau and Aimé Leon Dore.

"Our customer likes to seek out brands with a cult following" says Skey. "It's all about discovering something new." With over 270 names to choose from, take a closer look at four of the best new labels you need to know now. Jessica Punter



All at Harvey Nichols. harvey

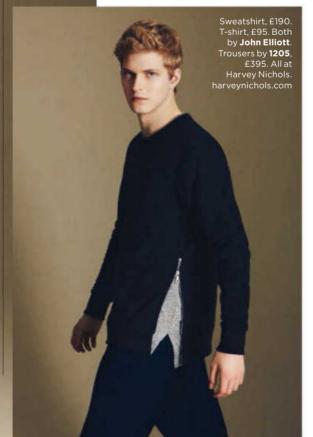
Tourne De Transmission

"British designer Graeme Gaughan always has a strong story to tell, and understands that customers want to play with proportions, while offering an interesting fabric choice."

Best for: original prints, slouchy jackets and relaxed trouser styles.









John Elliott

"We picked up LA brand John Elliott exclusively three seasons ago when we saw a gap in the market for great layering options for men. Since then, John has evolved the brand, offering a strong fashion element to sit alongside the basics. Harvey Nichols is currently the only stockist for the brand in Europe."

Best for: gym gear that's way too nice to just work out in - essential T-shirts and unbranded hooded tops in high quality fabrics.

Trousers by **John Elliott,** £190. At Harvey Nichols. harveynichols.com



Be a leader of the pack

Khaki and cream win a place in the sun on Jim Chapman's travels

RECENTLY, on my honeymoon to South Africa, I learnt a few things: it is utterly incredible; it's very hot; the animals are much bigger than in the UK; and whether I was in wine country, a national park or on a tropical island, I still wanted to dress to impress.

Our trip began with a long-haul flight, where I had no interest in dressing to impress; aeroplane wear is all about substance over style. I arrived in Cape Town clad in a hoodie and my most comfortable lounge pants. After a short journey out of Cape Town to a place called Franschhoek, it was time to up my game.

Our hotel was beautiful, located in the Cape Winelands. After a not-so-quick shower to remove the aeroplane smell, I applied a generous helping of SPF 50, put on some navy shorts, a white linen short-sleeved shirt, some sunglasses, a Panama hat and a pair of Jack Purcells (with those no-show socks. I don't care what anyone says, they stop my shoes from rubbing).

That was pretty much how I spent the next few days until we made our way northeast to Kruger National Park for a safari. Now, this was one of the most incredible experiences of my life, but it's not like a David Attenborough show where you spend all day on the search. You head out first thing in the morning when the animals are most active, and it can be quite chilly. I learned this the hard way, so by day two I went with a khaki long-sleeve shirt and cream trousers.

We were at the national park for three nights and after each safari we'd read our books by the pool, eat lunch by the pool – and laugh about the fact that all of our friends were not by the pool. When it came to the evenings, I opted for long sleeves and trousers. Partly because the nights are quite cool (and the mosquitos insatiable), but also because it's nice to make an effort after spending most of the day in swimming shorts.

Our final destination was a tropical island in the Bazaruto Archipelago where we snorkelled with the fish, dined with our toes in the sand and dozed in the sun.





The perfect case study

Hugo Boss enjoys la dolce vita with its new Made in Italy range of accessories

UNTIL now, Hugo Boss hasn't been particularly noted for its leather goods, but the giant German fashion brand is determined that this will change with its new Made in Italy range of accessories and luggage.

It is already well-placed to make Boss' Made in Italy range something really special as, unusually, it owns its own factory there, while, surprisingly perhaps, even some of most famous names in Italian luxury don't own their own manufacturing.

And in a world awash with so-called

luxury it is important to demonstrate the personal touch – in other words, to show an appreciation of true craftsmanship. And when it comes to craftsmanship in leather the Italian artisans are the best in the world. These are artists and their personality shines through their work.

Boss' philosophy is to create objects that appeal to that man who goes to the Boss store to buy a business suit, and seduce him with, say, a sleek and elegant briefcase or a clever piece of smart luggage that is not only light





From left: Equipage Géranium, £80 for 100ml. Case, £209. Terre d'Hermès, £78 for 100ml. All by **Hermès**. uk.hermes.com; The Hermès perfumer Jean-Claude Ellena

Remixing the classics

After six decades of fine fragrances, Hermès has embarked on a bold reimagining of its greatest hits, writes **Nick Foulkes**

"THE inside of an Hermès bag in which the aroma of a fragrance lingers," is how Edmond Roudnitska, the Picasso of perfume, described Eau d'Hermès, his first fragrance for Hermès in 1951; "a note of fine leather dressed with the fresh notes of citrus, lifted with spices."

The French have a unique way of giving seductive substance to that most fleeting of luxuries, fragrance. But then fragrance is an act of seduction and enchantment as it settles on human skin and begins its work. The top notes are released first, luring you into the heart notes, which form the lasting impression in the mind. Eventually they evaporate to reveal the base, woody notes that anchor the fragrance.

It is as about as close as man gets to mixing magic elixirs and Roudnitska was a Prospero among perfumers – among his creations is Dior's Eau Sauvage. He died in 1996 aged 91, lauded as one of the all-time masters: yet he only ever made 17 perfumes. One of them was Eau d'Hermès.

And now the house has made this masterpiece the star of a collection of reinterpretations of its fragrances curated by outgoing nose Jean-Claude Ellena and known as Les Classiques d'Hermès.

Hermès has a knack for fragrance, from the accessible and manly Terre d'Hermès to the bewitchingly subtle, yet brisk and bracing Epice Marine, created along with French superchef Olivier Roellinger, who based the fragrance on a rare malt whisky rubbed into his forearm. The difficulty with classics is that with so much going on in the highly competitive world of fragrances,

the familiar is too often taken for granted. That bottle, once so new and exciting, becomes tarnished in no time at all. So Hermès has not looked at its offerings individually, but as the equivalent of a box set of digitally remastered greatest hits from its 64 years in fragrance – including four male classics.

As well as Eau d'Hermès, with its notes of leather dressed with lemons and light spices, there is Equipage from 1970, which is described intriguingly as understated and virile (a mixture of strong spices and delicate woods). Bel Ami. named in honour of the Maupassant novel about a man who seduces his way to the top of the social tree, is a fragrance I remember well as a youth in the mid-Eighties, coming as it did in an amber-coloured glass amphora. It was a rich, opulent and characterful experience. The most recent of the series is Rocabar, delivered into the world in 1997, swaddled in a scrap of the striped horse blanket after which it was named, the only possible connection with equitation I can detect is the lingering pleasant resinous aroma that suggests embrocation.

It would be insane to alter the fragrances, so Hermès has stripped them all of external differences and presented them in streamlined flasks with dark resin lids. Shorn of distraction, they can be enjoyed as the classics they have become.

I once heard a Frenchman – of course – describe fragrance as "champagne set to music". To apply that analogy to Les Classiques by Hermès, one is compelled to conclude that these are very fine vintages indeed.

The best of British by Luke Leitch

GO's Contributing Fashion Editor revisits those not-so-dark Satanic mills of Private White V.C. – a classic hero label in the making



FULL disclosure: before letting rip about Private White V.C., let me declare an interest. It's not financial - heaven forfend - just a serious, mad-keen personal interest in a British brand that has soul, history. romance, and that, most importantly, makes damn fine clothes that are luxurious without being effete.

This interest was fired in November 2011, thanks only to an

unlovely work obligation. In Manchester to deliver a speech, I thought I'd take the opportunity to snoop around some local labels. I'd heard about Cooper & Stollbrand, the very last of what was once a collection of factories on the banks of the River Irwell in Salford. dedicated to the manufacture of outerwear from locally milled fabrics. A charming woman called Lizzie picked me up from the station; we drove through the rain in her hatchback.

Journey's end was a near-200-year-old red-brick factory. In it were 75 men and women using machinery stamped with the names of long-dead British firms to make bike capes, great coats, top coats and those shooting coats that come in compellingly naff tweed checks. Lizzie's brother, James Eden, then 28, showed me around. As we poked through a storeroom piled with bolts of old cloth in Aquascutum and Burberry check - C&S had been a supplier to both, as well as Holland & Holland, Virgin Atlantic (those red coats!), Brooks and Stella McCartney – Eden, the boss, explained his game plan.

After taking voluntary redundancy from the Royal Bank of Scotland following the great subprime clear-out of 2008, the Cambridge economics graduate used the cash to buy a majority share in the business. He quickly concluded that making clothes for third parties was a losing game: certain famous brands compelled them to work like dogs, failed to pay, then trumpeted the products as a sign of their commitment to British manufacturing. Instead he had decided to dedicate the factory to developing its own label, for which the perfect name was in Eden's blood.

Jack White, his great-grandfather, had spent decades in the factory. By the time of his death in 1949 he was its owner. Yet it was thousands of miles away from the Irwell, by the River Dialah near Baghdad, that the defining moment of his life played out.

During the First World War, White served as a signaller. In March 1917, while fighting in then-Mesopotamia (now Iraq), the pontoon boat in which White was attempting to cross that river came under massive Turkish machine gun



Coat, £795. Private White V.C. privatewhitevc.com

War Office reports, White was the last man standing when he leapt into the water, tied a telephone cable to the boat and dragged the craft to shore.

An officer's life was saved and White was awarded the Victoria Cross - he even made the cover of the bovs' comic The Victor in 1987.

So Eden named his label Private White V.C., and recruited Nick Ashley - formerly of Kenzo and Tod's - as designer. When we first met, Private White V.C. was a roll of the dice: its first store in London's Lamb's Conduit Street was about to open, and its identity still gestating (although Ashley had already produced its bestselling Twin Track, double-zip waxed biker jacket).

Today Ashley's aesthetic – utilitarian with a suppressed raffishness – blends with Eden's strategy and his factory's expertise to make Private White V.C. a belter and it now has more than 30 stockists around the world. Apart from zips and labels, every thread stitched at the factory is British: not

protectionism, and that's just how the customers like it.

Along with the Twin Track, PWVC's best-seller is a Ventile raincoat in a style Cooper & Stollbrand had made for decades. It's big on collaborations - because that factory can't make everything – of these, the Cheaney shoes and Inis Meáin knits are especially fine.

You could call Private White V.C. a heritage brand: Eden's own family heritage plus the collective history of the factory is etched so deeply into it. Yet it's progressive, too. A partner mill in Huddersfield has developed a laser-bonding technique that Eden says alters the molecular structure of fabrics to make them rainproof. without any ecologically compromising side-effects. This exclusive finish debuts in this summer's collection.

On the phone recently, I asked if Eden ever regrets swapping investment banking for outerwear. "Every day!" he answered. "No, while there are hard days when you question what you're doing, this is a lot more gratifying, creative and exciting."



Is the high street letting you down when it comes to your personal style? Turn to **The Chapar** for sartorial solace. Signed, sealed, delivered – it's yours

When it comes to men's fashion – and more specifically, men's online fashion destinations – few would expect one of 2016's most promising outlets to trace its inspiration back to the Persian Empire.

Nevertheless, this was the case for The Chapar and its team of personal stylists - an online, subscription-free fashion destination that's set to bring a change of pace to online shopping. Taking its name from the couriers of the Persian Empire, the website offers to transform shoppers' wardrobes after a one-on-one styling session, straight from the first (and free) couriered delivery, with no need to set foot in a store. It's an ideal solution for those who lack the time to tackle the high street (much less hire a personal shopper) and with numerous covetable menswear brands in The Chapar's repertoire, it's little surprise to see cohorts of men already joining the ranks. Ben Sherman, Brooks Brothers, Ralph Lauren, Levi's, Scotch & Soda, Sunspel and more are all on hand and ready to be delivered, but the personal stylist consultation is when The Chapar really comes into its own.

For the sake of objectivity, *GQ* arranged an appointment with a senior stylist from The Chapar

and – after a touch of wardrobe critique that came to be defined as a "Semi-Pro" approach to fashion – requested a trunk to serve three purposes: at work (slim jeans and buttoned-down shirts), weekend-wear (open and relaxed) and at the gym.

The result? A sizeable trunk from The Chapar containing no less than 17 garments. High street clothes these are not – a navy blue Hackett blouson jacket sits proudly once the box is opened, next to a Timex Expedition watch. No space is wasted when it comes to packing, too (and for good reason), with each garment meticulously packed for its recipient to the high standards they demand. Underneath, a hoodie by PlayerLayer provides a sports-luxe twist, while button-down and chambray shirts partner perfectly with two pairs of Scotch & Soda jeans. A Merino jumper by John Smedley offers a smarter twist – especially if looking to impress during office hours – and a pair of Yale trainers by Vico adds a finishing touch.

Just like those Persian couriers, The Chapar is quickly becoming renowned for its skill. But, this time, it's for shopping and style; and of course, now it's personal. *thechapar.com*

WHAT STYLES?

Choose three wardrobe styles to help steer your styling session, from Urban, Preppy, Chic, Trendy, Classic, Understated, Creative and Refined.

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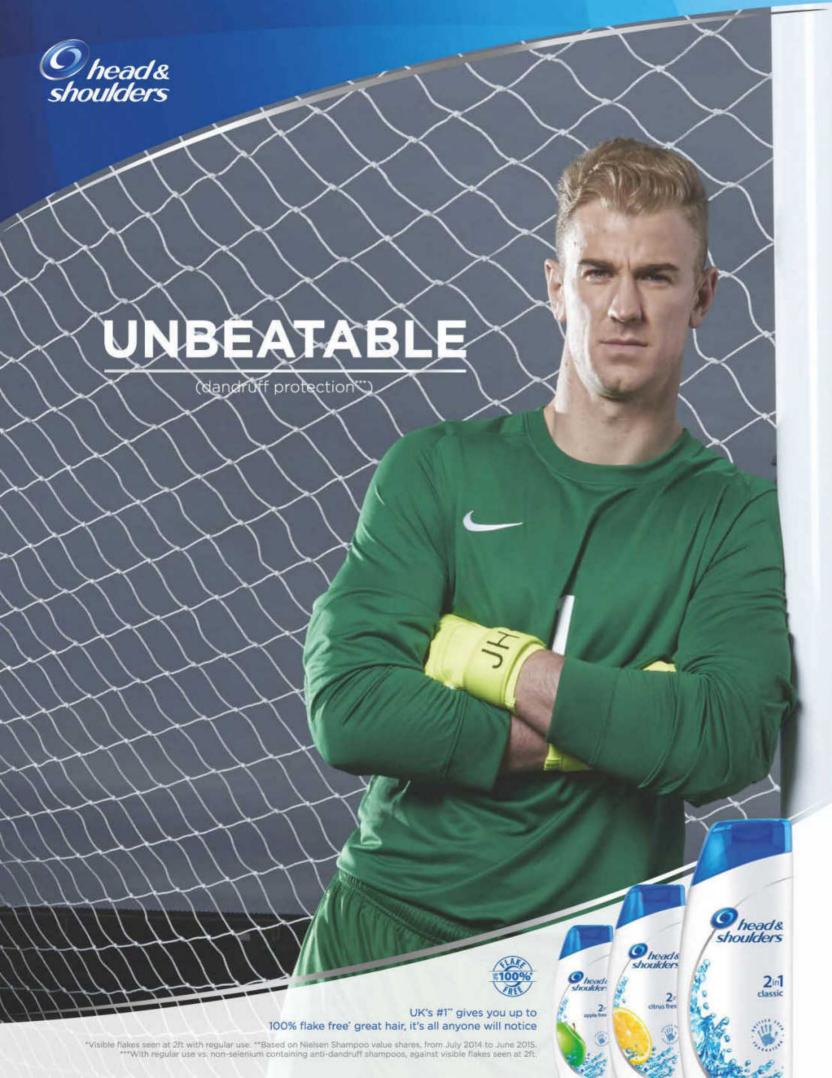
HOW DO I ORDER?

Go to thechapar.com to begin the process. Once you've analysed your style and signed up, a personal stylist will arrange a phone call.

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thechapar.com









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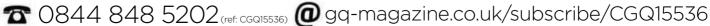
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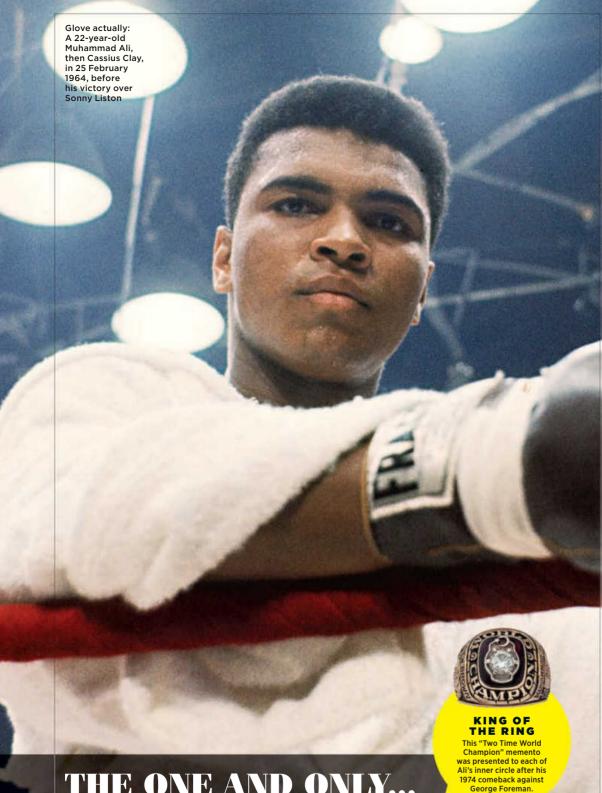
Ethical men's hair and skincare brand **Daimon Barber** is offering its **No.4 Clay Pomade** (RRP £16.50 for 100q) and No.5 Gel Pomade (RRP £17.50 for 100q) when you subscribe to GQ. Both water-soluble, No.4 provides strong hold and a natural-looking matte finish, while No.5 offers medium shine and super-strong hold for extreme styling that lasts all day. For more information visit thedaimonbarber.com

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THE ONE AND ONLY...

I Am The Greatest: Muhammad Ali at The O2

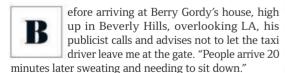
Rather than a bout featuring the world's most prized fighter at the south London arena, this exhibition, co-curated by the Pulitzer-nominated author of The Tao Of Muhammad Ali and this month's Approaching Ali, Davis Miller, brings the might of the Muhammad Ali Center's exhibits into a space kitted out with its own full-size boxing ring. Featuring more than 100 artefacts from Louisville, Kentucky – including unseen footage, photographs and rare personal memorabilia – I Am The Greatest is one exhibition the visitor will leave thankful wasn't "fully immersive". BP UNTIL AUGUST 31. ALIATTHEO2.COM



SING UP FOR THE HITMAKER

The legendary Motown founder Berry Gordy has a new act - a West End musical based on his recording empire. He talks to GQ about Michael Jackson's troubled childhood, the Mafia and why his assembly-line work ethic is still going strong

STORY BY STUART McGURK



She's not wrong – if anything, she's playing it down. The gate is actually more like a hiking base-station. Up there? Everest. But then, of course, it should be. After all, this is the house that Motown built.

An example: when I'm led into his relatively cosy study, via a corridor that could double for a lounge at an airport, the following things strike me. A picture, above his mantelpiece, of Gordy and Barack Obama shaking hands. Then one of him with Lionel Richie. Another with Diana Ross. And Malcolm X. And Michael Jackson. And Martin Luther King and Stevie Wonder and Marvin Gaye and... I swiftly realise I can't see what colour the walls are.

And then, of course, there's Gordy himself, 86, though looking 30 years younger, wearing gym kit, and swinging a tennis racket around indoors.

He was supposed to play today, he explains, but it's been rained off, and he practises anyway, serving imaginary aces and making imaginary cross-court winners ("I kind of wanted to work on some stuff in my mind"), because the guys he plays with are good and even in his eighties, he says, "I want to win".





"That's what's displayed in the play, how we went full circle and back again. Some left me for money and power, Michael Jackson self-destructed. But still, he got to the top of the world. And still is."

No joke. To call Gordy the grandfather of Motown is a bit like saying Tim Berners Lee was the first man to connect a couple of computers together. He did, but that doesn't explain the impact.

Motown thrived because Gordy was unromantic. He saw black music and artists as something to be packaged and sold. It was a production line every artist got a clean-cut makeover; every song became a machine-tooled crossover.

"I worked in an automobile factory and would see cars come off the assembly line, from a metal frame to a new car. I thought: I'd love to do that with people."

What a line it was - most of the wall, from Ross to Wonder, Gaye to Jackson. Most, eventually, left for more money, but it was Motown, and Gordy, that made them. With those hits to draw on – everything from "What's Going On" to "My Girl", "ABC" to "Ain't No Mountain High Enough" – the only question is why *Motown: The* Musical, which opened last month, took so long.

"Well..." says Gordy, leaning back in his chair, racket at his side. "There were so many people with preconceptions about me. Books and things, you know, saying I did all these things. Treating them [artists] very badly. Stealing their money. That I was in the Mafia...'

But also, he says, because of Dreamgirls, the 2006 film based on The Supremes, in which Gordy's character did



all of the above except be Al Capone. David Geffen, the founder of DreamWorks, the company that made the film, gave him the following advice after Gordy called to complain: "Everybody wants a piece of you and everyone will do different stories. If you don't do your own, you'll have theirs."

Doug Morris, the chairman of Sony Music, was more blunt: "If you don't do your own story, you should see a psychiatrist."

So he did – a musical telling a chipper version of Motown's history, with roles for all the greats. Being able to pick from the entire back catalogue, however, did cause problems. "It started off," he says, "being a five-day show."

It's not warts and all. But it does contain, for instance, the time Gordy tried to sleep with Diana Ross in Paris, but was rebuffed (he would go on to have an affair for over a decade and one child with her).

"But everyone loved **Diana**. It wasn't just me. Smokey [Robinson] loved her. Marvin [Gaye] loved her. She was a little flirt. I'd be in the control room and she'd come and drop on my lap. My God! But I was hard on her. I never expected her to love me because my goal was to make her the biggest star in the world." He did, but like most who rose at Motown, she would eventually leave for more money. "Yes, she appreciated it after she left with \$20 million!"

The tales come tumbling out of Gordy at the mention of any artist's name.

The demands, for instance, of **Stevie Wonder**'s mother when he was just eleven (long story short: an entire entourage). When she died, in 2006, everyone eulogised at the funeral. Gordy got up and began, "This person you're talking about, I have no idea who she is. I've never met her. She was tough and ridiculous."

Jackson, he says, was by far the most gifted. He auditioned for him at eleven by singing "Who's Loving You?" "And he sang it like he had known it for 30 years."

Would Jackson still be alive if he'd stayed under Gordy's wing? "Of course, but it wasn't Michael that wanted to leave. It was his father. They wanted power and money." Was he worried about him? "I always worried about Michael."

The London production of *Motown: The Musical* will see the sixth actor playing Gordy himself (it's already had runs in New York and LA). And for each of the five so far, he says, they become so immersed in the role they fact-check Gordy about his own life.

"Yes! After working on it for six months, they start telling me what's wrong. 'You never mention this; you never mention that; she was pregnant at the time..."

Gordy's reply: "That's not the story we're telling."

Gordy – who sold Motown Records in 1988 for \$61m – has claimed this is his last major project. When I mention this later, a member of his team laughs. Well, yes, but then there's this film he's working on. And this other project too... By the time I leave, the sun's come out. He says he might be able to fit in that game of tennis after all, too.

I finally ask about the Obama picture. What did Obama say to him?

"He said he appreciated what I did; but, you know, what's not to appreciate?" 🚳

Motown: The Musical is on now at the Shaftesbury Theatre, London WC2. motownthemusical.co.uk



Gordy remembers how Diana Ross would perennially mess up a particular scripted **joke** on stage. She was supposed to say, "Look at this beautiful table... the people aren't bad either." But often, says Gordy, she said, "Look at these **beautiful people**... the table isn't bad either", making her look like an enthusiastic carpenter.



When he was first introduced to the young Stevie Wonder, Gordy says, he thought he could be an amazing harmonica player, "But I didn't like his singing. I didn't like it at all!"

There used to be a baseball game: the Gordys versus the Jacksons, "Michael was the catcher for his family's team. Every time Michael would miss the ball, this other kid would come over and scoop it up. He was amazing! I went up to this kid and said this is a family game. He said, 'Do vou know Ray Singleton?' I said of course I know her, she was my wife from Detroit. And he said, 'Well, I'm her son'. And I said, 'Oh, you're my son too!""



BOARD **GAMES**

Government plans to give football supporters a hotline to club owners haven't a hope of breaking the billionaires' wall of silence

STORY BY MARTIN SAMUEL



Clean break:

orotest about

the way their club is run,

2 May 2015

hen Kevin Miles, chief executive of the Football Supporters' Federation, welcomed the government's proposals for greater fan involvement in the running of football clubs, he was very specific about the say being demanded.

"Financial and strategic issues," he said, "not the

Well, good luck with that. The idea that fans will sit down twice a year with senior executives at each club - this being the proposal heading for the rule book – is as pie in the sky as government thinking gets. The fans will get a meeting with the men who own football? Hell, for five billion guid the TV companies can't even get a ten-second sound bite out of them these days. The Glazer family, Roman Abramovich, Sheikh Mansour, Mike Ashley, Daniel Levy, Randy Lerner, Joe Lewis, Katharina Liebherr. When do they ever speak? Arsenal's major shareholder is known as "Silent" Stan Kroenke - the clue's rather in the name, isn't it?

Club owners have never demanded greater involvement in running football and rarely been less willing to discuss it. Florentino Pérez may call the shots at Real Madrid,

> but at least he shows his face when the manager is sacked. He makes statements, he is accessible and, at election time, accountable too. Yet while just about every major club in the country now has a plan directed from the top, the figure fronting it up is invariably an

> > employee. A succession of Newcastle managers have been left to explain a transfer strategy that has

produced a costly stumble along the edge of a cliff. Abramovich has sacked eight Chelsea managers and not once said why. Meanwhile, at Arsenal's AGM last year, a shareholder had the temerity to ask Sir Chips Keswick, the chairman, why Kroenke was paid £3 million to be a consultant at his own club. Was the task put out to tender? Was there due process, maybe even some paperwork detailing the service provided? After all, it seemed rather extravagant to pay a man £3m to run his

own company - the fans might imagine Kroenke would dispense his wisdom for free. Keswick's response - Kroenke wasn't even present - was to threaten to shut the AGM down if he was challenged on the subject again. And if Arsenal are as good as flipping investors the bird, don't hold out much hope for those in the cheap seats. Even five minutes on the price of pies would constitute progress. Start with shortcrust strategy, work your way up.

Say what you like about Karl Oyston at Blackpool, but at least he engages. It may only be to call an irate fan a "f***tard", but it's fair to say he gets back to them. Between 14 and 17 November 2014, he and Blackpool supporter

Stephen Smith engaged in a text conversation that a Football Association commission said filled ten pages of single-line space narrative, becoming "abusive and puerile in equal measure". Among the highlights was Oyston telling Smith to "enjoy the rest of your special needs day out" and doubting Smith's claim that they had met as "I would have remembered such a massive retard."

Oyston's conclusion sums up the complete disconnect between some boardrooms and those gathered grumbling around the pie stall. "You are hilariously stupid, as your type always are," he tells Smith. "Done f*** all, got f*** all, full of ideas how other people should spend their money. Get real, you thick twat."

And while Oyston may be among the eccentric fringe of owners, one imagines there are few billionaires with much patience for the costly ambitions of laymen. The idea, then, that Mike Ashley might take on board thoughts on finance and strategy from the Gallowgate End is fanciful. The supporters

One careful owner?

Football's majority shareholders are in a different league from the fans in the stands



STAN KROENKE Club: Arsenal

Net worth: £5.3 billion During his time as Arsenal's largest share-holder. the club has become a role model for financial sustainability and Kroenke is one of the few owners to give his manager complete footballing jurisdiction



SHEIKH MANSOUR

Club: Manchester City Net worth: £20 billion

The fifth son of the emir of Abu Dhabi is also deputy prime minister of the UAE. After buying Manchester City in 2008, he bankrolled the club's purchase of key superstar players and its first Premier League title



RANDY LERNER Club: Aston Villa Net worth: £761m

The owner of Aston Villa since 2006 controversially sacked various managers for the club's poor success and has reportedly had the famous old club up for sale since 2014

will get palmed off with an executive underling, the meetings will be window-dressing at best and a total waste of time in most cases, and the real power at the club the owner, not the chairman – will remain with a person whose every action is a mystery. Rémi Garde, the Aston Villa manager, found it unfair that he was being asked to act as a spokesman for the Randy Lerner regime on a daily basis, after just weeks in the job. Lerner, Villa's owner, then issued a rare statement, announcing he would be standing down as chairman. His replacement, Steve Hollis, is even newer to Villa than Garde. He is the former Midlands regional chairman of KPMG and vice-chairman of the Greater Birmingham and Solihull Local Enterprise Partnership. But we all know who owns Aston Villa – and he's the last man the fans will hear from now.

There are Premier League rules in place to ensure the manager gives regular press updates, but a rich man can buy a football club, run it with all the openness and bonhomie of Kim Jong-un, and there is nothing the authorities can do about it – or want to do about it, which is the bigger problem. The Premier League are facilitators, not regulators. They give the clubs what they desire, help them through the red tape and ward off the threats of government busybodies. The supporters' wish list was considerably more ambitious - a takeover is always the long-term goal, or the 51 per cent fan-owned rule that exists at most clubs in Germany's Bundesliga but there is no great appetite for change around the owners table. They like what they have, they like what they get and they like the structure that provides it. They like pretty much everything about the English game right now, in fact. They just don't like to talk about it.

your goal, and the most astonishing **ego** <mark>a</mark>n overriding **ambition** to succeed, a ruthlessness to prevent thos<u>e</u> His subjects – perhaps better thought of as his **victims** – share <u>c</u> get who are stopping you

whose latest unautier, journalist and big-beast baiter Tom Bower, whose latest unauthorised biography, Broken Vows - Tony Blair: The Tragedy Of Power, is out now (Faber,



sst! Wanna know a secret? Journalism isn't that interesting. Which is to say, of course, it can be fascinating, brilliant, era-defining, world-changing, a profession that tells truth to power and works to deadline while doing it (mostly). It's just not that interesting to look at.

Writing, for instance, is not a spectator sport (imagine: Ryan Gosling sits at a keyboard, writes a sentence, deletes it, furrows his brow. Minutes pass. Just... no). And investigation - painstaking, document-trawling, phone-bashing investigation – even less so.

FILM Which makes it all the more remarkable Hollywood has currently got the hots for hacks. This month, for instance, Cate Blanchett and Robert Redford star in Truth, about the CBS investigation show 60 Minutes and its controversial report on George W Bush's military record ahead of the 2004 presidential elections; Spotlight, starring Michael Keaton, was one of the frontrunners at last month's Oscars and focused on the Boston Globe's exposé of paedophile priests. And it wasn't so long ago even our very own Guardian was portrayed, detailing the tensions in dealing with Julian Assange (Benedict Cumberbatch) and WikiLeaks in The Fifth Estate.

What's most amazing, however, is how all these films don't gloss over the process. Spotlight, for instance, revels in it, detailing the meticulous chipping away at the story over months (there's even a montage showing the team cross-referencing priest directories: in reality, weeks of work). Truth deals equally in the reporting of the story and the fallout from it, while even The Fifth Estate took a fair swing at it, albeit in a David Thewlis-charging-downcorridors-looking-grumpy kind of way.

So why now? Chances are, like anything on the way out, Hollywood is eulogising while it can. After all, it's only the kind of team reporting that takes weeks and months on a single story that's worth depicting. (Try making a film about a BuzzFeed list. Go on, try it). The type of deep investigation that the Boston Globe did in 2002 has all but disappeared in US regional papers since (indeed, the film is set at a time when the paper's classified advertising was being eaten into by Craigslist), while 60 Minutes-type investigation shows are rarer and rarer.

A film like *The Fifth Estate* is successful at showing the tension between old and new media, but in the three short years since that film came out, it's clear new media is winning (the

Guardian lost over £100 million last year, while BuzzFeed has poached several of its senior journalists and now also focuses on serious stories).

So will we get a film based on some future earth-shattering BuzzFeed scoop? The recent tennis match-fixing story perhaps? Well, maybe. In a way, it'll finally herald the passing of a baton. After all, break a story big enough for Brad Pitt to start circling and you've arrived. Truth is out on 4 March.

Press play: Our scoop of cinema's sharpest journa-flicks



The Front Page (1974) Billy Wilder's comedy about a wily editor (Walter Matthau) who baits his top reporter (Jack Lemmon) with a story about an escaped psychopath to stop him quitting.



Good Night, And Good Luck (2005) George Clooney directs and stars in an exploration of the Fifties Red Scare through the eyes of American journalist Edward Murrow (David Strathairn)



All The President's Men (1976) Two Washington Post reporters (Dustin Hoffman and Robert Redford) follow a tale of political corruption that leads to President Nixon's resignation.



State Of Play (2009) Russell Crowe is a Washington journalist investigating the murder of a congressman's (Ben Affleck) mistress and exposes the volatility of the politics/press relationship

THE GOLDEN FLEECE: A REBOOT

Can the digital Argonauts succeed like their mythical namesakes and help a crisis-hit Greece become the next 'start-up nation'?

STORY BY ANDREW KEEN

hither Greece? In spite of the seemingly bottomless Greek economic crisis, Greek wisdom – or, at least, the wisdom of the Greeks of antiquity – remains as relevant as ever in today's globalised digital economy. Take, for example, the myth of Jason and the Argonauts, the group of adventurers who sailed around the Mediterranean in search of the Golden Fleece.

Fast forward a few thousand years and contemporary adventurers, Argonauts 2.0 if you will, are the entrepreneurs searching for the next big innovation. These "new Argonauts are foreign-born, technically skilled entrepreneurs who travel back and forth between Silicon Valley and their home countries", says AnnaLee Saxenian, the dean of UC Berkeley's School Of Information. They are searching for the "unicorn" company, that billion-dollar start-up that would, in the manner of Uber or Airbnb, endow them with the wealth of Croesus. Many of these entrepreneurial adventurers are based in Silicon Valley. But others are dotted around the world, flitting from international airport to airport and networking conference to networking conference in search of the digital Golden Fleece.

And it's not just entrepreneurs searching for the next big digital thing. Governments – from India to China to crisis-ridden Greece itself – are investing in high-tech universities, digital start-ups and tax-free innovation zones. Every country wants to host the next Silicon Valley. Everyone wants to be *the* start-up nation.

But there may only be one real "start-up nation". Israel, just a two-hour flight from Greece, has become the hub of today's digital Argonauts. It has more venture capital investment per person than the United States and trails only Silicon Valley in the number of its start-ups. World-class Israeli universities, such as the Weizman Institute of Science, are among the top places to work outside US. In 2013, more than \$2.2 billion [£1.3bn] was invested in 650 Israeli start-ups - more than all the venture capital money invested in European technology companies that year. Exemplified by start-ups such as the online mapping app Waze, sold to Google for \$1.3bn in 2013, Israel has indeed become the Start-Up Nation - the title of a bestselling 2011 book by journalists Dan Senor and Saul Singer.

The commercial ties between Silicon Valley and Israel are increasingly multifaceted and intimate. In April, United Airlines is even inaugurating a direct San Francisco to Tel Aviv flight on its new 787-9 Dreamliner. "It's about to get a little easier to do business between Silicon Valley and the Start-Up Nation," crowed the Jerusalem Post newspaper.

But what about the "flyover territory" between Silicon Valley and Israel? Can innovation break out anywhere else between San Francisco and Tel-Aviv? Could Greece, for example, copy Israel and become a global hub for digital innovation?

The question of the democratisation of innovation was one of the issues discussed at a recent Stream networking conference, held, as it happens, in the Greek city of Marathon last October. A joint production of the British marketing leviathan WPP and the Israeli angel investor and networker Yossi Vardi, the invitation-only Stream brings together the world's most illustrious start-up entrepreneurs and investors. Alongside all the Californian and Israeli digital luminaries,

a handful of Greek digital Argonauts were present this year. So how, I asked them, has the crisis changed the life of the local entrepreneur?

Alexis Pantazis is one of Greece's leading digital innovators. Formerly a banker at Goldman Sachs, he is cofounder of Hellas Direct, the first direct-to-consumer car insurance company in Greece, which now has 35,000 clients in three European countries and 35 full-time employees. The crisis, Pantazis told me, has provided a unique learning experience for Greek entrepreneurs. "On the soft side: you become more persistent, opportunistic and resilient," Pantazis explains. "On the hard: you need to be more agile, more careful with your cashflow."

According to Vassilis Papakonstantinou, who runs business development at the nonprofit Eugenides Foundation, the crisis has enabled Greeks to embrace their real identities: "Entrepreneurship is part of the Greek DNA. And with the crisis, everyone is free to do their own start-up."

Yiannis Gavrielides, the founder of professional address book app Covve, concurs. "The crisis helped me take the risk and leave a corporate career for my life's dream of creating my own company," he confesses. Georgios Gatos, the cofounder of incrediblue.com, a lifestyle and travel web service, also agrees that the crisis has sparked a Greek entrepreneurial renaissance. "There was born a new breed of entrepreneurs who created new extroverted companies targeting the global markets from

day one," he notes.



"The crisis has changed Greek society in a radical way," observes Christos Latos, MD of Athens' OgilvyOne agency, citing the success of local start-ups such as cab-sharing app Taxibeat and the crowd-based recruitment software start-up Workable, both now global ventures.

Even some of Steam's Israeli entrepreneurs were hopeful about Greece's opportunity to reinvent itself. "Greeks share with us the Mediterranean culture of openness and directness," insists Uri Levanon, an Israeli digital video entrepreneur. "They can be just like us – it's easy."

But becoming a start-up nation is anything but easy. As the local experts acknowledge, the Greek economy remains mired in red tape, with the bureaucracy stifling much innovation. And in the Darwinian start-up economy, many are called but few are chosen. In a traditional society like Greece, failure – and the loss of investment cash, often raised from family and friends – can have a catastrophic psychological impact.

The depressing truth is that "flyover countries" like Greece probably lack the "ecosystem" of venture capitalists, entrepreneurs, programmers, world-class universities and global networkers such as Vardi, those so-called "profitable patriots" who relentlessly travel around the world promoting Greek entrepreneurship and investment. Greece may be too old to be a start-up nation. Israel, created in 1948, is a nation in which business failure is seen as a badge of honour, and the only country in the world that encourages immigration – bringing in thousands of highly educated Russian. American and west European Jews in recent years.

Jason's mission ends with the discovery of the Golden Fleece, but his life became one of tragedy and upheaval - and, like the myth, contemporary Greece's quest for digital success is likely to end in





Conference

Three more trailblazing tech fests to flock to



CONSUMER **ELECTRONICS** SHOW (CES)

Las Vegas hosts the world's leading hardware and software technology event. For a glimpse of the networked future - from connected cars to smart homes - CES is the place. cesweb.org



leading venture capitalists,

DIVIDED SELVES

Emotional Supply Chains at London's Zabludowicz Collection (24 March - 17 July, zabludowiczcollection.com) looks at the construction of identity in the digital age. Online, "Our multiple identities might seem thin," says curator Paul Luckraft, "but perhaps they're more honest than the solid, integrated selves we claim to inhabit." Here are two to unpick:



Korakrit Arunanondchai

The New York-based Thai artist will be showing the epilogue to his video trilogy, "Painting With History In A Room Filled With People With Funny Names, 3" (2015). Arunanondchai returned home to make the films, which feature him, his brother, their friends and various wild animals in fabulous landscapes. "The trilogy has the high production values of a music video, but there's a darker edge," says Luckraft. "It highlights Korakrit's uncertain place between east and west, the conflict of the desire for a spiritual life and our material reality.



TE HAZING: SOME OF THE DUYS FROM SIGMA WORKER THAT TO

Ed Fornieles

The British artist - based in LA - has created a sculptural version of his performance piece, "Dorm Daze" (2011). A "sitcom" conducted on Facebook, "Dorm Daze" invited 30 participants to inhabit profiles "scalped" from real college students with a semi-scripted narrative. "It's how people experience narrative now," says Fornieles. "Everyone's shooting their own biopics with friends as the cast." Using props from a 2010 performance called "Animal House", Fornieles has made an interactive college dorm room that will include the Facebook material on a 2010 iMac. Sophie Hastings @



LABOUR PAINS

If May's local elections go as predicted, Jeremy Corbyn's MPs could move against him - but unseating the leader will be traumatic

STORY BY MATTHEW D'ANCONA

JEREMY Corbyn enjoys an unusual distinction among Labour leaders: the plots to remove him began **before** he was even elected. As soon as it became clear last summer that the hard-left MP for Islington North was a serious contender for the top party job, moderate Labour MPs started to discuss, semi-publicly, the steps they would have to take to get rid of him.

So, you may ask, what's keeping them? There are two answers: the first is the absence of admissible evidence to support the removal of Corbyn. Yes, polls showed his lack of appeal to the electorate and the damage his return to primordial socialism has done to public trust in the party's ability to govern competently and manage the economy. But after last year's election result, polls carry less weight in political discourse. There has been a consensus that the scale of Corbyn's September triumph mandates Labour to give him a chance to justify his claim that Britain is crying out for his old-fashioned socialism.

The first real test of that claim is fast approaching. On 5 May, more than 2,200 local authority seats will be contested, alongside elections to the Scottish Parliament and Welsh Assembly and several mayoralties, including the battle to replace Boris Johnson in London. In January, the shadow cabinet was warned by Labour staff to expect serious losses and the party's prospects remain grim.

As John Curtice, professor of politics at Strathclyde University, said last October, "The difficulty for Corbyn is that these local elections will be tested against a high-water mark for Ed Miliband in 2012, a contest held against the backdrop of George Osborne's 'omni-shambles' budget." In such a context, even a popular Labour leader would struggle to make significant gains. Corbyn's prospects are considerably bleaker – and he knows it.

On present trends, Labour will lose many seats in town halls and in the Scottish Parliament where the SNP is likely to strengthen its grip. In such circumstances, Corbyn will be seriously vulnerable.

The second problem is that Labour is not a regicidal party and its rulebook reflects this. The only formalised way to remove a leader requires 20 per cent of Labour MPs (46 at the time of writing) to nominate a challenger, then control of the contest is given to the National Executive Committee. Would Corbyn also need to secure a percentage of PLP support as he did last year? Or would the NEC waive that requirement? If it chose to – and the NEC

If it chose to - and the NEC is increasingly controlled by

Corbyn – a challenger would have to make all the running, subject to daily **hostile** briefing from supporters of the status quo. There would be concern over the expense and introspection of another leadership election so close to the last one.

And who would the challenger be?
Corbyn may be unelectable. His party has never been at ease with him. His reshuffle was comically protracted. But he and his equally left-wing shadow chancellor, John McDonnell, have fast gained a remarkable dominance in the broader party, which much more closely resembles a coalition of single-issue campaigns than a machine for the acquisition and retention of power.

There is no shortage of voter-friendly figures in the parliamentary party: Tristram Hunt, Chuka Umunna, Rachel Reeves and others. But the leadership rules give **power** of selection to the mass movement, which is much further to the left than the PLP.

So it does not follow that a challenge to Corbyn would result in his removal. The rules that were written in the wake of the Falkirk selection scandal favour candidates of the left who pander to the movement's ancestral ideology, so Corbyn could be replaced by someone even less electable.

One of New Labour's architects described the current leader to me as "a Bolshevik". He was not joking or sneering. His point was that Corbyn is the authentic voice of a change in Labour's identity. During the Blair-Brown era (1994–2010), the party was dedicated to electoral success, economic competence and addressing the concerns of the nation as a whole rather than vested interests within it.

Today, its objectives are very different and not entirely clear. What is apparent is that Corbyn does not view a parliamentary majority and the formation of a Labour government as his prime objectives. He is more interested in the party's ideological trajectory and its commitment to socialist goals. In this respect, the party is drifting away from "bourgeois parliamentarianism"

towards a socialism of the streets - strikes, rallies, campaigns and other forms of extra-parliamentary pressure.

The aftermath of the May elections will probably be the last chance the plotters have to stop this drift and re-establish Labour's role as a party of government. If Corbyn leads for much longer, reforming and refashioning Labour in his image, the task they face will be appreciably harder. Right now, they simply need a new leader. But the time is not so very far off when Labour's moderates will need to ask if they need a new party.



STORY BY **DORIAN LYNSKEY**

E

very amateur DJ knows the feeling. At some point in the night somebody, probably drunk, will demand, "Play some Eighties." What they mean is: "Play songs that are emotionally

maximalist and melodically undeniable. Play songs from a time when Radio 1 didn't exclude people for being too old or too odd. Play giants, underdogs, MOR lightweights, awkward outsiders, revamped veterans and one-hit wonders. Give us the democratic ideal of pop music."

The first time I heard the second album by Manchester's The 1975, with its sort-of-sweet, sort-of-creepy title I Like It When You Sleep, For You Are So Beautiful Yet So Unaware Of It (Polydor). I found myself jotting down "Eighties" in my notes. But which Eighties? I tried to be more specific. There are echoes of Duran Duran, another group with arty inclinations and a teen-pop demographic, although they never went as far as writing a conflicted ode to cocaine like The 1975's "UGH!". There's Prince, clearly. The glossy but troubled soft rock of Fleetwood Mac's Tango In The Night, The Blue Nile's streetlight glow, Scritti Politti's wry white R&B, the glittery yearning of Phil Oakey and Giorgio Moroder's "Together In Electric Dreams"... But then I realised I was right the first time. The 1975 are influenced less by specific bands than by the idea of the Eighties. The platonic Eighties.

Fifteen years ago, this album would have sounded eccentric, verging on insane. With a few exceptions, the

Jeremy Corbyn



Eighties were deemed naff, so when a few dance producers rebooted synth-pop as electroclash in 2001, it was seen as an arch prank. As for modelling your sound on such Radio 2 favourites as *Graceland*, *Tango In The Night* or Bruce Springsteen's *Tunnel Of Love*? Forget it.

But it wasn't a fad; it was a landslide. From itchy postpunk to glossy AOR, every fruitful corner of the decade was explored afresh, going way beyond nostalgia. Eventually it was possible to note that the Eighties revival had lasted longer than the actual Eighties, but by then the revival had become the norm and those influences had seeped into the bedrock of 21st-century music.

The freshness of Eighties pop flowed from some empowering innovations – MTV, ever-better synthesisers – and the aftershocks of the Seventies. Breakout stars hailed from the post-punk diaspora (The Cure, Depeche Mode) and the post-disco club scene (Prince, Madonna). Relative old-timers like Springsteen, Bowie and Peter Gabriel used new technology to bounce back bigger than ever. Every success story was different. The mainstream has never been as fascinatingly messy since.

My memory and the first dozen or so *Now That's What I Call Music!* albums inform me that there was also a lot of rubbish in the Eighties charts but, from the vantage point of a more atomised era, the decade resembles a meritocratic paradise when anything could be pop. You can feel its unifying power in Hot Chip's celebratory



SCRITTI POLITTI

Green Gartside's Scritti Politti went from anarcho-syndicalism to pop-perfect soul in just three years, with the Farlight-rich Cupid & Psyche 85 one of the definitive albums of the decade. The enigmatic Gartside is back touring again this year.



DEPECHE MODE

Basildon's finest electronicistas evolved into **brooding**, bondageloving stadium fillers, but began under the pure **synth-pop** of Vince Clarke (later of Yazoo and Erasure), who wrote their first album. *Speak And Spell* (1981).

The 1975 inhabit the present and a fantastical, neon-bright Eighties



set-closing covers of Fleetwood Mac's "Everywhere" and Bruce Springsteen's "Dancing In the Dark"; in Carly Rae Jepsen's Emotion, a fan-fiction version of Madonna, Janet Jackson and Cyndi Lauper that was 2015's most irresistible pop album; in recent singles by Chairlift, The Weeknd and Jason Derulo. They're all aiming for that huge-yet-credible sweet spot when genres collided so colourfully and ridicule was nothing to be scared of. Matt Healy, The 1975's motormouth frontman, has talked about re-creating "the feeling of that time when pop music wasn't so encumbered with self-awareness and cynicism".

You could quarrel with his analysis (Madonna, for one, was intensely selfaware) but The 1975's Eighties fetishism is partly imaginary, filtered through movies, or the idea of movies. Healy once said, "We're massive fans of John Hughes. If he made a movie about us, this would be the soundtrack." Critics love comparing bands to Hughes soundtracks but they don't mean the sound – *Pretty In Pink*'s music is patchy and *The Breakfast Club*'s mostly awful – so much as the fuzzily remembered vibe: lovelorn goths hanging around the edges of a deserted

high-school football field in suburban California in 1986. The French electronic act M83, an influence on The 1975's dreamier moments, evoke that teenage misfit melodrama so exquisitely that they're more Hughes than Hughes.

On 2002's "Losing My Edge", LCD Soundsystem's James Murphy complained, in the guise of an ageing hipster, of the younger generation's "borrowed nostalgia for the unremembered Eighties". It's this distance that makes the platonic Eighties so potent. Healy was born in 1989 so his sense of the decade is secondhand – a burnished myth, John Hughes via *Donnie Darko* via M83. Like the movies *Drive* and *The Guest*, The 1975 simultaneously inhabit the present and a fantastical, neon-bright Eighties. The new album's highlight is "A Change Of Heart", a perfect synthesised ballad that sounds like a prom-night epiphany in a movie that feels familiar even though it doesn't exist, a cocktail of innocence and melancholy.

Don't be misled by The 1975's teenage fanbase into considering them a guilty pleasure. This heroically ambitious album boasts whip-smart lyrics, scintillating production, some bewitchingly strange detours and several irresistible pop songs. The 1975 aren't playing glib retro games with their Eighties references. They're using them to recapture some of the generosity and imagination that they believe pop has lost, and they do it well enough to unite listeners who remember the Eighties with those who weren't even born, together in electric dreams.



MEDIA

V FOR VITRIOL

Error-prone Winston Churchill would not have become prime minister in the digital age. Internet trolls and trial by Twitter mean Britain's heroesin-waiting may never get the chance to follow him

STORY BY ANDY COULSON

T

here are some obvious contenders for the list of things for which Britain should be properly grateful. The NHS, Queen Elizabeth II and David Bowie are all likely inclusions, one imagines. That the age of Twitter did not coincide with the life of Winston Churchill must also be in the top five.

I suspect our greatest ever Briton would have grabbed and rather relished the opportunity to sound off to the world, probably during his extraordinarily long bathing sessions. Some of his best lines would have worked brilliantly within the 140 character cut off: "He has all the virtues I dislike and none of the vices I admire #Labourcripps" or "I've taken more out of alcohol than alcohol has taken out of me #illhaveanother".

But would Churchill have survived in politics long enough to be able to deliver these tweets? Given the level of early failure in his public life, the answer has to be no. The man would have been slaughtered on social media long before he found his political purpose.

Imagine the reaction online when, as home secretary, he sent in the army to control the riots at Tonypandy, Wales. He would have been permanently out on his ear long before the Gallipoli disaster that unfolded five years later in 1915. His abrasive bluntness alone – even about minor issues – would have provoked campaigns dedicated to shaming him out of public life #chokeonyacigar. These scandals would have spread, fuelled by the online outrage of Twitter haters – those people who now consider themselves to be the arbiters of British public opinion but who, as the last general election result proved, are anything but. But they would have done for Churchill, that's for sure, and when the Nazis came

knocking, our hero would have been left to wander Fleet Street looking for a spot of punditry. He was a skilled journalist not shy of taking the tabloid shilling so maybe a *News Of The World* column would have come his way. But leader of a grateful nation? I don't think so.

So be thankful that none of this came to pass. That it was Enigma on which Alan Turing focused his genius mind, rather than a platform designed to share self-important banalities. And that Churchill was allowed to fail – repeatedly and significantly – before finding his deserved place in history.

You may also wonder just how many decent people who had the audacity to stray into public life have been vaporised by our virtual court of law. With this growing

trend for speedy public execution what number of talented men and women are we losing? All at a time when we also love to bemoan, without a hint of irony, a lack of strong leadership, authenticity and clarity of thought.

Churchill was great because he was given room to fail, the space to screw up and bounce back wiser and stronger. Instead, a new British illness has developed... "crisisitis". And with every crisis, it seems, must come a swift consequence. Politicians are often at the sharp end of this process but they don't help themselves – jumping in too eagerly when it's someone else in the firing line with rushed pronouncements designed to make them look "in touch".

What happened to the national instinct for considered cynicism, stoic resolve and a "calm down, dear" sensibility? And where has this British hysteria come from? The 24-hour news cycle has played a significant part, of course, and the digital

revolution has put rocket boosters on that process. We've also, somewhere down the line since 1945, forgotten the difference between a problem and a crisis. Argue that difference, if you're unfortunate enough to find yourself caught up in one, and God help you. For questioning the depth of the crisis others have decided you are in is also now verboten in modern Britain.

Our new-found habit of sharing every detail of our lives has also created a continual mood of OMG. A day without drama is a day not lived, it seems. It's this atmosphere of crisis that leads to horror shows such as that faced by former Army chief Lord Bramall, an OMG moment that should shame us all. His arrest - along with the character assassinations of some no longer able to defend themselves - were appalling acts made worse by Twitter trolls. It further condemned a man who fought on the beaches of Normandy to protect the freedoms without which Twitter could never have been born. Was Lord Bramall's reaction to this nightmare scenario to rant and rave, to throw stones of his own, to take to Twitter himself? No. Instead he said, "You have to get on with it. What else can you do?" Before adding, "I think I've played my part in public life. It is not much reward to have this at the end of it."

This OMG epidemic is finding its way into every aspect of our lives. Even the stuff that's supposed to be fun. The world of sport faces a raft of genuine crises; Fifa, athletics, tennis match fixing – all real problems that require real

long-term solutions. And yet synthetic shock and horror pervades our sports almost every day - no more so than in football. Would Sir Alex Ferguson have survived if his managerial career had started 20 years later with a five-year run that reads eleventh, second, eleventh, 13th and sixth? No chance. A banner displayed at Old Trafford in 1990 that declared. "Three years of excuses and it's still crap" would have been polite advice compared with the bile directed at him online. And it's not just the transformation in football's finances that is to blame. Too many in and around the game are continually stricken by "crisisitis" with the depress-

ing result that British football is unlikely to ever produce another Ferguson. And it shows that we've somehow forgotten, as Churchill might have tweeted, "Success is the ability to go frm one failure 2 another with no loss of enthusiasm."

Winston Churchill We winston_Churchill We shall fight on the beaches #WW2

LLUMINAUGHTY @mac_world_porter
Warmonger @Winston_Churchill makes mass
Slaughter sound like a summer holiday #sociopath

Winston Churchill

I've taken more out of alcohol than

@Winston_Churchill SO ALCOHOLISM IS

@Winston_Churchill

alcohol has taken out of me

Lil Pedant @lilpedant

#illhaveanother

t3 W



Ilustration Ben Jennings

Bathed in glory:

may deny future

Online attacks

greats their

finest hours



HFAR

Barbara Barbara, We **Face A Shining Future**

by Underworld OUT ON 18 MARCH (CAROLINE INTERNATIONAL)

Not long after touring their 1994 classic dubnobasswithmyheadman, Karl Hyde and Rick Smith find a new seam of inspiration. Their ninth album is hypnotic, weird and wise, grounded in techno but with hints of Eno, Wire and, on the terrifically bolshy "I Exhale" the Fall NEW DORIAN LYNSKEY COUNTRY

WATCH

Hail, Caesar!

Christopher Lambert The Coen brothers are and Clancy Brown. back for Hail. Caesar! (see: Intolerable Cruelty, Burn After Reading) and the result is much as you'd expect. As with all their screwball throwbacks, there's an all-star cast (George Clooney, Josh Brolin, Channing Tatum, Scarlett Johansson) linked by a kidnap plotline (set in Fifties Hollywood), but there's always the sense that the Coens are much funnier when they're not trying so hard. STUART McGURK

John Bratby: Everything **But The Kitchen Sink Including The Kitchen Sink**

at Jerwood Gallery, **Hastings**

UNTIL 17 APRII

For this crowd-sourced exhibition of work by the enfant terrible of the mid-20th-century British art scene,

NAVIGATOR

Set your cultural compass to this month's pole stars



the Jerwood held a "Bring Us Your Bratby" day – turning up hundreds of works by the long-underrated painter lost to obscure private owners

(and Paul McCartney). Now the sieves, spoons,

rubbish bins, beer bottles and toilets of his kitchen-sink realism are augmented by personal artifacts and the recollections of friends. SOPHIE HASTINGS

IERWOODGALLERY ORG

READ

FOR OLD MEN

Watch out for cameos

from Eighties favourites

Dolph Lundaren.

The Drowned Detective by Neil Jordan

NOW (BLOOMSBURY

Fans of Neil Jordan's films will find his cinematic preoccupations with devotion and guilt in the landscape of his seventh book. Jonathan, a private detective and cuckolded husband in a seedy Eastern European city, is plainly a fictional friend of Graham Greene's Bendrix and Henry, the suspicious lover and betrayed husband from The End Of The Affair (adapted and filmed by Jordan in 1999). There are plenty of slick literary thrillers around, but for the knotty morality of a troubled marriage, and noir of real emotional and psychological depth, The Drowned Detective is one to seek out. OLIVIA COLE

Still Here: A Decade **Of Lazarides**

at Lazarides Rathbone, London

IINTII 24 MARCH

For the tenth anniversary of this groundbreaking gallery, Steve Lazarides is showing 30 artists who helped establish its pivotal role in promoting an alternative art scene outside the conventional contemporary market. including Banksy, Jonathan Yeo and Conor Harrington, SH I AZINC COM

WATCH

Anomalisa

OUT ON 11 MARCH

It's strange enough that the most human and intelligent film of the past year is acted entirely by stop-motion puppets. Even stranger that it boasts one of cinema's most realistic sex scenes. What's not strange is that it's from Charlie Kaufman, the genius behind Eternal Sunshine Of The Spotless Mind and Being John Malkovich. The plot is ordinary: it sees a customer relations guru checking into a hotel and having a tryst. The result is anything but. SM

Stars, Cars And Crystal Meth

by Jack Sutherland OUT ON 17 MARCH (FABER)

Ignore the title harking back to the oh-so innocent Eighties – this is the rather more contemporary tale of an epic fall from grace by former chauffeured limo executive-turned-PA to the likes of RuPaul and Mickey Rourke, whose swiftly escalating penchant for, ahem, performanceenhancing drugs finally achieves a level of dissolution unmatched by

even his most hedonist clients. As told to his father, John, this is less a misery memoir than a warning from the

other side of addiction, vet one told with candour and charm. BILL PRINCE

Know It All

by Alessia Cara

OUT NOW (DEF JAM)

Alessia Cara's hit single "Here" was a hell of a debut, a surly, alienated interior monologue which sampled Isaac Hayes via Portishead. The best bits of her promising, if overcautious, first album the 19-year-old Canadian share some of Lorde's outsider precocity, couching insightful confessionals in trip-hop and left-field R&B. DL

READ

John Sutherland is a

UCL professor and

former Man Booker

prize judge

Small Town Talk by Barney Hoskyns

OUT NOW (FABER)

As Los Angeles' leafy canyons were to the West Coast music scene of the Sixties and Seventies, so New York's Woodstock (and nearby Bearsville) was to the East - a relatively remote redoubt for musical icons who'd tired of all the idolatry; a hunting ground for those fans and fellow travellers who yearned to surround them; and an important physical footnote to the great music it helped produce, not least at the 1969 festival hosted in its name 60 miles away. A former resident, Hoskyns knows this patch as well as anyone, and as a companion to Hotel California. his classic account of those verdant canyonistas, this takes some beating. BP

Chaleur Humaine by Christine And The Queens

OUT NOW (BECAUSE MUSIC)

In France, Héloïse Letissier is already a multi-platinum star, endorsed by the likes of Madonna and Mark Ronson. This mostly anglicised version, featuring duets with Perfume Genius and rapper Tunji Ige, makes it clear why. Sophisticated, charismatic synth-pop with subtly subversive gender politics. DL 🚳



Batman v Superman: Dawn Of Justice

Guys, why must you fight? The second of the rebooted Superman franchise sees square-jawed Brit Henry Cavill back in the cape and Ben Affleck taking over Batman duties from Christian Bale. No previews at the time of going to press, but Dawn Of Justice promises to add some depth to Zack Snyder's slightly shallow first film, with Bruce Wayne holding Superman responsible for the people he accidentally killed in his fight with Zod. What's a superhero to do? SM





CHASING

Whether she's playing a Disney princess or a heartless con artist, Amy Adams has always followed her own distinct path to stardom. So how did she get from girl next door to screen siren? Ahead of her role in Batman v Superman, the five-time Oscar nominee tells GQ about punching Bradley Cooper, 'difficult' directors and waiting tables at Hooters...



AMY

STORY BY STUART McGURK

PHOTOGRAPHS BY NORMAN JEAN ROY

STYLING BY SIMON ROBINS



Dress by **Alexandre Vauthier**, from £1,000. At Harrods. harrods.com. Shoes by **Manolo Blahnik**, £450. At Harvey Nichols. harveynichols.com. Earrings by **David Webb**, from £33,000. davidwebb.com

my Adams has not had a busy morning. We meet at midday at the Chateau Marmont, just off LA's Sunset Strip, and she is, she says, having "a laid-back mommy day". So far this has consisted of taking her daughter to school – it's January, so they've just started back – followed by a work-out, a shower, and now this. Afterwards, she'll go shopping at Target to pick up some washing powder ("People always say to me: 'You do your own shopping?'"), before picking up her daughter, who's five, from school, and then back to their Beverly Hills home with her husband for dinner. It is, she says, leaning back, "a real easy day".

The day, it becomes clear, is indicative of a direction. Not a left-turn into idleness exactly, but a re-evaluation of a post-thirties headlong rush that saw her, after a breakout role in 2005 indie hit *Junebug* at the relatively late age of 30, go from comedy sidekick (a stint in *The Office*, a bit-part in *Talladega Nights*) to leading roles as wideeyed ingénues (*Enchanted*, *The Muppets*), to acting opposite Meryl Streep, twice (*Doubt*, *Julie & Julia*), to working for some of the world's most acclaimed directors, from Paul Thomas Anderson (*The Master*) to Spike Jonze (*Her*) to David O Russell (*The Fighter*, *American Hustle*). In an eight-year spell she

was nominated for five Oscars and six Golden Globes, winning two of the latter.

For many, they'd just be getting started; revving up, say, for that elusive Oscar win. Sixth time lucky!

For Adams: not so much.

Part of the reason, she says, is her daughter, and the time she hasn't been able to spend with her. "I made my career a really big priority when I was younger and I don't regret the work that I did, but I really regret the time that I missed. So maybe I don't do four films a year now. Maybe I can take a step back. I still want to work, but it's got to make sense. For the next four or five years, the choices I make are



'After American Hustle I realised people like hot liars. Awesome!'

going to have a lot to do with how it fits into life, you know? And it's gonna have to be OK."

For now, this simply means the 41-year-old taking on some more minor roles, or ones with more green screen (so they shoot close to home), or just generally roles that don't demand quite so much of her time.

This month, for instance, she's reprising her supporting role as Lois Lane in the second instalment of the rebooted Superman franchise, titled *Batman v Superman: Dawn Of Justice*, which sees Ben Affleck and Henry Cavill battling it out for the thing all superheroes must strive for: a money-spinning sequel with yet more superheroes (a *Justice*

League film, where they team up like the Avengers, is expected). Next up, Story Of Your Life (green screen: "I spent so much time talking to a screen! It's actually a very small film. It's about aliens who are trying to communicate with us. I'm the linguist they bring in") and then Tom Ford's follow-up to A Single Man, called Nocturnal Animals, which co-stars Jake Gyllenhaal and Armie Hammer and which she shot in three weeks.

She recently watched the new *Star Wars*, and is slightly obsessed ("I say, 'May the force be with you,' to my daughter before she goes to school and she's like, 'I'm not Rey, Mom!'"), so would certainly be interested in a bit-part.

"Yup! We'd figure it out! I'll play a creature. I don't care. Put the dots on my face and I'll crawl around!" A Wookiee even? "I think more an Ewok, considering my stature." And she wouldn't rule out being a Bond girl either, but worries you can't be a woman of mystery as a redhead. "I mean, I'd love to be a Bond girl. But it would depend. I don't see myself like Eva Green, she's so gorgeous and mysterious. I don't see myself like that." And then, well, she'll see. Despite being one of the most lauded actors of the past decade, she worries this self-enforced semi-sabbatical might hurt her career. But, she adds, "It's gonna have to be worth the risk."

he first thing that strikes you upon meeting Adams isn't necessarily her porcelain skin (much noted), auburn hair (dved darker than her natural strawberry blonde ever since she was in a TV show with another blonde, who was 5ft 10in and tanned, "And they said, 'We don't want two blondes, one of you has to change your hair colour.' I was like, 'Gee, I wonder who it's going to be?"") or her slightly upturned nose (cute as you'd imagine), but her speaking voice. Half conspiratorial aside, half teacher coaxing a particularly shy student, every sentence is delivered in the soft, earnest cadence of someone letting you into a secret – but don't tell anyone.

Talk to anyone about Adams and they will tell you something you might suspect, but feels like too much of a cliché to be true. She sings – all the time.

"Oh man, does she!" Batman v Superman director Zach Snyder says to me when I speak to him over the phone. "I mean, let me say that there are two Amys. One is this incredibly seriously dedicated actor, examining the emotional arcs of each scene, in tune with everything you're trying to achieve. And then there's the other Amy, who's always, 'Let's sing some show tunes!' Never go to karaoke with her."

gave her strength". And for the nun in *Doubt*, well... "Haha, yes, that one was kinda spelled out for me."

The follow-through of this earnestness, of course, can be naivety. But with Adams this just feels more like good faith: a difference that's hard to prove but easy to feel.

For the role of vixen con artist Sydney Prosser in *American Hustle*, for instance – which saw her make the unlikely mid-career switch from ingénue to sex symbol; for further proof see the cover of this magazine – she was surprised that people found her sexy, despite sporting a range of dresses that could charitably be called fabric-light.

"It's funny. I never thought of her as sexy, because for me she was putting it on, do you know what I mean? But then I was like, wait a second, does everyone put it on? It's funny, because I thought of her as really damaged, like she was lying to everyone." She gives the word a proper airing, as if it's the worst thing one could imagine. "People said, 'You are so hot in that movie.' I thought, 'Oooh, people like hot liars!' As long as you're tanned and skinny you can do whatever you want. Awesome!"

Still, being somewhat unaware had its own issues – not least with those dresses.

"No, I really wasn't aware of them! Which became a problem. Jennifer Lawrence was

But, of course, for Adams, her religious background goes much deeper than how she sees her roles. As she'll later say to me, the main thing she retains from her Mormon upbringing is this: "I still believe in treating people in a certain way."

And that's how we get onto the subject of David O Russell.

my Adams was born in Vicenza, Italy, when her father – an army veteran – was based there. Her childhood was mostly spent zigzagging the States, however; the typical life of an army brat, barely calling one place home before moving in search of another. Her father eventually quit the forces, deciding one day to do what he loved (singing, naturally) and performed in pizza restaurants as his seven children (Adams is the fourth, with four brothers and two sisters) watched from the bar. "I used to drink Shirley Temples. I felt very sophisticated."

Was her father frustrated? "I don't know. He enjoyed performing. I've asked him about it, but I think he just recognises that that industry is difficult and would have been hard to really pursue with a family."

They never had much money, but amused themselves by performing skits written by their father. One was called "Booky Booky

'I'd be an Ewok in Star Wars. And I'd love to be a Bond girl'

On the *Batman v Superman* set, Adams says, she sang so much they eventually put up a banner. It read: "Days Since 'Let It Go' Was Sung". The counter was always at zero.

Her proudest achievement? Getting Joaquin Phoenix to take part in a duet. "Yes! He would do *Annie*! He said, 'I love that musical.' I was like, 'Are you teasing me?'"

Partly, you can put this down to her disposition (sunny), partly down to her nerves ("I often sing if I'm nervous or need to relax"), but partly, also, to her religious upbringing, as a Mormon.

"Even now when I go to family reunions with cousins, everyone gets up and sings a song," she says.

She hasn't remained in the faith ("I have coffee and alcohol, which is a no-no..."), yet it has remained in her: an earnest, straightdown-the-line quality that's easy to mimic but hard to fake.

For each role she takes on, she says, the first thing she does is consider the character's religious background.

Lois Lane, for instance, is someone who has lost a lot of faith, "but I wouldn't call her Godfearing". For Margaret Keane, the artist she played in Tim Burton's *Big Eyes*, it was huge, "because Margaret is a Jehovah's Witness, and towards the end that was something that

literally like, 'Amy, really, can you sit up straight? Because I'm so tired of your boobs. I can't keep staring at the floor not to see them.' Haha. She was awesome by the way. But yeah, she would be like, 'There they are again!'"

It's notable that the real speed bump in her career didn't come down to a lack of talent, but a problem with how she saw herself. In 2002, she'd just starred as Leonardo DiCaprio's callow bride-to-be in Steven Spielberg's *Catch Me If You Can*. Everyone agrees it should have been her breakout hit – even Spielberg called it "the part that should have launched her career" – but then, for years, almost nothing: voice-over work (*King Of The Hill*) or forgettable TV shows (*Dr Vegas*: it was set in Vegas; Rob Lowe was the doctor).

It wasn't that she wasn't getting the opportunities. "I read for a lot of leads. And I read for a lot of great supporting parts." Just that she kept messing them up. Why?

"I was still way too insecure. I just don't think I was confident enough. I wasn't strong enough. I didn't have a strong woman femininity, you know? Luckily *Junebug* came along and I was in a completely different place."

It probably won't come as too much of a shock that she was playing a wide-eyed southern belle who was deeply religious. She was nominated for her first Oscar.

Betty And Fancy Butt Freddie" (it was about a nerd turning into a cool kid. It required Adams to sing a lot. She was five and a half).

She worked, briefly, and incongruously given her nature, as a Hooters waitress – a pitcher-and-sports bar chain where the waitresses are required to essentially wear gym outfits – when she turned 18. "The weird part is I must have looked about 13. I was playing 16 when I moved out here [to LA] at 24. So I must have looked really young. So that's even creepier to think back about." One guy tried to grab her bum before getting thrown out ("You weren't allowed to touch. They were good about that").

Another "offered me 250 bucks for my shirt. You know, if I took if off and gave it to him. I said he should pick another girl for a number of reasons. One is, I'm not that kind of girl. The other is, that it's all padded. I think it was when I'd just discovered the Wonderbra."

Her parents divorced when she was eleven, and all seven siblings would visit the gym where her mother worked right after the divorce and generally cause chaos. ("We must have been nightmares. We didn't listen to authority. We were like Lord Of The Flies.") Her mother got heavily into personal training, eventually becoming a body-builder ("I mean, it was right after my parents divorced...



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Opposite: Dress by **Alexandre Vauthier**, from £1,000. At Harrods. harrods.com. Shoes by **Christian Louboutin**, £450. At Harvey Nichols. harveynichols.com. Earrings, from £33,000. Bracelet, from £23,000. Both by **David Webb**. davidwebb.com

but she's always been really active. She's ripped. For a woman of 65, she's gunned up. She rock-climbs!")

It didn't take long for Adams to come up against the sometimes harsh realities of show business. The real surprise was that she came across them in a Minnesota dinner theatre. She remembers a girl who tried to get ahead by spreading lies about her. "It was crazy. I mean, I was making \$250 a week and we're fighting. It was so weird." What was she saying? "She would ask me things about my salary or my contract and because she was my friend I would tell her. Then she would go and tell people that I was talking about these things and I'd get into trouble with the

person who ran the theatre, because it was tacky to talk about pay..."

If Adams wasn't sure she was cut out for the industry, she wasn't the only one. Her father – perhaps betraying those same no-nonsense Adams genes – would even tell her as much.

"I don't think he thought I'd achieve much success. I know that's horrible to say, but I just don't think I have, out of all of his children, I'm probably the least..." She pauses. "I just don't have a killer instinct, you know? So he thought I didn't have the composition for the business."

Even now, she says, he appears baffled by her success. "Not in a negative way, but I think he just finds it surprising. That's just his personality. He's funny like that. He's very supportive. He's just very pragmatic. He likes to tell me that the odds are stacked against me or his opinion of the person who's going to beat me."

Wait – you mean at the Oscars?

"Yeah!" she says, before setting off on a giggling fit. "I'm like, 'Thanks, Dad'! He'll be like, 'I just don't think it's going to be your year this year.' You know, 'Your role was good, but just didn't have it this year.' I'm like, dad, I know! You don't have to prep me for disappointment. I'm cool!"

(Her mother, on the other hand, was working in Starbucks when Adams landed her first Oscar nomination and proceeded to



'I knew I was being paid less than the men. Doesn't mean I liked it'

tell everyone who came in for a latte that her daughter was up for an Academy Award: "I'm like, *Mom*!").

It was only when she landed her movie debut in *Drop Dead Gorgeous*, which starred Kirstie Alley and happened to be filming in Minnesota, where Adams was living, that she first believed success was remotely possible.

"I always thought Hollywood was this huge, scary place where only movie stars made it, you know? Everyone seemed to be cut from a different cloth than I was. I said I was thinking about moving to LA, but I didn't know. And she [Alley] just said, 'Oh, you should move. You're young, you're funny, you'll work.' I'm young, I'm funny, I'll work! Great! That's all it took!"

hen Amy Adams first worked with David O Russell, on 2010 film *The Fighter*, costarring Christian Bale and Mark Wahlberg, she hadn't done a role like it before.

From her first big part, in *Catch Me If You Can* (pigtails, braces, goofy grin), to *Junebug* (ponytail, pregnant, worried frown), to her first solo smash in *Enchanted* (Disney hair, Disney dress, the smile of someone the birds work for), to her role as a nun in *Doubt* (habit, habit, Oscar nomination number two), she'd carved a niche playing wide-eyed innocents and hopeful waifs and she was in rapid danger of getting stuck there.

As Adams will say to me at one point, "It took time for me to find my little niche. But then I had to break out of it."

And so, when Russell offered her the role of Charlene Fleming, a boozy, ballsy, foul-mouthed Boston barmaid – and the partner of Wahlberg's character, real-life boxer Mickey Ward – she jumped at the chance.

As Russell said at the time, "There are very few things that a director can have at his disposal better than an actress who's dying to break type. Amy was extremely motivated to play a sexy bitch and that's who the character of Charlene is. She said, 'As long as it happens between action and cut, I'll do anything." And I said, 'That's my kind of actress.'"

Naturally, Adams nailed it, picking up her third Oscar nomination and going on to be cast by the cream of modern American directors in roles as diverse as a celebrated artist (*Big Eyes*) and the wife of a cult leader (*The Master*), before working with Russell again as a con-artist in 2013's *American Hustle*, which co-starred Bradley Cooper, Jennifer Lawrence and Christian Bale.

It did not go well. By all accounts, Russell's behaviour on set was horrendous. He'd always had a reputation – he notoriously got into a fist fight with George Clooney during the shoot for *Three Kings* in 1999, with Clooney vowing never to work with the director again – but it was assumed he'd changed.

One of the leaked Sony emails – from journalist Jonathan Alter to his brother-in-law, Sony CEO Michael Lynton – would prove otherwise. Alter said Russell "so abused" Adams on the set of *American Hustle* that Christian Bale had to step in to defend her. "His abuse and lunatic behaviour are extreme even by Hollywood standards," wrote Alter.

Was this true? In a word: yes. Working with Russell was always kind of crazy, she says. On *The Fighter*, there was a lot of improv and energy, but this was something else.

"Even I was surprised on *American Hustle*, because on [his previous film] *Silver Linings Playbook* he had developed this wild, crazy

home. Because I was like, I cannot bring this experience home with me to my daughter."

It's telling that later, when we talk about *The Master*'s director Paul Thomas Anderson, she doesn't just praise his talent, but his character. "My daughter had gotten sick, and I was only getting two hours sleep a night. But Paul just accepts people, like, 'Yeah, you're really on the edge. OK, let's do the scene!' He doesn't take it on, you know?"

She wouldn't, she says, want to work with David O Russell again – at least, not any time soon.

"Not in the near future, no. I'll never say never, but with my daughter being where she's at, unless the role is less damaged and there's a way to mitigate the insanity then probably not. I just want to be a good mom, you know?"

he behaviour of David O Russell wasn't the only story to come from the American Hustle set. It emerged – again via the Sony leaks – that Adams and Lawrence were being paid less than their male co-stars (seven per cent of the profits to the girls; nine to Bale, Cooper and Jeremy Renner; or as Lawrence later put it, writing in Lena Dunham's online magazine, "the lucky people with dicks"). Lawrence said her reaction wasn't to get mad

efore we go – her to buy detergent, remember; me to get my flight – we talk briefly about how, incredibly, she still gets nerves when acting with big stars, ones she's surely now on the same level with. When she shot *Charlie Wilson's War* with Tom Hanks, for instance, her heart was beating so fast they could hear it on the soundtrack, and had to move her mic. Recently, she filmed with Forest Whitaker and was so overcome she almost burst into tears ("I'm such a nerd. I was like, I need a second").

We talk, briefly, about the day she found out Philip Seymour Hoffman – who she'd worked with on *Doubt* and *The Master* – had died. It was the day of the Super Bowl, the Broncos vs the Seahawks (Adams is a Broncos fan), and she was hosting. She was still buying supplies, when she started getting the texts. "Luckily, the party was with my family, so I dismissed myself..." But understandably, she doesn't want to say too much.

"Philip was awesome. I don't mind talking about Philip, but out of respect for his family, I don't want to take on their loss as my own. Also, it's everyone's loss, right?"

However, the thing she talks about most is the one subject all the others keep coming back to: her daughter, Aviana.

The time she took her to Disneyland's Bibbidi

'It took time for me to find my niche. Then I had to break out of it'

way of working with Bradley [Cooper] and Jennifer [Lawrence]... and it was *mania*. I was like: wow."

He would talk and shout through every scene, screaming instructions at people while they worked. "I did a scene with Bradley where I have to hit him and he's *yelling* at me, 'Hit him! Hit him! Hit him! Hit him! HARDER! HARDER! HARDER! Really give it to him this time!"

Is it true he made her cry? "He did. He was hard on me, that's for sure. It was a lot." Most days, she says, "I was really just devastated on set", and most days she returned home devastated too. "I mean, not every day, but most."

It wasn't the same, she says, for everyone – for example, "Jennifer doesn't take any of it on. She's Teflon. And I am not Teflon. But I also don't like to see other people treated badly, you know what I mean?" – but she's clear that doesn't make it OK.

I begin to say you could argue that if the film is a success (it was nominated for ten Oscars and took \$250m [£170m]), then the method is...

"No," she cuts in. "It's not OK with me. Life to me is more important than movies."

But as ever when you speak to Adams, it soon becomes clear her biggest concern is not even about herself, but her daughter. She was fearful, she says, she'd bring it home. "It really taught me how to separate work and

at Sony: "I got mad at myself. I failed as a negotiator because I gave up early."

Did Adams know that she was on less money than the guys?

"Yeah, I did. I didn't speak about it before and I'm probably not going to speak about it forever, because I disagreed with... not Jennifer per se, but people who had opinions on how women should go about negotiating. The truth is we hire people to negotiate on our behalf, men and women... I knew I was being paid less and I still agreed to do it because the option comes down to do it or don't do it. So you just have to decide if it's worth it for you. It doesn't mean I liked it. It doesn't mean I found it equitable. I just understood we were at that point."

Still, she says, she was proud of Lawrence for speaking out.

"I'm really proud of Jennifer. What I liked is that it was not necessarily about getting paid, or not getting paid."

It is, she adds, about something else. Something bigger – and something, looking back over our time together, maybe not just about Lawrence, and maybe not just about pay. "It's like we [women] have been conditioned to not be controversial, to not cause problems," she says. It's about being happy with speaking up, she says. "It's about," she says, "finding your voice."

Bobbidi Boutique ("which is awesome by the way") and bought her a tiara, which she later sat in and mournfully sang "It's The Hard-Knock Life" ("Oh, the irony! It was so funny").

Or the complaints she makes at her mother's constant singing: "Like, urrrgh, Mom!"

Or how worried she gets at school shows: "She gets super serious and concentrated."

Or, if she's done a drawing, she'll look at another kid's efforts and declare, simply, on balance, theirs is better, and no amount of motherly reassurance will dissuade her.

"She's like, no, no, it's better. She's so practical! And I totally get it! I'm going to have to really boost her. But I feel like she's got the kind of personality I can support. It's good – because it means she's got her own internal compass, you know?"

She is, clearly, her mother's daughter.



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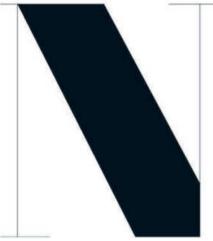
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Nothing had happened and yet no one dared leave. The press pack camped in the corridor outside Jeremy Corbyn's office had heard nothing official for 18 hours. Huddled around plug sockets as they charged their phones for the second or third time, Westminster's political journalists were surviving only on text messages from jittery sources and cans of Diet Coke bestowed by a kindly MP a few doors down. Dodging hoovering cleaners and ignoring whiffs of the Labour leader's takeaway dinner, they feared this had become "The Reshuffle That Never Was".

At 11.38pm on 5 January, Corbyn emerged from his office. "I'm off to bed," he cheerfully informed them. Still no news. Fifteen minutes later, the shadow chancellor, John McDonnell, came out, explained that he had an early start, and departed. Still no formal announcement. Then, at ten past midnight, Seumas Milne called them into his office.

What happened next is disputed. In the 45 minutes that followed, a source claims, the Labour Party's chief spin doctor delivered an extraordinary off-the-record briefing explaining the events of the past two days. Milne opened by telling the room that Hilary Benn, the shadow foreign secretary who was expected to have been axed over his support for bombing Isis in Syria, had agreed to a series of conditions preventing him from publicly opposing the leadership in the future. He is then said to have revealed that Pat McFadden, the shadow Europe minister, had been sacked because of a question he asked in a Commons debate on the Paris terror attacks. According to Milne, the story goes, asking the prime minister to reject the view that terrorism is a response to the actions of the West – a thinly veiled dig at Corbyn - was "disloyal" and had "infuriated" the Labour leader. A Labour Party spokesman dismisses this tale as inaccurate on several counts.

It had gone 1am by the time the briefing had finished. One journalist who was five pints in remained slumped in his chair; another had to phone her newspaper's New York office to file because no one in the London newsroom was picking up. Within minutes, allies

of Benn strongly denied the claim that he had been gagged. A senior Labour MP told me his account of what Milne had been up to. "He's been deliberately feeding all the stuff about Pat McFadden. It's just literally lies. It's the stuff about Pat being disloyal, the personal attacks. It's just disgusting."

Milne's friends say the briefing was truthful and reject the suggestion he made any personal attacks, as does Milne himself. They argue that claims to the contrary are smears by the party's moderate MPs. "I think there's a clear attempt by some people to blame him for things he hasn't done," said an ally of Milne's in the Labour office. By the time Westminster woke to the sound of the *Today* programme the following morning, Corbyn's controversial spinner was on the front line of a battle for the soul of the Labour Party. In the hours and days that followed, MPs searched for the answer to a deeply worrying question: was Milne advising their leader or controlling him?

Last October, Seumas Milne was appointed

as Labour's executive director of strategy and communications. A 57-year-old Guardian journalist, it was highly irregular for him to be granted a sabbatical by his editor so he could cross over to the dark side of political spin. The move was helped by Milne's particularly close, personal friendship with new Guardian editor Kath Viner. Insiders say the pair have been close for years, with Milne even making regular circuits of the newsroom to canvass on her behalf during her successful bid for the job last year - and as editor, Viner had seemingly repaid the favour, allowing her old ally to go "on leave" to work for Labour. It was an incredible show of largesse, which confounded the paper's political journalists, who found themselves in the conflicted position of having to write critical stories about their own associate editor.

A bout of uncharacteristic bashfulness meant the move almost did not happen. As a supremely assured polemicist, Milne was not the type to succumb to self-doubt, yet Corbyn had to lobby him hard to take the job. Milne knew he had no experience as a senior party political operator. He was also well aware that most Labour MPs would be deeply suspicious of him.

Many backbenchers were indeed appalled. "He is not someone who is in the mainstream of British politics," says one. "He is very sympathetic to the Russians and blames the West for terrorism." Labour backbenchers had previously known Milne only as "that f***ing communist" who had for years been unflatteringly nicknamed "Shameless Bilge". His columns had provoked genuine outrage for describing Iraqi insurgents as an "armed resistance" and British soldiers as "occupiers". A lofty Winchester College and Oxford-educated lefty - married with two grown-up children - who lived in leafy Richmond, west London, where you are more likely to meet Mick Jagger than a relatively modestly remunerated political

advisor. It would be an appointment to disrupt not unite.

But Corbyn was determined to get his man. Milne's youthful looks disguise the fact he is just nine years younger than the Labour leader. It has been remarked that they share the same worldview "almost to the letter". They are both veterans of the anti-war left, and for decades shared platforms at rallies, eulogising Latin American socialism, fighting the "neoliberal consensus" arm in arm. Milne was eventually convinced by his old friend and ideological brother and overcame his initial reluctance to accept the offer.

In just a few short months, he has forged a reputation as one of the most powerful men in Westminster. He is as loathed by some of his own MPs as he is revered by the hard left. He is feared as a brutally uncompromising, if inexperienced and error-prone, political operator. He is the intellectually brilliant right-hand man of a Labour leader who is completely in thrall to him. It has been a remarkable journey for a dissident writer on the fringes of British political life to rise to a position of almost unrivalled authority in Her Majesty's Opposition.

abour MPs experienced their new director of communications for the first time during a raucous meeting of the parliamentary party. Each Monday evening that parliament is sitting, backbenchers crowd into a Commons meeting



room for a frank and supposedly private exchange of views. Those who miss out on a seat stand at the back. At the front, Corbyn sits on a raised platform. flanked by his closest supporters, Tom Watson, John McDonnell and Diane Abbott. Outside, journalists press their ears against the door in the hope of eavesdropping on the latest Labour split. They are usually shooed away by the "men in tights", Commons clerks who patrol the corridor in ceremonial garb. "This is Seumas Milne," Corbyn said with a smile to his colleagues as he introduced his new spin doctor. "You will all have read what he's written. Now you will be reading it out." The reaction from the room was a deathly silence.

Milne's behaviour at these meetings has not endeared him to his new comrades. According to one complaint, when the usually composed Margaret Beckett launched into a diatribe accusing Corbyn of taking her party back to the Eighties, Milne stunned the room by loudly interrupting. "I'm surprised you remember the Eighties, Margaret." (A Labour Party spokesman flatly denies this.) Labour MP John Mann complains that Milne shows "a certain contempt for accepted procedures and norms. He is like a second-hand Peter Mandelson in the way he is briefing." That view is shared by another Labour MP who deplores the heavy spin he says Milne puts on events. "He regularly attends the PLP [Parliamentary Labour Party] meetings then goes outside and... It's kind of like Comical Ali.

Everybody knows what he's saying isn't true. And everybody's heard him doing it, which is why it gets so absurd when they say Labour MPs shouldn't be talking to the media. Well, they do, because they see him going outside every week to the Lobby pack." For its part, a Labour Party spokesman simply says that it is untrue to suggest he has lied to the Lobby.

Milne has been a permanent fixture at shadow cabinet meetings. In a typically cramped room in parliament, 31 Labour politicians squeeze in around a long, rectangular table. Two extra places are set aside. There sit Corbyn's most controversial aides: Milne and his policy chief, Andrew Fisher – "that little f***er Fisher" as one colleague calls him – a political advisor who was suspended for his support of an extreme-left Class War candidate at the general election. Whenever the discussion becomes fraught, "They just look impassive. See no evil. hear no evil."

Those present have not forgotten a rambunctious shadow cabinet meeting last November, ahead of the vote on military action in Syria. It began at 2pm, yet at five minutes past, shadow ministers were looking at their phones in bewilderment. Scrolling through Twitter, they were already reading reports of what had been discussed and concluded, despite the meeting being just minutes old. One shadow minister interrupted proceedings to demand an explanation. The Labour leader appeared confused, replying that MPs present should not

be texting information to journalists outside. "It isn't any of us!" protested one, "It's coming from your office!" To which Corbyn replied, "I don't know anything about that." According to one person sitting at the table, Labour's deputy leader Tom Watson then quipped, "Well, Seumas might." For members of the shadow cabinet, this was an early sign that Milne might have gone rogue. However, a Labour Party spokesman describes the suggestion as false.

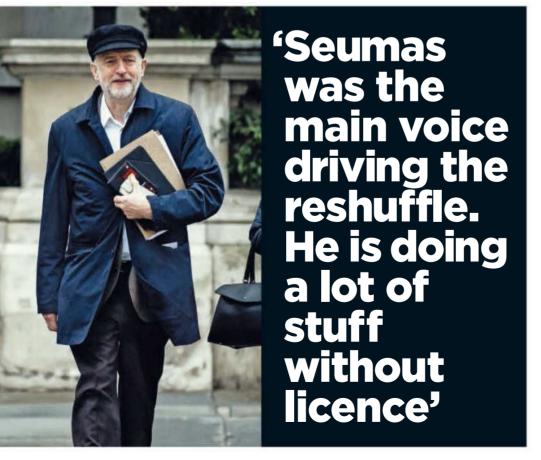
In December, Labour press officers and advisors gathered to discuss their "Christmas grid". Very little happens in Westminster during the last ten days of the year, so spinners traditionally plan a "grid" of stories to feed journalists each day. The theory goes that if reporters have something to write about, they will not spend empty days looking for dirt to throw. The grid was ultimately Milne's responsibility, but there was a problem. "There was nothing in it. It was empty," reveals a source. Even Corbyn's visit to flooded villages in the north of England was handled with maddening amateurism. An advisor asked the leader's aides what he was going to wear, given the affected areas were submerged in four feet of water. "You're not going to send him wearing his brown loafers and that jacket are you?" Corbyn's team, according to those present, took offence and dismissed the question as flippant. Days later, a national newspaper published a story headlined "Jeremy Corbyn spurns wellies for brown loafers on visit to flood-ravaged York". "People will put up with the silly leftwing politics," says a leading MP, "but what they cannot abide is the incompetence. It's not as if they're not told about this stuff."

Born in 1958, Milne is the son of the former

BBC director general Alasdair Milne. His father's tenure in charge of the national broadcaster was defined by a series of rows with Margaret Thatcher's government – he faced sustained pressure from the Conservative Party over the Corporation's coverage of the miners' strike, the Troubles and the Falklands War when the BBC sought editorial neutrality.

Like his father, Seumas went to Winchester College, an independent boarding school. Former classmates remember him as the epitome of a privileged left-winger who enjoyed an incredibly comfortable upbringing; a Russian A-Level student who wore, it is claimed, a Chairman Mao lapel badge. One contemporary was Colin Roberts, now a diplomat and the current governor of the Falkland Islands. At Winchester the pair shared cigarettes behind the bike sheds. Years later Milne would describe the islands Roberts went on to govern as the "Malvinas" and call for Britain to agree a "negotiated settlement" with Argentina.

"Seumas was a classic case of someone who had snow on his boots," says a friend, of Milne's teenage sympathies for Stalin and the >



Soviet Union. Though according to those who knew him it was not Russia where Milne chose to spend his gap year, but Lebanon, which was in the midst of a bloody civil war. The trip fuelled lurid speculation that he attended a terrorist training camp run by the Marxist-Leninist PFLP group. What is interesting is that many people believed he might have spread the rumour himself. These allegations were, naturally, unfounded, and Milne's future employers at the *Guardian* even once threatened to sue over them. Milne confirms it is "completely false" that he ever did attend, or claim he had.

Milne read PPE at Balliol College, Oxford, where he trod a different path to his fellow alumni, which included two Tory prime ministers and Adam Smith, the father of modern capitalism. He was never a member of the Communist Party Of Great Britain, though university peers claim he was present at communist club meetings, where he is said to have expressed disappointment with the direction communism was taking.

After graduating from Oxford, Milne took a job at the communist newspaper Straight Left, which represented the Stalinist faction of the Communist Party Of Great Britain. In 1981, he was hired by the Economist, before moving to the Guardian three years later. By 1994, Milne had been promoted to labour correspondent, writing about industrial issues and trade unions. That year, the Guardian would be embroiled in a scandal when its literary editor, Richard Gott, confessed to contact with the KGB. In revelations that shocked Fleet Street, Gott denied being a spy but admitted he had been meeting officials from the Soviet spy agency and had accepted "red gold" from a Russian agent named Mikhail Bogdanov. The accusations in the Spectator included the claim that he had been passed a wallet full of notes by Bogdanov in exchange for meeting KGB officers. Like Milne, Gott was an Old Wykehamist who attended Oxford before working at the Guardian. Yet despite his confession and subsequent resignation, Milne mounted an impassioned defence of his colleague and friend. He said the allegations "seemed absurd" and alleged that the journalists who exposed him were linked to MI5. Remarkably, he wrote, "The witch-hunting Gott affair at least had the advantage of allowing a rare public airing of the domestic and US intelligence interference in [the] British press."

Milne later rose to comment editor, where his robust opinions were still causing problems. Colleagues tell how he would pace the newsroom, talking loudly on his mobile phone about his favourite subject: "It turned out to be Palestine every time." *Guardian* sources say Milne's preoccupation with the Israel-Palestine conflict was a factor in him leaving the opinion pages and being "promoted" to the less influential role of associate editor. "The feeling

among many at the paper was that he was eventually moved by [then editor-in-chief, Alan] Rusbridger because of his obsession with Palestine. He just would not leave it out of the comment section," a colleague explains.

Milne was a trenchant supporter of Palestinian rights. A Labour Party spokesman said, "Milne isn't a pacifist. His views on the legitimacy of armed force have been set out in *Guardian* columns over the years."

The columnist Suzanne Moore is not the only *Guardian* employee who considers Milne "c*** central". ("This is a man who can't speak to me and pretends I am not there when I am," she tweeted, late at night, following

the six-foot colleague approached from the other direction. They smashed into each other, sending Milne flying, along with the papers he was carrying. "Seumas was in shock," recalls an onlooker. "No one had ever done that to him before. He expected people to show deference to him. There was a horrible silence in the office. It was a moment that demonstrated how aloof he seemed from the rest of the working environment."

Milne is, however, still popular with many former newsroom colleagues after his heroics in 2012. The Scott Trust, the company which owns Guardian Media Group, was threatening hundreds of compulsory editorial



his appointment, but has since deleted it. "I f***ing hate these public school leftists. C*** central. Bye bye Labour.") Former colleagues reveal how, despite his slight figure, Milne had a remarkable habit of refusing to give way in corridors. Over several years, his fellow journalists grew tired of his insistence that oncoming co-workers make way for him. Eventually, one snapped, telling his desk, "I'm not going to do it again. Next time he plays chicken with me, I'm not going to get out of the way." The whole office waited for the inevitable confrontation. Soon enough, it happened. As Milne walked down a corridor,

redundancies. For weeks, there had been an impasse. The negotiations had been problematic in part because the Trust and the editor, Alan Rusbridger, were all "upper-middle class, Oxbridge-educated associates", who saw the National Union of Journalists chapel as "working-class 'Dave Spart' types". Then Milne became involved in the NUJ leadership and took over the negotiations. "The perception was that he changed everything," explains a former colleague. "One, because he was incredibly articulate. And two, because he was from that same patrician class as the other side. He was able to work on their level

and got what the union wanted. He was seen to have made the difference."

Most who have worked closely with him say he is unfailingly charming. "He's a sweetie," says one leading Corbynista. "I think he's a very straightforward guy and I think he's very good at his job. He's hired for his ability and his advice and you would listen to him. He's very intelligent and he's got a really good sense of humour. He's really a very funny guy."

A long-standing ally is George Galloway. The former Respect MP says Milne is his "closest friend", claiming, "We have spoken almost daily for 30 years." Political campaigner Rob Oxley recalls his disbelief when Galloway's

'He's like Swallows And Amazons meets Spetsnaz. He is a sex symbol on the left'

phone rang during a radio debate while they were live on air and the name "Seumas Milne" appeared on the screen. "He had just been telling me that his main target was Labour's candidate in the London mayoral race and there he was getting calls from the Labour Party head of comms." The relationship with Galloway, who is waging a nasty campaign against Labour's Sadiq Khan, has caused consternation in London Labour circles.

Surprisingly, some of Milne's fiercest defenders are his polar opposites on the political spectrum. The Conservative MEP Daniel Hannan, a Thatcherite, tells me, "I was an avid

fan of Seumas' column and he was also a great comment editor at the *Guardian*. In a profession that has its share of self-regarding cleverdicks, how refreshing to have a writer who uncomplicatedly and unembarrassedly believes in things." Iain Martin, the editor of the CapX website, which extols the virtues of capitalism, agrees. "It might be unfashionable, but I like him. He's bright and good company. Perhaps it was a mistake to go and work for a politician, particularly one as doomed as Corbyn, but Seumas clearly believes in what he is doing."

A recurring theme is Milne's disconcertingly endearing comic character. Dressing in a communist-chic black rollneck jumper and white chinos, Milne offers great value as a selfdeprecating self-parody. "He's like Swallows And Amazons meets Spetsnaz," says one journalist who has worked with him. Colleagues tease him for taking great pleasure in demonstrating his "comedy Arabic accent" at every opportunity. Labour aides did not know where to look when, during a meeting on Syria, Milne rapidly reeled off the names of various obscure terror groups in Arabic, with peculiar exaggerated guttural inflections. His notably youthful looks cause friends to joke that he must drink kefir, a Russian fermented milk with reputed life-preserving qualities. For a man of 57, Milne is impressively svelte, rocks a boy-band haircut and pulls off a cutaway collar. "He has this sex symbol thing on the left," laughs a iealous comrade.

wo days before Christmas, an Easyjet flight carrying Jeremy Corbyn landed in Malta. The Labour leader disembarked to be greeted by an official representing the island's prime minister and whisked off through the VIP lounge. Two thousand kilometres away, his closest aide was on the phone to the press. The first stories about Corbyn's "revenge reshuffle" broke over the next few days, claiming the shadow cabinet would soon be purged of Corbyn's critics. Labour MPs and aides say Milne was the anonymous source quoted in these stories, while a Labour Party spokesman says this is untrue.

The reshuffle briefings allegedly conducted by Milne provoked so much anger among Labour MPs that the leader's office is said to have received a formal complaint from a serving frontbencher. The accusation was that Milne had acted without Corbyn's approval to, as one senior MP puts it, "kick the shit out of the shadow cabinet". Another prominent MP explains, "All the briefing about the reshuffle happened while Jeremy was away."

As Corbyn sat down with his 24-year-old son, Seb – an aide to John McDonnell apparently appointed on his own merit – and his advisors to begin the reshuffle negotiations, a row broke out. Milne made the case for a wide-ranging upheaval of the shadow cabinet, arguing the leadership should press the "nuclear button"

and wipe out dissenters. McDonnell disagreed, arguing for a more limited shake up. Later that day, Tom Watson expressed his dismay at Milne's attempts to argue for a more dramatic reshuffle than the rest of them wanted.

In the end, Corbyn opted to reduce the number of sackings. Yet he did not account for the spate of resignations which followed. The BBC political editor, Laura Kuenssberg, asked one of them, Stephen Doughty, to explain his decision on BBC Two's The Daily Politics. Milne responded by taking the extraordinary step of lodging an official complaint, describing the interview as an "unacceptable breach of the BBC's role". The complaint was all the more bizarre given that, just two months earlier, Milne had sought Kuenssberg's advice over pints in the Westminster Arms pub. Witnesses describe how they spoke "for over an hour" as Milne asked Kuenssberg, "What would you do if you were me?"

"One of the most bizarre myths about the Corporation," he wrote last year, "is that the BBC has a left-wing bias. As one academic study after another has demonstrated, the opposite is the case. The BBC is full of Conservatives and former New Labour apparatchiks with almost identical views about politics."

The BBC drama reinforced a notion that several Labour MPs have privately touched on, that Milne saw it as "his reshuffle". Many believe the spinner tried to "bounce" a reluctant Corbyn into moulding the shadow cabinet in his image. As one senior Labour politician insists: "He was the main voice driving it." Were Milne's briefings to the press authorised by the leader? "He's doing a lot of stuff without licence," claims another Labour MP. "Jeremy genuinely doesn't go in and order them to do this stuff at all. Seumas goes out and does whatever the hell he wants to do." (A Labour Party spokesman says this is untrue.) A Labour source says, "Seumas lost the reshuffle and the reason is because Jeremy didn't want to do it."

Milne's enemies in the Labour Party believe his position has been weakened by the events of early January. A significant group of Labour MPs see him as the unacceptable face of Corbynism and would dearly love his scalp. But do not write Milne off. A former colleague describes Milne in one sentence. "He is perfectly pleasant, but he would be the first to pull the trigger when the revolution comes." Well, the Labour Party's revolution has come and Milne's gun is smoking.



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Alex wears shirt by Saint Laurent, £385. ysl.com. Trousers and shoes, Alex's own. Belt by **Anderson's**, £70. At Liberty. Miles wears blazer by **Etro**, £1,260. etro. com. Shirt by Alexander McQueen, £545. alexandermcqueen.com. Trousers by **Hugo Boss**, £139. hugoboss.com. Shoes, £455. Belt, £290. Both by **Gucci**. gucci. com. Sunglasses by **Dita**, £610. dita.com. Jewellery, Alex and Miles' own

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ELLEN VON UNWERTH

A certain bromance

Musical brothers-in-arms Alex Turner and Miles Kane are back with their swooning, Seventies-styled supergroup The Last Shadow Puppets. And the songs and swagger are bolder than ever...



n a private room in London's cosy
Zetter Townhouse, Alex Turner
and Miles Kane are attempting to
explain why they decided to make
a second Last Shadow Puppets
album, eight years after the first.
Straightforward though this
might seem, it turns out to be as
challenging as explaining quantum
theory or the plot of Mulholland Drive.

"It was waiting for a time, just the circumstantial side of it to... yeah," begins Turner, running a hand through his oil-slick hair. "Waiting to have a window to do it, waiting to have the urge or even the idea of what it could be." He pulls a face. "We never really arrived at that. But everything else was in place so we thought f*** it, we'll think of that later."

"It's hard to explain," says the Mod-suited Kane, chewing gum. "Which you'll find out."

I certainly will. Meanwhile, some backstory. When The Last Shadow Puppets released their first album, *The Age Of The Understatement*, they were both 22 and they deployed the dramatic orchestral pop of Scott Walker, Lee Hazlewood and John Barry to fast-track them to sophistication. Turner was clearly trying to wriggle out of his Arctic Monkeys reputation as a say-what-you-see pub poet. Like young men donning their first tailored suits, they used the trappings of maturity to grant them a certain grown-up swagger. "It's like we're trying to

clothes. The mood is headier, more decadent and more American, indirectly influenced by the "glisten" of such surprising new musical crushes as Seventies soft-rockers Dr Hook and Ned Doheny. In the press shots, the duo look like down-at-heel gangsters, perching on a Seventies couch in lurid tracksuits, although this wasn't the intended effect. "I thought we looked like track stars," Turner protests. "F***ing hop, skip and jump."

Turner moved to Los Angeles a few years ago – the glossier, meatier sound of the Arctic Monkeys' US breakthrough album *AM* was inspired by hearing hip-hop on the car radio – and Kane joined him last summer. They recorded the new album at Rick Rubin's Shangri-la studio in Malibu, hanging out with friends, swimming and visiting the local karaoke bar: Kane's speciality is Frankie Valli's "Can't Take My Eyes Off You" while Turner's is "No Matter What" from *Whistle Down The Wind*.

Turner insists otherwise, but *Everything* feels like an LA record, thick with lust, jealousy and regret, where there's a "gloomy conga of glumlooking beauties" and a "comedown tapping on the glass". It's a clammy, neon-lit soundtrack for the heavy night and the morning after.

It's also a record that could only have been made by two best friends whose voices, lyrics and sensibilities have fused into one. Turner wasn't looking for another project back in 2008, saying, "I can't see a reason why I would

sighs Turner when the topic comes up. "You can put a picture of us in a heart."

Sometimes The Last Shadow Puppets seems too much like a private joke. Last year, with characteristic diplomacy, Noel Gallagher bemoaned their lack of rock'n'roll spirit. "Alex Turner, Miles Kane, the guys from Royal Blood," he said. "They've got the f***ing skinny jeans and the boots and all that eyeliner. I've got a cat that's more rock'n'roll... The new generation of rock stars, when have they ever said anything that made you laugh? When have they ever said anything you remember?"

It's the first time they've heard this. When I read it out, Kane, who had Gallagher appear on *Colour Of The Trap*, looks deflated. Turner looks at me like I've pulled a knife.

On one level the duo seem rather good at being famous. Check out the paparazzi shots of them cutting a dash at parties and stepping out with models and you could not accuse either of them of being puritanical when it comes to the benefits of celebrity. But Gallagher believes that stars have an obligation to be lively conversationalists and on that front he has a point.

Ever since the first Arctic Monkeys interviews, Turner has been painfully reluctant to discuss his work, his life or, indeed, anything, although these days his defensiveness reads more like arrogance than shyness. Kane, who subscribes to the Rod Stewart school of rock star behaviour, is more extroverted but finds it

'Here we go again... You can put a picture of us in a heart'

sing songs that we're not yet built for," says Turner. "But that's what's cool about it." What began as an experiment led to a Mercury Prize nomination and a gold disc. In very different ways, it changed their lives.

"It was early on," says Kane, who had been in two unsuccessful bands and was best-known as Turner's mate. "That was the thing that introduced me to anything that did all right. That was the first time that had happened to me. I guess Alex had experienced it before."

"It's the first time I'd even begun to explore the idea of singing," says Turner, "because it had never really occurred to me that that's what I was doing. That sounds ridiculous, I suppose, but the idea of melody is not one that I'd really spent a lot of time with. I'd write these lyrics and it ended up as a song. This more classic style of songwriting led to me using my voice in a different way." His lyrics changed drastically, too. "Prior to that it was about the chippy, so to speak, and suddenly it was like plunging into the abstract. That definitely affected everything I wrote since."

When Everything You've Come To Expect comes out they'll both be 30 and neither womanising nor snappy dressing are novelties anymore. They've got the old gang back together – producer James Ford and string arranger Owen Pallett – but they no longer sound like they're wearing borrowed

want to do a solo record." He simply wanted to make music with Kane. In between albums, Kane has frequently joined the Arctic Monkeys on stage while Turner has co-written songs for Kane's debut album, *Colour Of The Trap*. It was while knocking tense album opener "Aviation" back and forth that they realised they had the seed of a new Last Shadow Puppets album.

They met on tour in 2005, when Kane was in the Rascals. Kane remembers thinking enviously as he watched the Arctic Monkeys take off, "Who the f***'s that? What's going on here? How do they know what's going on?"

If fame were magnetically attracted to whoever wanted it most then their situations would have been reversed. The nakedly ambitious Kane would have been the saviour of British rock while the more reserved Turner would have enjoyed a quieter life. Turner calls Kane "a bloody natural". "For me the idea of a flamboyant performance came later," he tells his friend. "For you it's in the blood."

The Last Shadow Puppets have the arch, cliquey, slightly camp sense of humour of a music-hall duo or a Beatles press conference, with a taste for silly voices and inscrutable injokes. Owen Pallett recently compared working with them to "watching a buddy-buddy cop movie". Their bromance is so tight that it's inspired a portmanteau name, Milex, and a lively strand of fan fiction. "Here we go again,"

equally hard to finish a sentence. Very simple questions expire slowly in evasive mumbles. More probing ones are shot dead. When I ask if their brotherly bond is stronger because they're both only children, Turner says waspishly, "Yeah, that's neat and tidy. You wouldn't have paid a shrink for that hour." He refuses to elaborate on his lyrics, even "Sweet Dreams, TN", clearly a love song to his Tennessee-born model girlfriend Taylor Bagley. "It is an unusual one" is all he will say.

Turner and Kane are often photographed in fancy dress, or outfits so outlandish that they have the same effect as costumes. Perhaps The Last Shadow Puppets' tongue-in-cheek theatricality serves the same purpose as the Blackpool pier Elvis impersonator voice Turner uses to address Arctic Monkeys audiences between songs, or the sarcastic acceptance speech he gave at the Brits two years ago. They're all strategies for operating in public while revealing as little as possible – absurdist showbiz schtick fashioned into armour. "There's always an idea of a character," Turner admits. "There's always something to hide behind."

It's not surprising that Noel Gallagher can't understand Turner and Kane. They think the music is its own explanation. When it's as good as this, perhaps it is.

Everything You've Come To Expect (Domino Records) is out on 1 April.















DUMI OBUROTA has deep roots and wide branches. Whether calling the tunes for his friend Tinie Tempah or walking tall with his own fashion label, the director of British hip-hop's commercial corp is our homegrown superstar mover and shaker. GQ talks record-breaking No1s, exclusive parties and the power of positivity with the man behind the shape of things to come

STORY BY DYLAN JONES

PHOTOGRAPH BY CHAZ CALLINGHAM-WOODS





raditionally, the Oliver Spencer fashion show is one of the highlights of London Collections Men. the men's fashion week organised by the British Fashion Council twice a year, in January and June. Oliver tends to turn his shows into theatre, often with live accompaniment - one season, The Specials drummer John Bradbury, now deceased, played his kit throughout the show – and usually with various celebrities walking with the models on the catwalk (Blur's Alex James and Spandau Ballet's Gary Kemp have both modelled for him).

This season the star of his show wasn't a celebrity so much as a scene maker, namely Dumi Oburota, the 33-year-old manager of Tinie Tempah and co-founder of Disturbing London, an entertainment label that has branched out as a lifestyle and fashion brand. As he paraded down the catwalk, looking both self-conscious and slightly pleased with himself (he had done it as a favour to Oliver, though you could tell he enjoyed being asked), half the front row started to smile; Oburota has been a keen supporter of London Collections Men since it launched nearly five years ago and has become almost as familiar as Tinie at the various fashion shows, dinners and parties. In this respect he is a professional gadabout, though in the grander scheme of things he is so much more. Because Oburota is one of the smartest young entrepreneurs in the music business, a man who thinks big, acts local and does everything with a smile.

Born in Lewisham in south London, his father was both an accountant and a greengrocer, while his mother was a social worker. Like his two sisters, he attended the Haberdashers' Aske's Federation in New Cross (he also has a younger brother). He left in 1998 and quickly became immersed in the garage scene, DJing while contemplating a career in physiotherapy. He worked at Gap, went raving at the weekends and started planning his future. He found it difficult getting into clubs so he started charming the bouncers and soon affability became his modus operandi. He needed money to supplement his student loan at the University of Greenwich - where he was now studying sports science - and so he started to salvage cars, making small sums to get by but wanting to get more involved with music. Spurred on by a friend, who suggested he get into management, he went on the BBC's website, typed in "music management" and read all the books they recommended.

Then, after a few false starts, he stumbled upon the man who would propel both of them to notoriety. He was at his mother's house one day when he was introduced to Rosemary Okogwu, who was overly enthusiastic about her son's musical chops. He vaguely knew her son, Patrick Chukwuemeka Okogwu, as he was

a cousin, but had no idea he was so into music. (The two aren't actually related, but their families are originally from the same village in Nigeria, where it is customary for the children of friends to be called cousins.)

"She goes to me, 'Oh, my son, your brother, he's an MC, he raps, he's brilliant!'" says Oburota. "And I was saying, 'No he's not.' Every mum says their son can rap and I'm like, 'Yeah, yeah, whatever.' So a couple of months later, my mum was like, 'There's a big party. You need to come. You need to put this date in your diary.' So I said OK. One of my uncles had a party at his house in Sheen and that's when it started. She said, 'Patrick, meet Dumi; Dumi, Patrick.' I was like, yeah, you look little, but, you know, a good looking boy."

Patrick of course very soon became Tinie Tempah, who under Oburota's tutelage has become one of the biggest pop acts of the 21st century – in the UK he has had more No1s this decade than any other artist.

"I first met Dumi when I was 16 years old," says Tinie. "At the time I was sceptical about having a manager, but Dumi won me over with his hugely optimistic attitude. He made me

'Dumi made me feel like all the crazy ideas
I had in my head were possible'

feel like all the crazy ideas I had in my head were possible and that he was going to help me achieve every single one of them. I see him as my brother and my friend.

Tinie Tempah

"What distinguishes Dumi from other managers is that he cares about every aspect of the artists he manages. He's as concerned about my family life, health and wellbeing as he is about my music. This encourages me to work even harder, since I know he puts in the same amount of effort as I do. Together we achieve great results."

Oburota was obsessed with the hustle, but smart enough to know that to thrive as the custodian of a brand – Tinie – he needed to connect with the worlds of fashion, film and lifestyle. He forged relationships with sportswear brands, international fashion houses, magazines, charities, festivals and the automotive world. He has also stood on the shoulders of giants, studying the work of Jay Z, Russell Simmons, P Diddy and former U2 manager Paul McGuinness.

"When I looked at a lot of British urban acts, I got frustrated that they were just copying the US, using Americans as a reference," Oburota says. "I also saw how Americans used to come here, steal our culture, steal our trends, go across the pond, repackage it, give it back to us and we would lap it up. I wanted to have a company that celebrated what's great about British street culture, not the American scene."

And you couldn't get more British than Tinie Tempah.

"We always thought people weren't true to themselves over here," says Oburota. "Like, when you're a rapper you have to come across with this mad bravado. You can be larger than life on the stage, but have a clean image. I used to watch 50 Cent, and he was one of the biggest notorious gangster rappers, but then you see him on the interviews and he is one of the most articulate people you could ever meet. This is why Americans sell, because they know how to keep it to the streets, but when they're talking commercial they can articulate themselves. English acts, they are street through and through, and that's good if that's true to you. But you can't tell me you've come all this way and you don't know how to write a CV or you don't know how to pick up the phone and pay your phone bill. Because you're not going to be talking the same way when you pay your phone bill as you do when you're MCing."

Between them they worked on Tinie's image, making sure he reflected Britain rather than the US, using a brilliantly fused mix of street and Savile Row. This dedication to British style – coupled with their charming demeanour – has made them two of the most soughtafter party guests in London. During London Fashion Week and London Collections Men, any party worth going to will have Tinie and Oburota at the top of their guest list.

"I'm not an aggressive person," he says. "No, that's just how I am. I just like people. I feel that it's all about energy. If you respect me then I respect you. And I'll respect you first. I'm a firm believer in karma: what energy you put out is the energy you receive. I believe in myself. I've got confidence in myself. I'm not trying to bullshit anybody. Yes, everybody needs an accolade, but I've got a good support system in my family and friends, so they support me and believe in me. I'm not begging for people to say I'm Mr Important. I prefer for my work to do the talking for me."

Oburota has had extraordinary success in the industry, but when I ask him what would make him more successful, what would make him a better leader, he doesn't hesitate to answer.

"Experience," he says. And then he smiles.



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hen it comes to "squad goals", we want to be in Christopher Bailey's gang. Having cast leading men Eddie Redmayne, Sam Riley and Hugh Dancy in

Burberry campaigns (not forgetting Douglas Booth, Max Irons, Alex Pettyfer, Sam Claflin, Jamie Campbell Bower and Tom Sturridge) it seems that every hot young Brit talent steps up to the Burberry lens on the way to a Bafta nomination – or is it the other way around?

Now it's the turn of 26-year-old Josh Whitehouse, the breakout star of Elaine Constantine's Northern Soul, to represent the house for its new fragrance, Mr. Burberry. Having met on a fashion shoot (where else do wannabe actors catch a break these days?), Constantine cast Whitehouse as sweaty, sweary Matt, who introduces school nerd John (Elliot James Langridge) to sex, speed and all-night raving in Seventies Wigan. The dance scenes got the whip-thin duo seriously ripped. "It's a lot of your core," says Whitehouse. "To prepare myself to be able to dance like that I'd kind of half break dance, kicking my leg from side to side 30 times, and I'd get really out of breath. If I tried to do it now, I'd pass out. But we looked authentic." Whitehouse also kept one of Matt's tattoos, having the blue bird permanently inked on his chest as a reminder to let life wash over him. "It's a bird in a pond flapping its wings. It's a reminder to flap your wings once in a while instead of being caught up in an argument."

The Mr. Burberry campaign, shot by *Shame* director Steve McQueen, places Whitehouse opposite Paolo Nutini's other half, model Amber Anderson, and makes a convincing case for a dirty weekend at London's Café Royal. We doubt Nutini will care much for it, but Whitehouse was thrilled to be working with one of his heroes. "It's been amazing to work with Steve McQueen. I love his work."

Always ahead of the curve, Burberry is releasing a dedicated capsule collection of classics simultaneously with the Mr. Burberry fragrance. The Mr. Burberry collection features work-perfect tailoring, accessories and various iterations of the ever-present trench coat. Not that we think Whitehouse will ever have to work in an office: when he's not in front of a camera, he likes to draw and paint and he's the lead singer and guitarist in the band High Cross Society.

With further projects in the pipeline (*The Receptionist, Modern Life Is Rubbish, Alleycats*) 2016 is shaping up to be a busy year for Whitehouse – and it will only get busier after his imminent appearance on every bus and billboard between here and Beijing: "I've been seeing the taxis driving around and the posters on the Tube, thinking, 'That's going to be me.' I mean, that's a crazy feeling." JP

Mr. Burberry collection, from £95. burberry.com





THE MAN WHO LEFT HIS LIFE ON THE MOUNTAIN

Harried by the brother he lost in the Himalayas and forsworn

by the 'fascist' former climbing partners who, in turn,

abandoned him, REINHOLD MESSNER nevertheless

remains the face of mountaineering's bitter history. GQ speaks

to the boundary-breaking adventurer about Nazi benefactors,

the Everest 'kindergarten' and how three nights at the edge

of death gave him perspective he'd never had before...

even from the top of the world

STORY BY ED CAESAR PORTRAIT BY ANDREAS H BITESNICH



Reinhold and Günther Messner were raised by the mountains. Born 20 months apart in a family of ten children, they grew up in South Tyrol – a long-disputed and predominantly German-speaking area between Austria and Italy – in the gorgeous Villnöss Valley, hemmed in by the steepling Dolomites.

The mountains dominated the brothers' childhood. Reinhold reached his first 1,000metre summit at the age of five. Before bedtime, their mother read them fantastic stories of the great British alpinists of the Twenties - stories that still linger in Reinhold's head today. When they were small, their father climbed with the boys on weekends. When they were older, they climbed to get away from him. The two boys, who had not been especially friendly with each other until their teens, formed a lasting bond when Reinhold discovered Günther cowering in the dog kennel, unable to walk, after their father - who was prone to bouts of rage - had thrashed him with a whip. The brothers found courage and freedom climbing together.

The Messners made their first Himalayan expedition in 1970. They were 25 and 24 years old and already peerless rock climbers in Europe. They had scaled so many "impossible" walls that Reinhold remembers receiving letters from older climbers saying, "You will live maybe ten days more; this is crazy, what you do." In 1970, as part of a large German-led team, they had been invited to attempt the previously unclimbed Rupal Face of Nanga Parbat in Pakistan, the largest, highest rock wall in the world. (Nanga Parbat is 8,126-metres high; the precipitous Rupal Face rises a nearly unimaginable 4,600m.)

The expedition was difficult for more reasons than the mountaineering challenge. Reinhold, who was already fiercely opinionated about the ethics of climbing and proud of his own prowess, was frustrated both by the bad weather and by the lumpen decision-making of Karl Herrligkoffer, the team leader. Herrligkoffer was an older German, whose half-brother, Willy Merkl, had died on Nanga Parbat in 1934 and who viewed the mountain as a kind of private obsession.

Much of the expedition was spent building higher and higher camps on the mountain, but a shot at the summit looked out of the question. Finally, with days left until the expedition's permit ran out, there was a break in the weather and Reinhold took his opportunity. On 27 June, he began to climb the Rupal Face alone. He remembers that this wall of rock and ice, which had terrified the mountaineering community for decades, was technically easy for him compared to the climbs he had already made in the Alps. "Of course," he told me, "it's much more dangerous because it's higher. If you have an accident up there, who will save you? It's another world."

To Reinhold's surprise and fleeting annoyance, his brother soon joined him in this other world. Günther saw Reinhold had left the highest camp and raced up the rock face to catch him. The Messners reached the summit together an hour before sunset — a magnificent achievement. But with no stoves, tent or sleeping bags, they were forced to build an emergency bivouac high on the mountain. By the next morning, Reinhold could see that Günther was unwell.

A few days later, Reinhold staggered into the valley below the Diamir Face of Nanga Parbat – the other side of the mountain – hallucinating and missing seven of his toes. Günther was lost and dead. Some other climbers on the 1970 expedition continue to believe that Reinhold abandoned his brother in order to pursue his own ambitions. Reinhold violently disagrees. The argument still smoulders in the mountaineering community today.

I met Messner on a bright, cold day in November in South Tyrol, at one of his castles (he owns two), which now holds one of six Messner Mountain Museums. The leaves on the lower slopes of the surrounding mountains were turning or turned, the light was thrillingly clear and from the high ramparts you could imperially survey the valley and the toy-townish city of Bozen nestled in its centre.

Whatever happened on Nanga Parbat in 1970 - and, 46 years on, Messner has much to say on the matter - those four days in the Himalayas catalysed the most lauded, fabled and lucrative climbing career in history. "It is," Messner wrote, "where everything ended and everything begins." The experience also created the old man I encountered at the castle: a man whose wild beard and wild eves are shot through with grey; a man whose smile can mean anything; a man who has apparently not softened with age; a man who chose to be interviewed in a fortress defended by stone lions; a man, like his father, given to rages; a man of 71 who remains so attractive to women that they crowd around him as he talks and ask him for autographs; a man with three toes.

here are 14 peaks measuring more than 8,000 metres in the world. Reinhold Messner was the first person to climb them all. Before he passed that landmark, in 1986, he also became the first man to solo an

This wall of rock and ice had terrified mountaineers for decades but was easy for Messner

8,000-metre peak from base camp, when he reconquered Nanga Parbat in 1978, eight years after his brother's death. The same year, he and his friend Peter Habeler became the first people to reach the summit of Everest without supplementary oxygen. And in 1980, Messner became the first man to solo Everest – a feat also achieved without supplementary oxygen.

Considered alone, Messner's achievements are more than enough to earn him a seat in the pantheon. Kenton Cool, the British mountaineer who has reached the summit of Everest eleven times, said Messner and Habeler's oxygen-less climb in 1978 "was nothing short of visionary" and that "he is arguably the greatest mountaineer that's ever graced the planet. I can only thank him for blowing the sport apart." Doug Scott, one of Britain's finest ever mountaineers, said Messner is the "most inspirational Himalayan climber of all time". Later, Scott added, more simply, "He's always been a hero to me."

If Messner is a hero, he is a complicated one. He is as famous for his irascibility and outspoken views on mountaineering as for the mountains he has scaled. In 1971, a year after the disastrous triumph on Nanga Parbat, he wrote a now-famous essay entitled "The Murder Of The Impossible". In a few corrosive paragraphs, he inveighed against the climber who "carries his courage in his rucksack" and uses bolts and other technical equipment on rock faces where they should use their own skill. Messner was 26 years old at the time and his bombast is thrilling to read. (He continues to be a beguiling, risk-taking writer.)

Messner's views have only become more entrenched since then. When he looks at what has happened to Everest in the past two decades, for instance, he does not see the savage, otherworldly deathtrap that confronted him when he stood at the foot of the North Col in 1980, contemplating four days alone on the mountain with only the equipment he could carry on his back. He sees a "kindergarten" – a mountain with miles of fixed rope set up for weekend hillwalkers to reach the summit with the help of guides and Sherpas. In Messner's view, there is no more possibility of





adventure or risk on the world's highest mountain. All that remains is tourism. It's like a holiday camp, he said. It's like Las Vegas.

Messner is not just provocative for the fun of it. (Although it is huge fun; watch those blue eyes dance.) His identity as a person is indivisible from his austere mountaineering creed. To understand where his philosophy and his ice pick meet, you have to know that his ideas were shaped not just by climbing but by an inexhaustible curiosity about the story of climbing and by the 6,000 or so books in his library. In particular, they were shaped by the life and philosophy of an Austrian alpinist named Paul Preuss, a similarly outspoken advocate of "pure" alpinism, who died in 1913 while free soloing (climbing alone, without ropes) the North Ridge of Mandlkogel, and whose name was written out of mountaineering history by the German and Austrian Alpine Club

because he was Jewish. And to understand why that ignominious episode in European mountaineering history matters particularly to Messner, you have to return to the very top of Nanga Parbat on 27 June 1970.

ccording to Messner, the two brothers reached the summit of Nanga Parbat, shook hands and discussed the best way down. Night was falling. Reinhold soon saw that Günther was suffering badly from altitude sickness. There seemed no chance that they could reverse down the formidable Rupal Face, which would require a degree of technical skill beyond the ailing Günther. Reinhold decided that their only chance of making it down alive was to use the other side of the mountain, the Diamir

Face. This was a vast undertaking – a "traverse" of Nanga Parbat had never been done before. What's more, Reinhold says he had planned for a quick ascent and descent of the Rupal Face. Neither he nor Günther had a stove, tent or sufficient food for a long reverse down the Diamir Face.

"I was afraid of the descent," Messner later wrote in his book about Nanga Parbat, *The Naked Mountain*. "Very afraid. It was fear of the unknown mostly; straight down the Diamir Face, a 4,000-metre precipice of rock and ice full of unseen dangers and pitfalls. It was certainly a big risk we were taking. We only accepted the risk because there was no other way out and because it would be easier to die trying than do nothing and wait for certain death."

On the first night of the descent, the brothers bivouacked in the Merkl Gap, about 250 metres from the summit. That night, the temperature dropped to 40 below freezing.

The next morning, with Günther now reeling from altitude sickness, the brothers saw two other members of the expedition, Peter Scholz and Felix Kuen, making their way up the mountain. They were perhaps 100 metres away. In a puzzling episode, Reinhold could not communicate the brothers' perilous position to his colleagues. (Both Scholz and Kuen are now dead and so this incident remains a puzzle.) After realising he and Günther were on their own, Reinhold says he made his way down the Diamir Face, frequently moving ahead of his faltering brother to look for crevasses or dead ends. They spent another freezing night in a bivouac together.

The next morning, Reinhold once again forged ahead of his brother, staking out a safe route until, frostbitten and hallucinating, he found a glacial stream, where he drank and revived himself. But where was Günther? He



Fraternal rest (from left): Reinhold and Günther Messner make camp, just days before Günther's death on the bare face of Nanga Parbat, 1970

re-trod his steps to look for him but could not see him anywhere. He remembers calling out his name over and over again. Günther! Günther! Another day and night was spent in this hell. Reinhold eventually concluded that his brother must have been killed by an avalanche.

That was, and remains, Reinhold's story. Other members of the 1970 expedition to Nanga Parbat hold quite different beliefs about what happened to Günther Messner. After the publication of *The Naked Mountain* in 2003, two members of the expedition, Hans Saler and Max von Kienlin, said that Reinhold had planned the traverse of Nanga Parbat all along. Another, Gerhard Baur, said Reinhold talked about a traverse with the rest of the team in base camp before his climb up the Rupal Face. In this version of events, Reinhold is supposed to have abandoned his sick brother near the top of Nanga Parbat and set off down the Diamir Face alone. Günther, meanwhile,

was left to climb down the Rupal Face on his own. Saler told *Outside* magazine in 2003, "There is a big lie behind Reinhold's story." Essentially, these fellow climbers believe that Messner sacrificed his brother on the altar of his ambition.

It would take – indeed, it has taken – many books and lawsuits to document the crossfire of claim and counter-claim exchanged between the warring parties on Nanga Parbat since 1970. The argument was never solely about reputations. For more than three decades after his brother died, Messner repeatedly returned to the mountain, in order to look for his remains. In 1971, for instance, Reinhold spent a week searching for Günther on Nanga Parbat, with no success. He returned every night to his tent, and wept. Messner was not only driven by grief. He knew that if he found Günther on the Diamir side of the mountain, his story

would essentially be verified and he could clear his name.

Meanwhile, von Kienlin, a German baron who paid for his spot on the Nanga Parbat expedition, had an extra reason to hate Messner, beyond his supposed callousness on the mountain. While Messner was recuperating from the ordeal on Nanga Parbat at von Kienlin's castle in Germany, and before the two men fell out. Messner began an affair with Ursula Demeter, von Kienlin's wife. Von Kienlin and Ursula were divorced soon afterwards. Messner married Ursula in 1972

In Messner's eyes, however, the jealousy motive is a distraction. What is really at issue in the argument about Günther Messner, he believes, is politics. "I am not willing to speak with

fascists," he told me.

This seems like a characteristic Messner overreach (Everest has become Las Vegas!). Indeed, calling all of his German teammates in 1970 "fascists" is a stereotype that belongs in a fascist handbook. But when you read about the Nanga Parbat expedition, one sees at least a faint flickering of truth behind the slur. Willy Merkl – half-brother of the 1970 expedition's leader, Karl Herrligkoffer – died on Nanga Parbat in 1934 as part of a Nazifunded expedition. Herrligkoffer was heavily invested in re-creating the supposed heroics of that 1934 assault, in which nobody reached the summit and several people perished.

Alpinism was important to the Nazis. When Heinrich Harrer and his colleagues climbed the North Face of the Eiger in 1934, Harrer said he had gone "beyond the summit" for the Führer. Hitler returned the favour by touring Germany with his climbing heroes. It wasn't just a case of Nazi propagandists co-opting an attractive

Sport that showcased certain idealised Germanic qualities – physical strength heroism, forbearance and so on. As early as 1924, nine years before Hitler came to power, the German and Austrian Alpine Club had imbibed Nazi ideology and began to expel the club's Jewish members. It was in this new wave of anti-Semitism that Messner's hero, Paul Preuss, was written out of German alpine history.

essner claims, again provocatively, that the spirit of what he calls "heroic alpinism" – the spirit of the Nazi expeditions of the Thirties, where deaths in themselves mattered less than heroic sacrifice - has lingered in German mountaineering and was present on the 1970 expedition. Part of the reason he believes that he has been chastened by fellow members of the 1970 expedition is because he was an individualist who cared less about the tactics of the team leader and the glory of the team than about reaching the summit of the mountain and returning safely. What's more, he says the same spirit lingers today. "They are fascists now!" he said, banging his hand on the table.

One can never tell how serious Messner is being, or whether he simply likes a fight. Certainly, his ideas about climbing, politics and the role of the individual could not be more different than his characterisation of the Nazi expeditions. Whereas Willy Merkl wrote, "The most decisive factor in the Himalaya is the collaboration of like-minded individuals, a community of labour which devotes itself, not to personal ambition, but is loyal to the main goal," Messner is a self-confessed egotist who climbs only for himself. He has never carried a flag to any summit.

Part of Messner's rejection of nationalism is a function of his upbringing. He comes from South Tyrol, an autonomous region within Italy, whose people mostly speak German and which once belonged to Austria. Perhaps more importantly, a rejection of a certain type of nationalistic chauvinism is a rejection of his father. Messner revealed several years ago to *National Geographic* that his father had supported the Nazis' plan to relocate the German–speaking population of South Tyrol to the fatherland. For these political and temperamental reasons, it has always been easier for Messner to belong to a nation of one person.

But often Messner takes his views too far. As the argument rumbles on between him and the German mountaineering community, he believes he is still suffering at the hands of "fascists" and equates his suffering to that of the Jews before the Second World War.

"If a group with one million members is telling in their papers and publications that Messner is excluded from all the infrastructures and cultural work of the German Alpine Club... That's exactly what the German Alpine Club did in 1924 with the Jewish people," he tells me. "They cannot go to the huts; they cannot do lectures; they cannot be members."

t wasn't just Günther Messner who died on Nanga Parbat in 1970. Part of Reinhold died too. Missing most of his toes and fingertips, he realised he could never again scale the fiendish rock faces that had made him a minor celebrity in the world of European climbing. He decided to start what he calls a "new life", concentrating only on high-altitude climbing. He would do it in a new way – in an "alpine style", with the minimum of kit and few, if any, teammates, rather than the siegelike "expedition style" he had experienced on Nanga Parbat. He would also do it full time.

Messner quit his job as a schoolteacher, and began looking for sponsorship. Some of his climbs in the Seventies were magical achievements. Most, but not all, were high. He often teamed up with Peter Habeler, a climber with talent and speed like Messner, but less machismo – the yin to his yang. In 1974, 40 years after Harrer's famous ascent of the

The team's leader wanted to re-create the 'heroics' of a Nazi-funded expedition

North Face of the Eiger, Messner and Habeler climbed the *Nordwand* themselves. They set off in the small hours and had finished by midday, in a record time of ten hours. When they had completed their climb, they met Clint Eastwood, who was filming in the area, and had lunch with him in a pub in Kleine Scheidegg. (When Habeler wrote to me to verify this and other stories, he added, "Clint was and still is my hero.")

In the Himalayas, Messner and Habeler's "alpine style" and speed of movement allowed them to attempt the previously unthinkable. Without oxygen, camps, fixed ropes or porters, they climbed Hidden Peak (8,080 metres) in 1975 by a new route in three days. This was the first time an 8,000-metre peak had been climbed in the alpine style. Messner was reimagining mountaineering. He and Habeler reshaped it once more in May 1978, when they raced up Everest without supplementary oxygen - a feat that some doctors had said was physiologically impossible - and reached the summit. Later that year, Messner did something perhaps more incredible. He soloed Nanga Parbat from base camp in the alpine

style. Doug Scott believes that climb may be the greatest of all Messner's achievements, or at least as worthy of praise as his historic solo of Everest two years later.

For much of this glory period, Messner says he was miserable. After 1970, he felt "despair and grief" at the loss of his brother and closest friend and a kind of "survival guilt." It affected both his soul and his climbing. One of his brothers, Hansjorg Messner, told *National Geographic* that when Reinhold got home to the family after Günther died, their father's attitude was that the wrong son had been left behind. Unlike Reinhold, who did everything his own way, Günther was obedient and "stronger". Hansjorg said that the question hung in the air: why him and why not Reinhold?

When I spoke to Messner about this episode, either he had a quite different recollection or he chose to suppress certain details. "What you have to understand is that my brother disappeared in nowhere," he said. "It's different for me. I was there. I knew everything. Because I had the experience of going down the mountain and trying to bring him down. But for the mother, the mother cannot imagine... It's much harder for the mother, for the father and the brothers, but especially for the mother, to cope with this experience. This is also for the mothers who lose their boys in a war somewhere at the end of the world."

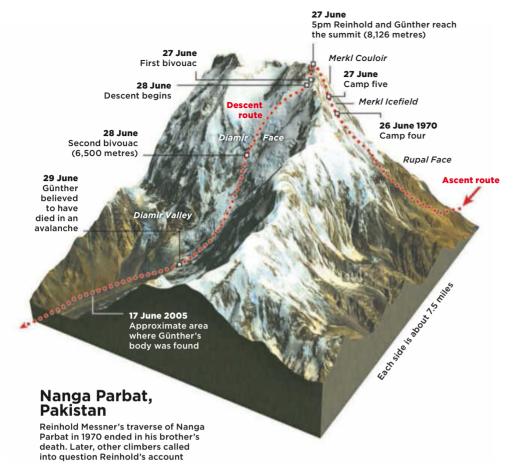
I asked him if anyone in the family was angry with him. "No," he said. "They understood. Also, the parents knew for more than ten years that we were doing these crazy things."

Messner says that in the ensuing years he was corroded by the guilt and sadness he felt. In 1973, when he attempted to climb Nanga Parbat again, using the "alpine style", he gave up almost immediately. In *Reinhold Messner: My Life At The Limit*, he wrote about precisely what turned him around. "I failed relatively low down because I couldn't come to terms with the dangers, the fear and the loneliness. I felt so lost and lonely that I turned back. I wasn't able to cope with that degree of exposure on my own. I could no longer think clearly. I felt like I was going to pieces."

Throughout this depressive period, he continued to climb. A combination of the psychic freight he was lugging and the amount of time he spent away from home contributed to his relationship with Ursula falling apart. They were divorced in 1977.

At the centre of his sadness seemed to be a paradox: to be alone on a high mountain with only what he could carry was at once the purest distillation of his mountaineering philosophy and the ultimate rebuke for his mode of living. As a climber, his alone-ness was applauded; as a person, his alone-ness left him catastrophically isolated. Messner recognised this in his book *The Crystal Horizon*, about his greatest triumph, the 1980 solo of Everest.

"I am a fool," he wrote, "who with his longing for love and tenderness runs up cold mountains."



ach pioneering success has been for Messner a kind of death and it has also been a moment of rebirth. Once he has achieved something, he says, the thing itself becomes "boring" and he moves on. After 1970, he could no longer climb technical rock faces, so he went to the highest mountains in the world. That period ended and began in 1980, after his solo of Everest. He told me, "I realise it's over, this period. I cannot go higher. And alone is alone. My possibilities to evolve were finished." And, after he climbed Lhotse, his final 8,000-metre peak, in October 1986, he never reached the summit of another eight-thousander.

Instead, Messner's life branched out in odd and interesting directions. He went looking for the origin of the yeti story, which opened him up to a certain amount of ridicule. (In My Quest For The Yeti, which Messner says is "one of my most important books", he concluded that locals had seen an endangered Himalayan brown bear and formed the myth around it.) He started to explore horizontal wildernesses and made impressive crossings of the Gobi desert and Antarctica. He advertised rum and mountain gear. From 1999 to 2004, he represented South Tyrol as an MEP for the Italian Green Party. And, in his sixties, he began his Messner Mountain Museums, a chain of six wildly popular and somewhat eccentric temples to alpine culture dotted around South Tyrol.

Messner cannot bring himself to tell me where he now lives. "All around the world," he said. Of course, he would never do anything as bourgeois as live in one place. Eventually, he concedes that he spends his winters in Merano, where the youngest of his three children with partner Sabine Stehle goes to school, and a couple of months of each summer in his other castle, Schloss Juval. The rest of the time he travels the world, either on expeditions or giving lectures or making films (he had just returned from Mount Kenya with a film producer when I met him) or attending to his museums.

We're sitting in a terrace café of one of those museums now, in a fairy-tale castle on a hill, surrounded by middle-aged women fluttering their eyelashes at Messner, which he mostly ignores in order to bellow at me. The museum is filled with beautiful exhibits and weird installations: Tibetan sculpture, an old European chairlift, quotations from climbers and philosophers, and so on. Affixed to a high wall is this piece of wisdom, from Kurt Tucholsky: "The mountain is no longer a mountain. Demystified, abruptly dethroned, a three-thousand metre platitude. People get to the top and do not really know what they are doing there."

Tucholsky seems to be taking aim at tourists. But the quotation makes me ask: what did Messner think he was doing? Why did he need to climb? Why does anyone?

"For us, it's one of the last possibilities to do adventure," he says. "I think human beings, at least some of them, they have the necessity of adventure. A hundred thousand years ago, everything was adventure..."

ver since anybody heard of Reinhold Messner, with those first lightning-fast ascents in the Alps, his reputation as a climber was godlike. That image was eventually burnished by his huge celebrity, by his thrilling books and by his outsized personality. But, for 35 years, a cloud lay over his reputation as a person. People could forgive the rages, the slurs and the wildness. It was part of the brand. But who could forgive a man who had abandoned his brother on Nanga Parbat, as several claimed he had done?

One day, during an unseasonably warm summer in the Himalayas, that cloud began to lift. On 17 July 2005, three Pakistani climbers were on the Diamir glacier of Nanga Parbat at 4,300 metres when they came across the remains of a body: a ribcage, some spinal column, shoulder bones, no head. Nearby, a leather boot and woollen sock encased a lower limb. The boot, they realised, must have belonged to a climber lost on the mountain before 1980, after which footwear became plastic.

Was it Günther Messner? If it was, it supported Reinhold's story that he had brought Günther with him down the Diamir Face and had not abandoned him at the top of the mountain. Reinhold had also claimed that a friend of his, Hanspeter Eisendle, had found Günther's fibula on the mountain in 2000, not far from the spot where the leather boot was found. A DNA expert in Austria said there was no doubt the fibula belonged to a Messner brother. But his enemies remained sceptical. Where had the bone come from? Who might have put it there?

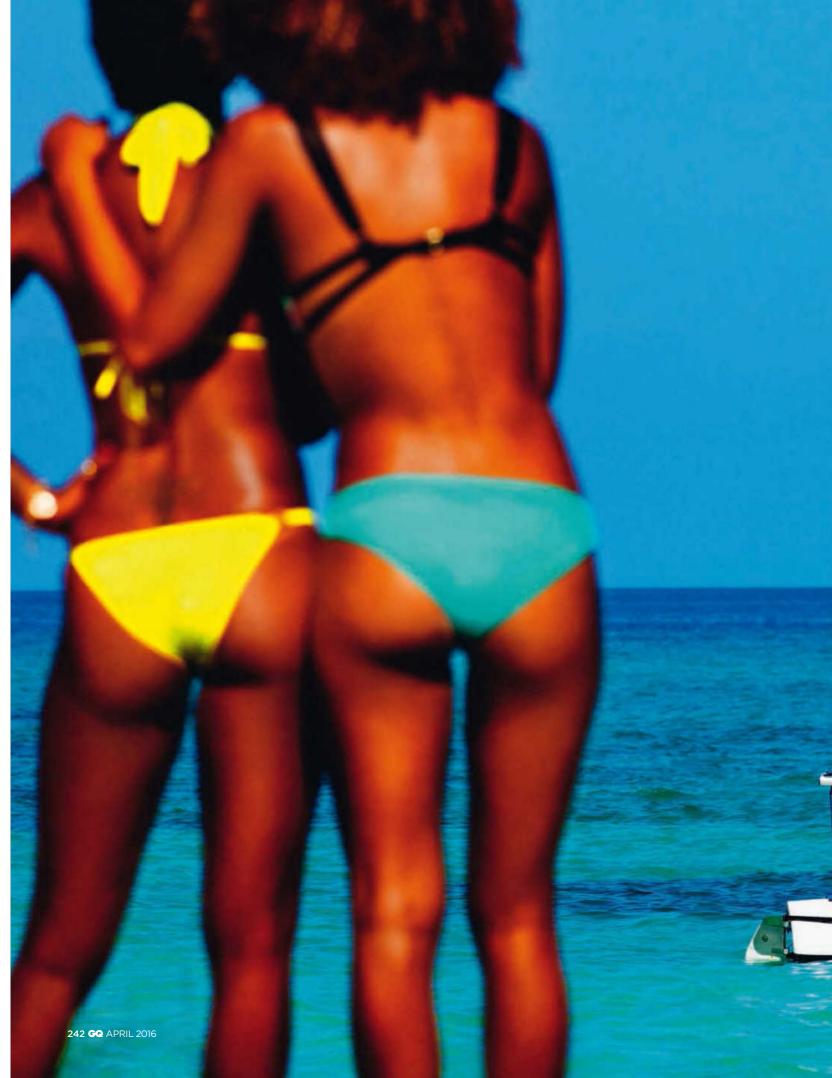
In August 2005, Messner travelled to Nanga Parbat himself to inspect the body. A large party, including two journalists, came with him. He looked at the boot. It was the type of boot that all the 1970 expedition wore. A cord rope was looped over the toe, as he and his brother had worn them. It was Günther.

Once the skeleton had been harvested for DNA samples by a doctor and the boot and foot bones saved to take home, Reinhold called his family to tell them the news. With their permission, he then burned the body at base camp, built a Tibetan chorten memorial and threw Günther's ashes towards the mountain: another death, another rebirth.



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All in one
Design, functionality and technology have been at Piquadro's core from the very beginning, so, of course, this backpack from the Italian leather specialist's new collection has it all. With separate pockets for all of your daily essentials – think laptop, phone, umbrella and keys – it is the perfect kit for the man on the go. £360. piquadro.com

Optical illusion
Continuing its evolut

Continuing its evolution, **Pal Zileri** shows graphic patterns in bold Seventiesinspired tones this season. This fine-gauge knit is a great layering tool; wear it with black denim and trainers for laid-back days or underneath tailoring for a modern workwear look. £330. palzileri.com

2

Carry on carrying

For the ultimate in luxury travel essentials, look no further than **William & Son**'s new Bruton range. Our hero piece from this collection is this textured calfskin leather holdall, that will be your most stylish travel companion this spring. *E1,810. williamandson.com*



If fashion-forward technical wear is on your checklist this spring, then **Paul & Shark**'s luxury line may be for you. Boasting laser-cut perforated fabric in a sophisticated colour palette, this jacket will see you through rain or shine. *E618. At John Anthony. john-anthony.*



O Sartorially savvy

This month sees a fresh take on contemporary style at **H&M** thanks to **David Beckham**. The collection focuses on classic tailoring with a modern twist in muted hues, making this is the perfect time to bag yourself a capsule wardrobe to see you through the season. *Jacket, £39.99. Trousers, £24.99. Shirt, £14.99. All by H&M. hm.com*

Urban explorer
This season, Di

This season, **Diesel** is tapping into the urban utilitywear trend. Our top pick is this bomber jacket that, with its tie-dye print and contrasting sleeves, is not just practical, but also ticks all of our sartorial boxes. E240. At Farfetch. farfetch.com



O Stainless style
No timepiece

collection is complete without a casual option. This season we have this stainless steel **Emporio Armani** watch firmly on our radar. Boasting a matte black finish, slick fabric strap and simple aesthetic, this will be your ultimate wrist candy. £189. Available at Watch Station International. houseoffraser.co.uk



7 Masterful mix

On the hunt for a new tipple? Take a look at the new offering from **Grey Goose**. VX Vodka Exceptionnelle. This Grey Goose and cognac hybrid has already been spotted at some of *GQ*'s favourite late-night hotspots and is now available to enjoy at home. Served chilled, neat and on the rocks. You can thank us later. *£125. At Selfridges. selfridges.com*



Dower flex

This spring sees the rise of the elasticated jean. **Pepe Jeans** introduces denim with dual-core technology, meaning not only will the fabric retain its perfect shape, but you can guarantee they'll be the comfiest pair in your wardrobe. £75. pepejeans.com



⚠ Green with envy This season, **G-Star** by **Marc**

Newson continues to tap into the much-coveted sports-luxe trend. This capsule collection offers premium essentials with a clean and modern aesthetic, making trans-seasonal dressing that little bit more colourful. £200. g-star.com



29.04.16

WIRED'S ONE-DAY EVENT EXPLORING HOW NEW IDEAS, TECHNOLOGIES AND INNOVATIONS ARE DISRUPTING HEALTHCARE RETURNS FOR A THIRD YEAR. BE THERE TO DISCOVER THE FUTURE OF THIS CRITICAL SECTOR

NEWLY CONFIRMED SPEAKERS INCLUDE



ANNA YOUNG
Young is turning
US nurses into
hackers and
problem-solvers
with MakerNurse





JOSE GOMEZ-

MOLLY MALOOF
Doctor Maloof
is an advisor to
health-tech firms
developing digital
wellness tools

MARQUEZ
MARQUEZ
Gomez-Marquez
health semedical
workers to invent
their own devices



JIM O'NEILL
O'Neill chairs
an international
commission
reviewing microbial
resistance



GERO MIESENBÖCK The optogenetics pioneer is working to control nerve cells with light



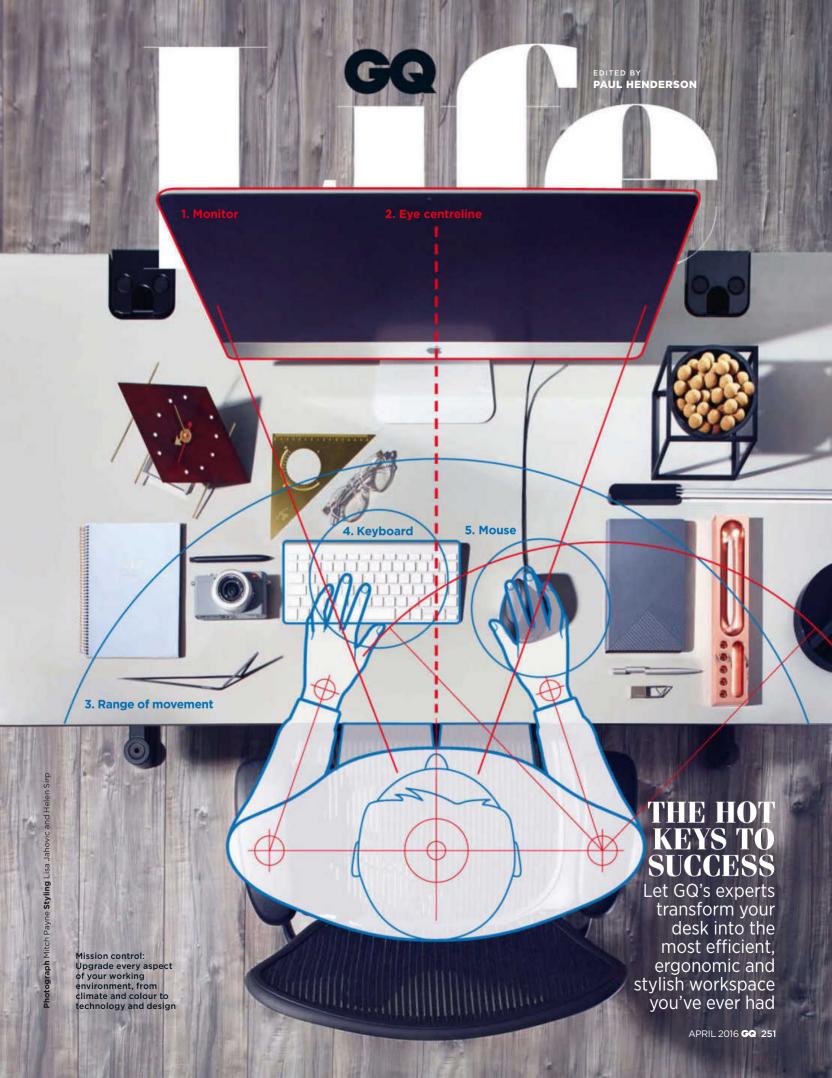








Eventbrite



Build your own space station

ARE YOU sitting comfortably? Chances are, if you work in an office, the answer will be no. Light, height, furniture and foliage can all affect your wellbeing, so allow *GQ*'s experts to act as your 21st century desk doctor...

PHOTOGRAPH BY MITCH PAYNE

3 Lighting

0

"Eye strain can be caused by your desk light being too strong," says Vincenzo Maurino, surgeon at Moorfields Eye Hospital.

GQ suggests: CSYS Lamp by Dyson, £399. dyson.co.uk

4 Air conditioning

"Offices with air conditioning report irritated skin, breathing difficulties, headaches and fatigue," says the International Journal Of Epidemiology.

.HF 710 Humidifier by Heaven Fresh, £199. heavenfresh.co.uk

Music provides an ffective tool for ringing pleasure nd relaxation to the york environment, romoting a positive title do big positive. nvironment can ack creative energy."

1 Sound

GQ suggests:

2 Get a plant

University of Technology Sydney research discovered that plants in offices reduce anxiety by 37 per cent, depression by 58 per cent, hostility by 44 per cent and fatigue by 38 per cent.

GQ suggests: Urban Planters. urbanplanters.co.uk



a cockpit

ou want your desk to be like a cockpit,"
says Matt Perman
(see right). "Easy
access to the things
you use most often and
enough surface area to organise your work.

From left: Book ends by Michael Aram, £252. At Amara. amara.com. Books from left: Jeff Wall by Peter Galassi and James Rondeau (Moma) £21. At wordery.com. Portraits Of New Architecture 2, £50. Shaker: Function, Purity, Perfection, £32 (both Assouline). assouline.com. Bowl by By Lassen, £109. At Skandium, skandium.com. Sweets by Johan Bulow, £10. At Snaps + Rye. snapsandrye.com. Paper knife by Beyond Object, £40. beyond-object.com. Journal by Handlewares, £25. handlewares.com. Camera by Leica, £825. leica.com. Ballpoint pen, £40. USB (transparent), £60. USB (rose gold), £60. Desk organiser, £75. All by Beyond Object. beyond-object.com. Pen (black), £145. Pen (rose gold), £285. Pen (brass), £155. Pen (aluminium), £135. All by Ajoto. ajoto.com. Coffee cup by Scholten + Baijings, £22. At The Design Museum. designmuseumshop.com. Writing folder, £550. Notebook, £165. Both by Smythson.com. Blue tooth phone by Binatone, £21. At Amazon. amazon.co.uk. Glasses by Bold, made to order from £660 (ready to wear, £440), bold.london. Previous page: Clock by George Nelson, £322. At Vitra. vitra.com. Tool, £80. Desk tidy, £200. Both by Tom Dixon. tomdixon.net

7 Mouse and keyboard

"Overuse of the keyboard and mouse can cause painful musculoskeletal disorders," says Alan Hedge, professor in Ergonomics at Cornell University. "There is no best keyboard or mouse design. It's important to check that the mouse comfortably fits your hand; that you can hold it in a neutral posture; and that you can operate it with your upper arm relaxed and close to your body.

GQ suggests:

VerticalMouse by Evoluent, £120. At Posturite. posturite.

8

6

8 Wall colour

"White doesn't help us be productive, and most work environments are white," says University of Texas professor Nancy Kwallek. "There have been studies about colour, and the majority liked to work in a blue or blue-green environment'

GQ suggests: St Giles Blue by Farrow & Ball. farrow-ball.com

Temperature

range that will productive," says Chris Bailey, author of *The* your productivity decrease. Below 20C increases the amount of getting sick.

5 The Phone

Consider using a headset if being on the phone is a large part of your job," says Tim Allardyce at Surrey Physio.

GQ suggests: Pro by Jabra 9400, £319. jabra.co.uk

6 The Desk

"The U-shaped desk is best," says Matt Perman, author of How To Set Up Your Desk. Alternatively, try an electric sitting/ standing desk. "I rate them highly," says Allardyce.

GQ suggests: Haller Kitos by USM, £2,399. At Wellworking. wellworking.co.uk

9 The Chair

"Think before you spend a lot on an ergonomic chair," says Allardyce. "Try a simple one first, such as the operator chair." Whichever chair you get, don't feel your backside is welded to it.

GQ suggests: Aeron by Herman Miller, £898. At Office Furniture Scene. officefurniture scene.co.uk

Seat Height

"Your seat should be adjusted so that your feet are flat on the ground, your knees bent," says the British Chiropractic Association. "You should end up with your hips higher than your knees and your eyes level with the top of the computer screen."

+

Why giving your time can help you take the lead



Offering your skills, talents and experience to help others is an investment that pays dividends to the people you work with, society at large and, above all, yourself

OF ALL my roles, I'm most proud to be Chief Scout. Scouting is the greatest youth movement in history. The benefits it gives young people are incalculable, bestowing them with confidence, teaching respect and determination, introducing them to new friends and giving them an opportunity to have some incredible adventures.

Without doubt, the world would be a much poorer place without the likes of Scouting. And if it weren't for thousands of adult volunteers who give up a little of their free time each week, then Scouting, and so many other life-transforming organisations and charities, simply wouldn't exist. That's why I have developed such huge respect for volunteers: they are a core part of making our world a better place. And, boy, does it need it.

I have never met a volunteer who resents giving up their time to help and inspire others. In fact, the opposite is generally true. They've learned something that is often forgotten: that volunteering works both ways. For sure, the recipients benefit in the obvious ways, but the truth is that the volunteer gains the most. Let me explain.

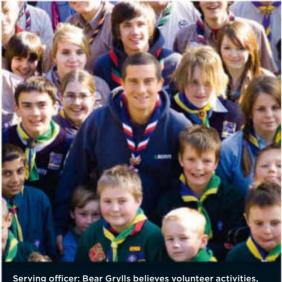
We know volunteering has a great many upsides. People make lifelong friends through volunteering and they benefit from being part of something empowering. Volunteering works on the principle that together we can make a difference. We're social creatures – we become powerful and effective when we work together. Our self-confidence increases, as does our sense of pride and identity. Volunteering helps take your mind off your own worries and gives you a renewed sense of purpose and perspective. And there's overwhelming evidence that volunteering helps battle stress and anxiety, which so many of us can be prone to. On top of that we learn new skills and interests that we can take into the workplace.

But there are also some more surprising benefits of volunteering, which have been well studied

and are very clear. Researchers at the London School of Economics studied a large group of adult volunteers in the US and found that weekly volunteering leads to the same boost in happiness and wellbeing as a pay rise of up to \$80,000 (£55,000).

So what holds people back? I believe it is a lack of confidence and understanding – confidence that we really make a difference and understanding what to do and where to go.

Too often, our notions of what it takes to be a man in the modern world focus solely on what we can do for ourselves: our ability to forge a career, to provide for our family, to maintain our own health. We're very quick to define ourselves by our careers and it can be so easy, in the middle of our



Serving officer: Bear Grylls believes volunteer activities, such as Scouting, can foster respect and belonging

busy lives, to imagine that we simply don't have the time to devote to voluntary work. We think that the voluntary world gets along pretty well without our help, so it's fine to leave that stuff to other people. And maybe, deep down, we imagine that we simply don't have the skills or experience to be of any real help to anybody anyway.

And this is partly why so many men face such a crisis in identity, confidence and brotherhood. In closing our minds to the possibilities and opportunities inherent in volunteering, not only do we lose the chance to make our community a little better, we lose the opportunity to make ourselves better too.

Now, there is always a cost to this improvement, and for the volunteer the cost is time. But the key is that it doesn't require a lot of time. It works on the basis of a lot of people doing a little. (You have heard the expression that if you want something done then ask a busy person.) We can all find a little bit of time in our schedule to dedicate to others. And if we can't then we should.

If we can improve ourselves and our community by doing something so simple,

Weekly volunteering leads to the same boost in happiness and wellbeing as a £55,000 pay rise

imagine what we can achieve when we start to put ourselves out of our comfort zone a little and set ourselves and our groups more ambitious goals – helping build parks or mentoring young homeless people, for instance. Then it gets interesting on so many levels.

I have witnessed, first hand, how volunteering can bring together people of all races, ages and backgrounds, and change communities all over the world for the better. This is a vitally important mission for us to be part of. Look at the rise of jihadism. People want purpose and respect and a sense of communal belonging. And if we don't provide these qualities in something good, people will find it in something bad. Volunteer organisations, such as Scouting, provide this positive purpose.

We should all strive to live lives that are bigger than our own little circles. But if we don't get stuck in, it won't happen. End of story. So go on, look on the internet for a local organisation that excites you, that needs you, and get involved. And ideally involve your children if you have them. It will unite you, strengthen you and inspire you – and you will be part of making the world just that little bit better.

beargrylls.com; scouts.org.uk 🚳





biceps curl and overhead press

Stand feet shoulder-width apart with a dumbbell of suitable weight in each hand and arms by sides. Bend knees as you breathe in, keeping back straight and eyes forward. Squat to 90 degrees and breathe out as you return to start position. Keeping elbows close to sides. curl dumbbells up to shoulders, turn palms out and push dumbbells overhead until arms are fully extended. Lower dumbbells under control to start position and repeat. Keep abdominals engaged throughout.

Perform 3 sets of 15 reps.

Exercise 2

Bulgarian split squat with dumbbells

Stand with left leg extended behind and top of foot on bench. Keep right leg forward with foot and knee aligned. With a dumbbell in each hand, keep arms straight with palms facing thighs. Flex right knee to squat, maintaining upright posture until knee of left leg almost touches floor. Return to start position, pushing through right thigh and keeping weight evenly distributed on right foot.

Perform 3 sets of 12 reps per leg.

Exercise 3

Russian twist

Sit upright on an exercise mat with knees bent and heels on mat. Draw in your abdominals and curl your spine gently back. Holding a medicine ball, reach both arms overhead. Lower the medicine ball to one side, turning chest and shoulders but keeping hips still in place, and tap the floor. Return to start position and repeat on other side for one complete rep.

Perform 3 sets of 20 reps.

gradually build up to running about a third of race distance per day. Divide your training runs over four days, with two long runs and two shorter, easier recovery runs.

Research has shown training on slightly tired legs to be more effective, so try doing the long sessions on consecutive days, being sure to take the next day off.

Around two months before the race, conduct one of the recovery runs as a high-intensity interval session. This will help increase your speed. Jonathan Goodair 🚳 jonathangoodair.com; homehouse.co.uk

Make your reading work a little harder

The past 12 months have been great for business books. In fact, it would be easy to list a dozen must-reads. But we appreciate that you're busy, so here are five of the top performers...

Why Should Anyone Work Here? By Rob Goffee and Gareth Jones

The follow-up to 2006's Why Should Anyone Be Led By You? looks at how employees' relationships with their organisations have changed and how the challenge to keep them engaged has become greater. The authors identify six characteristics that allow staff to be at their best and translate these into easy-to-follow rules. The result is plenty of practical advice for finding happiness and meaning in your job. Harvard Business Review Press, £20.



Elon MuskBy Ashlee Vance

Is Elon Musk the new Steve Jobs? This is one of many questions this excellent biography poses. The South African behind Tesla, PayPal and SpaceX emerges as fascinatingly flawed. He has an insatiable appetite for risk. He's a utopian dreamer, an ultra-driven boss. He is, above all, one of the outsized Silicon Valley personalities shaping our future – and that's why the geniuses are queuing up to work for him. Ebury, £20.



The Rise Of The Robots By Martin Ford

For those who want a worrying glimpse of the future, Ford's award-winner is required reading. His premise is simple: the automation that laid waste to millions of blue-collar jobs in the

Eighties and Nineties is set to do the same higher up the ladder. "The machines are coming for the high-wage, high-skill jobs as well," he warns – and radical thinking will be needed to deal with the new obsolete millions. Oneworld Publications, £18.99.

Superforecasting: The Art And Science Of Prediction By Philip Tetlock and Dan Gardner

This fascinating book asks why experts are so bad at predicting the future and how this might be improved? The answer is heartening. Experts are blind-sided by preconceptions and are as fallible as the rest of us. However, a group of "superforecasters" make consistently good predictions. They tend to be generalists not hemmed in by the orthodoxy of their fields. In an era of specialisation it's a lesson we could all do with re-learning. Crown Publishing Group, £16.99.



Leadership BSBy Jeffrey Pfeffer

Stanford professor Pfeffer takes a realistic approach to the study of power structures, asking why people who are terrible CEOs bounce from one failure to the next without consequences; and why do people work for companies they hate? Pfeffer is no cynic – rather an honest academic reporting what the data tells him – and he refuses to sugarcoat the pill. Harper Business, £18.99. Rhymer Rigby



PHILIP TETLOCK
DAN GARDNER

ASHLEE VANCE

Goffee

hy should anyone work here?



Class wars

High-intensity sessions are all the rage in New York. GQ's personal trainer **Jonathan Goodair** picks the fiercest

SoulCycle

Once you're set up on your **cycle** the lights go down, and the instructors guide you through **45 minutes of intervals** increasing in intensity, with core work, performed seated and standing, **push-ups and dips** on the handlebars, and then arm work with dumbbells. \$20 (E14) for first-timers. soul-cycle.com

Exceed Physical Culture

Exceed's signature class is a 50-minute high-intensity metabolism charge, mixing Concept2 rowing, TRX Suspension training, floor work, kettle-bells and plyometric training to improve strength, endurance and balance. \$32 (£22) per class. exceedphysical culture.com

SLT (Strengthen, Lengthen, Tone)

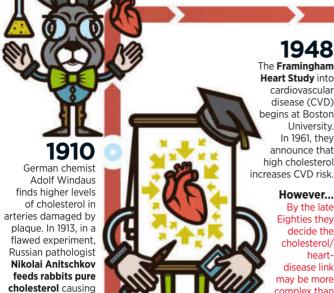
A Pilates-inspired workout performed on a machine called the Megaformer. With a multitude of settings, it will take your body to a new level of muscle burn. Instructors give individual attention ensuring muscles are isolated and worked from every angle. \$20 (E14) for first-timers. sltnyc.com

Gotham Gym

Offering NYC's coolest boxing classes, Gotham Gym is a no-frills venue run by former fighters. Classes include intervals of boot camp-style exercises, star jumps, burpees and squat jumps, followed by combination work on pads. Prepare to have sore arms, abs, backside and legs. \$25 (E17.50) per class. gothamgym.com

Barry's Bootcamp

Barry's is the one that destroyed me. The one-hour workout is made up of high-intensity Intervals, lots of incline work and sprints on heavy duty **Woodway treadmills**, plus resistance work with free weights, resistance bands and medicine balls. Expect to take your CV fitness to the next level. \$34 (£24) per class. barrysbootcamp.com



similar arterial

damage. Scientists link cholesterol to heart disease for the first time.

DIET

Go against the flow

Cholesterol may not be as

dangerous as we've been

certainly divisive. GQ gets

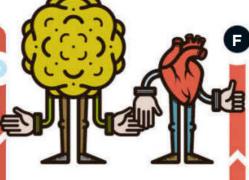
to the heart of the matter

led to believe, but it is

1948 The Framingham **Heart Study** into cardiovascular disease (CVD) begins at Boston University. In 1961, they announce that high cholesterol

However...

By the late Eighties they decide the cholesterol/ heartdisease link may be more complex than supposed



2001 A study into cholesterol and mortality in Honolulu suggests low cholesterol might be bad for an ageing population.

2015 New US dietary guidelines state that "cholesterol is not a nutrient of concern for overconsumption". In July, a study emerges showing that in Japan, as cholesterol levels

have steadily increased since the Sixties, CVD rates have dropped. Watch this space...



A US health conference sets the first blood cholesterol targets.

However...

Supporters of the diet-heart hypothesis hold every key post on the panel. Time magazine's cover reads: "Cholesterol: And Now The Bad News". The idea that saturated fat "clogs arteries" becomes enshrined.



The two types of lipoprotein - HDL and LDL - that transport cholesterol around the body are discovered to have different properties, and labelled "good" and "bad". In fact, both are vital (still, it's really

not that simple).

Research begins to

find a cholesterollowering drug. By 1987, statins are on the market to reduce heart disease. By 2011, it's a \$30 billion industry.

However...

Side effects include aching muscles, sleep disturbances and foggy thinking.

CONTRARY to what you might think after watching a "heart-healthy spread" advert, cholesterol isn't something to vanquish. Your body actually makes it – and it isn't trying to slav vou. In fact, cholesterol is an essential building block in your cells. It even helps

make testosterone. Without it, you'd die.

The "diet-heart hypothesis" that emerged in the Fifties (which states that saturated fat raises cholesterol which blocks arteries and increases heart-attack risk) is a pleasingly simple, logical image. But don't put down the butter. As epidemiologist and Bad Science writer Ben Goldacre would say: I think you'll find it's a bit more complicated than that.

From saturated fat to statins, here's a bite-sized guide pinpointing the key moments, myths and controversies clogging the paths to the truth. Jennifer Bradly

1955

Dr Ancel Keys finds that no matter how much cholesterol he feeds volunteers, their blood cholesterol levels stay the same.

GOOD

However...

Keys remains convinced that a fatty diet causes heart disease, and during the Fifties the US government recommends a low-fat diet to combat CVD



"narrowing the boundaries of normal" in his book *Doctoring Data: "*When I graduated in medicine [in 1981], high cholesterol was 7.5 mmol/L. Then it became 6.5, then 5.5, now it is 5." This means 85 per cent of people have "high" cholesterol - bad new for us; good news for the pharmaceutical companies. What's more, as nutrition researcher Zoe Harcombe blogged, "In the highest risk group, for every 100 of men given statins for five years, 1.8 men will live, on average, an extra six months and 98.2 will gain no benefit.



The naked truth about female Viagra

Sexual dysfunction in women is one of the last bedroom taboos. But could a controversial new drug really be the solution?

FEMALE VIAGRA. Now that would be a thing. A pink sibling to the famous blue pill, to magnify the mojo of the fairer sex. Well, it's been invented. More, it's on sale now across the United States. However, in the face of those who claim it a triumph for women and their libidos, critics assert it is a triumph of lobbying: a cynical effort to seam a lucrative new market with a questionable drug.

This new drug is called flibanserin, but sold as "Addyi". It purports to cure women who suffer from low sexual desire: after centuries of powdered rhino horn and pickled ox penis, this is the first ever government-approved drug designed to conjure libido. Whether it actually achieves this aim is, well, complicated.

The story began five years ago when a US pharmaceutical company, Boehringer, trialled flibanserin as an antidepressant. It didn't work, but sufficient testers experienced a horniness hike for Boehringer to see if it helped those with hypoactive (ie, low) sexual desire disorder (HSDD) instead.

In 2010 the US Food and Drug Administration (FDA) deemed the drug no more effective than a placebo. Undeterred, pharmaceutical firm Sprout bought flibanserin and tried again for a licence. This time it was rejected on the grounds that side effects such as dizziness and nausea outweighed the benefits. So what persuaded the FDA to greenlight it last August?

The most obvious answer is a campaign named Even The Score. It was launched last year to assert that the lack of drugs for female sexuality was a feminist issue. That's correct. Not fighting, for example, for the universal right to foreplay, but taking up arms to combat our lack of sex medicine.

"It's time to level the playing field when it comes to the treatment of women's sexual dysfunction," sounded its website. "There are 26 FDA-approved drugs to treat various sexual dysfunctions for men... but still not a single one for women's most common sexual complaint." Some of Even The Score's funds came from Sprout.

The campaign started to gain traction.





BOOK

Improve your life in 15 minutes

Authors Dalton Wong and Kate Faithfull-Williams' new book, *The Feelgood Plan*, claims you can change your life with just 15 minutes per day. Now, *that* we are open to. Explains Wong, "It's 15 minutes that you dedicate to yourself, whether planning your next meal, exercising or organising your day so that you can fit in a gym session." Here are five rules to fill those 15 minutes.

l Diet

NEW RULE...

ONLY EAT WHEN YOU ARE HUNGRY



"It doesn't matter whether you eat three or six meals a day: only eat when you're hungry," Wong advises. "If you don't want breakfast, then just have

lunch and dinner and a snack. Learn to listen to your body." And carbs don't need to be ruled out. "Say you go to the gym and you're jacked up. You might need carbs before bed to help repair your body."

2 Sleep

NEW RULE.

YOU DON'T NEED EIGHT HOURS A NIGHT



"Fifteen minutes before bed, listen to some music or read a book," says Wong. "This helps you have a restful night's sleep." And there's nothing

wrong with a drink before bed. "Just don't get hammered," he warns. "And avoid a lot of sugar or too much alcohol at night because that spikes your insulin levels which will disrupt your sleep." понитини



It also attracted controversy. Its claim that "one in ten women suffers from HSDD" came under fire - when does a withered sex drive tip from being, say, a reasonable reaction to a stressful job and become an actual disorder?

"We need to err on the side of caution in pathologising people's sex lives," says sexual psychologist Glenn Mason. "Many factors impact upon a woman's libido. Rather than a quick fix, it is worth exploring the underlying issues." Interestingly, anyone presenting such factors would not be able to take flibanserin: it can only be prescribed for women in robust mental and physical health. Adds Dr Petra Boynton, "If you don't desire

sex or struggle to achieve orgasm, these are increasingly being presented as clinical conditions. Before considering medication people could address masturbation, sex toys or lubricants."

Boynton also voiced fears about the nature of Sprout's campaign. "Sprout has used paid patients to address the FDA in emotional terms, which some of the FDA panel are on record as saying they found difficult to cope with.



'Not desiring sex is presented as a clinical condition'

"Meanwhile, drug companies have attempted to influence medical education: when Boehringer was developing flibanserin it offered practitioners, including me, training events - where no data was yet available, but where we'd be told about the HSDD - and money to put our names to prewritten articles for doctors to read about the high prevalence of HSDD."

A coalition of organisations led by the Women's Health Network voiced a more specific concern: "The problem with flibanserin is not gender bias at the FDA but the drug itself." Viagra is a simple fix. It is taken only when needed, before sex. It expands

arteries in the penis, sending more blood through to give a proud erection. By contrast, flibanserin is taken daily, and affects the balance of neurotransmitters such as serotonin and dopamine in the brain. The side effects persist, putting women who take it at risk of low blood pressure and even loss of consciousness. These can be exacerbated by taking the contraceptive pill or drinking alcohol (oddly,

in the alcohol safety test submitted to the FDA, 23 of the 25 participants were men).

However, one of the 11,000 women involved in the trials is delighted by flibanserin – and Sprout readily put me in touch with her. Says Amanda Parrish, 52, from Brentwood, Tennessee, "My husband felt emasculated when I wasn't wanting or initiating sex. I had lost interest in sex and I'd often turn away. During the trial I was suddenly the one who'd suggest we skip dessert to go home. Because I really wanted Ben, he responded differently and we found whole new levels of intimacy."

It's safe to say that women would like more and better sex. And the success of Even The Score points at least to the truth that women are as disappointed by those nights when their bodies refuse to respond as their partners are. But the efficacy of flibanserin is currently opaque, and the facts that are most clear are these. The annual sales of Viagra are around £1.5 billion. Companies have long hoped to market a similar drug for women. Shortly after flibanserin won its licence, Sprout was sold to Canadian pharma giant Valeant for \$1bn. For the moment, a bottle of Ruinart, a Henry Miller novel, and an afternoon of admiration leading to a night in a hotel might be a more reliable solution. Rebecca Newman

to the pink pill...



Rose De Mai candle by Oskia

Because it burns to a just-hot-enough massage oil to add a delicious finish. £34.50. cultbeauty.co.uk



We-Vibe 4 Plus

Because the best shewears-it-while-youboth-get-down-to-it vibe just got better with a remote control. £128. we-vibe.com



Louisa suspender set

Because gifts will make her hornier. Fact. And this beauty has something in it for you. From £110. lascivious.co.uk

3 Alcohol

DRINK ALCOHOL, JUST NOT EVERY NIGHT



ининини

"If your work involves socialising and you drink with clients a few nights a week, then don't drink at home," Wong advises. "People want to do both, but it's not wise.

You have to choose." And the best options? "Vodka with fresh lime and soda is lowcalorie and additive-free. And champagne comes in a controlled glass size. The key is not to allow endless top-ups."

Stress

EXERCISE FOR FUN. NOT STRESS RELIEF



"Finding something you enjoy doing, that is the key," says Wong. "Most people aren't passionate about their work, so a hobby that gives you a

kick for those 15 minutes a day can be vital." No matter what that thing is, if you enjoy it your stress levels will decrease and you'll start to see better results from eating well and having a work-out routine.

) Exercise

15 MINUTES IS ALL YOU NEED



"Most people don't work out hard enough," says Wong. "Do 15 minutes and make sure it is actual, real work... Don't give vourself a heart

attack, but empty the gas tank in that time and you'll get better results." Cass Farrar @ The Feelgood Plan: Happier, Healthier & Slimmer In 15 Minutes A Day (Ebury Press, £14.99) is out now.



Continued from page 159

Oregon. I want her to work hard at that. I want my kids to have a good life and money helps. But it is not what drives me. What drives me is getting up on that podium.

AC: And what do you do when that stops? **MF:** I hang up my spikes. I am never going to go jogging. I will stay in sport, I will want challenges, but you will never see me jog.

AC: Are you going for the double [5km and 10km] again at the Rio Olympics?
MF: The double double.

AC: Double double double.

MF: I did the European double in 2010, gold and silver in the 2011 Worlds, double at the Olympics, double in Moscow, double in Beijing last year. And I did the double in the Europeans 2014 wasn't it?

AC: That's a lot of doubles. So you're going for the double in Rio and then the double in the Worlds next year?

MF: [Nods and smiles.] That is in my mind. I'm 33, though, and as you get older, your body doesn't always align so much. So I can't maybe train the same.

AC: How much did you run this morning? MF: I came to you straight from the airport. I will run tonight. I did a session with Alberto in the States yesterday.

AC: And tonight, you'll just put on your gear and go for a run round Edinburgh?

MF: Yes

AC: Do people not try and stop you? MF: They might say "Hi". I'll have my headphones on. People are nice.

AC: Does anyone ever try to race you? **MF:** Race me? No chance [laughs]!

AC: So how do you plan out the season? **MF:** I have colours. So deep red is important. Olympics is red, dark red. A lesser race might be light red.

AC: What is now?

MF: Kind of orange. Training. Doing a race but maybe not such a big one.

AC: So do you care if you win or not?

MF: Oh, yeah. I want to win every race I do.

AC: You have an interesting relationship with pain. When I say "pain", what does that say to you?

MF: Pain... Like I'm gone, I'm gone, I can't take this

AC: So how can you run like that?

MF: You have to. I will collapse if I have to.

AC: Is that why you and Alberto get on? He was a top athlete and he nearly died running a race, didn't he?

MF: Yeah he did. He nearly died. And he said, "I never saw anyone like you..."

AC: Meaning you?

MF: Yeah, he said he never saw anyone like me. I did a session once when I was ill, two miles, one and a half miles, then a third distance, and the other guys were getting a gap on me. They were going quicker than he asked them to. I let them go a bit then closed them in and closed them in. I took the lead and held them off. Alberto asked, "How do you do that? I could tell you were working twice as hard as they were." I do. I don't want to lose anything.

AC: How high does your pulse go?
MF: At the end of a tempo session it'll be 180, average on a run maybe 140.

AC: In the morning?

MF: It's 37, 38. I've got this thing now [*goes to his watch*] and it can track my pulse, and then I upload it all to here after a run [*goes to his phone, taps in pin*].

AC: Is that your pin? Not hard to hack!

'Others could do what I do, but they don't have the mental side'

MF: Serious? They're my favourite numbers [*laughs*]. Anyway, you see, I can put in a time and see how hard I was pushing, see my heartbeat. I sometimes use it on the treadmill.

AC: You're a Muslim. What does your religion mean to you?

MF: My religion means a lot to me. It is one of the reasons I am like I am. I feel some things you can control, some you can't. I am not the most religious person in the world but I do believe.

AC: I was on a plane from the Gulf recently and the guy next to me got out his compass, got on his knees and prayed. **MF:** That's not me. I won't do that but I try to pray five times a day.

AC: So how do you feel about the way your religion is being used by something like Isis? Does it upset you that they say it is religious?

MF: It's not true. That's not religion, no chance. They're not doing it for religion because religion is peaceful. I believe no matter who you are, respect yourself, respect others.

AC: But the world is not like that.

MF: No, the world is not like that. I like to feel people are nice, positive. Those people are not

AC: Do you welcome the idea of being a role model or does it worry you?

MF: I welcome it, because of kids, if people look to me and try to be good at what they do, like how I used to look up to footballers growing up.

AC: But loads of footballers do bad stuff – they can't all be role models.

MF: When you love someone it is for what they do, and I loved footballers. I looked up to them. Even today, when I am going down to the Emirates Stadium, I feel so happy. I am like a little kid, I still get that feeling. Now, kids spend a lot of time indoors. Maybe I can help get them out more, go for a run, get fit.

AC: Do you feel that the London 2012 legacy is real?

MF: The Olympics was so good. I think we are getting there slowly. It won't change overnight. Technology has slowed people down. Before all this technology we had more kids in the park.

AC: You grew up as part of an extended family, away from your parents a lot, often with your grandma. But I must be honest, when you talk about Rhianna, it's strange that you see her as your daughter the same as the other three, when she has a different biological father.

MF: She is. It upsets me when people say she's my stepdaughter. She is not.

AC: Does she have any relationship with her biological father?

MF: No. He's gone.

AC: And when you were chasing your wife, Tania, were you not jealous that she had a baby with another guy? I don't know many British men who wouldn't be?

MF: [Laughs.] I was just determined. I set my mind to it. I was going to get Tania. And the minute I met Rhianna I loved her.

AC: So Rhianna is your kid the same as the twins and the baby?

MF: The same.

AC: And is she not curious about her biological father?

MF: She sees me as her dad.

AC: Now to your twin brother, Hassan, who has always been in Somalia. When you speak do you speak in Somali?

MF: Yeah, Somali. He picks up some
English words. He is cleverer than me but he is not disciplined. I asked my grandma why we were so different. She said when we were small, if she asked him to go to buy something, it would take two hours because he stopped and talked to everyone. I would just run there and run back.

AC: He didn't like England when he finally came here. Why was that?

MF: My brother didn't like all the things you have to do. Training, lunch at a certain time, making appointments. He is too chilled, likes getting his food made for him. They have a good life though. He is a mechanic.

AC: How Somali do you feel?

MF: I do feel Somali. That is never going to leave me, but it is so different. I say "please" and they go, "Huh?" I go into the kitchen to make an omelette and they go, "Why you in the kitchen? No men in the kitchen!"

AC: It is weird to think you could have been Dutch because when you left Somalia your grandma lived in the Netherlands and you thought you were going there?

MF: I know. And I thought England and the Netherlands were the same country.

AC: Your life has had a lot of weird turns.

MF: I know. One day, it would be nice to trace it back, point to point, try and work out what was going on in my mind.

AC: How tough was it being at a new school in England unable to speak a word of English?

MF: Difficult, it was difficult.

AC: Feels kind of impossible to me. I can't imagine it.

MF: Not impossible. But difficult.

AC: How long did it take you to learn English?

MF: I'm still learning [laughs]. Maybe six months. I watched TV, asked questions, and then I see a billboard and I go, "Wow, I know what that means." But I've got to be honest, I never thought that I'd be sitting here now, talking to you, going, "I won this medal, then I won that."

AC: How much of your work is mental? MF: Half of it. There are definitely other people who could do what I do, but they don't have the mental side.

AC: So what takes you to the next level? MF: I hate losing. And I can deal with pressure.

AC: Do you hate losing more than you like winning?

MF: They are both equally strong for me. You have different feelings for different wins. A local race, OK. But the Olympics, because of everything you went through to get it, and because it will change your life.

AC: What about playing cards?
MF: Yeah, I wanna win. But if I lose, it's not a killer.

AC: But you love winning?

MF: Yes. I figure out how I won. And I analyse it. If I lose, I analyse why I lost. Most people don't know this but I study my own races a lot, and my competitors'.

AC: What do you learn?

MF: I envision things. How I won, how I felt. If I lost, I figure out why, the mistakes I made. Or I figure out where the others are strong, where they are weak.

AC: You've had a bit of stick for focusing more on medals than setting new world

records. Do you think some of the records are unbeatable because people ran faster in an era when doping controls were weaker? MF: I love winning races, but of course times matter. I was on my honeymoon and this guy breaks 27 minutes for 10k, and I'm going, 'Hey, what's this? I need to get training more. How do I go lower?' But you have to be realistic. Do I see myself running a 5k world record? No. Maybe more chance at 10k, but it is still a huge jump. At 5k my best is 12 minutes and 53 seconds. Kenenisa Bekele's record is 12.37. In the 10k, it's 26.17 and my best is 26.46. That is 30 seconds. I want to give it a crack but that is difficult.

AC: Are you surprised how big the Mobot is as a phenomenon?

MF: James Corden, genius, he started that on *A League Of Their Own* when he said I should do something special if I won. Then Clare Balding came up with the "M", and I said I would do it. It's amazing how that spread. And now James Corden is big in America.

AC: Is it a pain in the neck getting asked to do the Mobot all the time?

'Maybe I should take a picture of myself naked with all my medals'

MF: It's fine. But not when you're in a restaurant having a meal with the family.

AC: Do you ever get low?

MF: Yeah. From family stuff, like when your kids are ill and you can't be there. Sometimes it gets to me as well that people see you and they think you should be like they think you are.

AC: So do you get low, or get depressed? **MF:** Low. I don't get depressed. I always try to think positive.

AC: I loved it when Piers Morgan asked if you ever just hid away in your man cave and put your gold medals round your neck and swanked around?

MF: I never did that. Maybe I should [laughs]. In my head, here, now, I'm thinking maybe just once, before my body goes, I just take a picture of me in there, naked, with my medals on [laughs]. Do you think it would get out?

AC: Keep it on your phone with a really hard-to-crack pin code. So listen, if you had not made it as a runner, what do you think you'd have been?

MF: Probably a mechanic. Something

manual. I am not the sharpest knife in the drawer.

AC: That's rubbish. Learning English like you did, coming over to a foreign country.

MF: No, honestly, I am not, I am not an office guy. I can put things together, take things apart. We're all good at different things.

AC: What will you be doing in ten years? **MF:** Still in athletics, for sure. No, not athletics, I mean still in sport.

AC: Ah, Arsenal.

MF: Fitness coach for them, I could do that. It's amazing what we don't know about our bodies.

AC: Are you political?

MF: No. Well, what do you mean "political"?

AC: Do you have strong political views?

MF: About what?

AC: Well, did you vote at the election?

MF: No, I was in America.

AC: Would you have voted if not?

MF: Yes.

AC: What would you have voted?

MF: [Laughs.] Not saying. It's going to upset some people if I do. I don't want to talk politics, but what I do say is I believe in rules and laws, and if you come to this country, you've got to abide by the rules here. It's what it is. Deal with it.

AC: What about Europe, will you vote in the referendum?

MF: Not answering [laughs].

AC: In your book you wrote about how you couldn't get to a race in Belgium because you needed a visa. What if all that comes back if we are out of Europe? MF: No, we shouldn't get out of Europe, should we?

AC: Definitely not. So will you vote? MF: Can I vote? Yeah, I can vote. OK, I'll vote to stay in [shakes hands].

AC: Were you disappointed given you did the Olympics/Worlds double double, which was incredible, that you didn't do better in Sports Personality Of The Year last year?

MF: It is just one of those things, Alastair. I have my medals. I will always have those. It would be nice to win that, but it doesn't really matter.

AC: By the way, I can't believe you almost ioined the army.

MF: Yeah, I saw it as a way to be able to do lots of training.

AC: Would you have been a good soldier?
MF: No, I would have been a good runner.



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- 21. Saltaire Brewery's Cascade Pale Ale is an American style pale ale brewed near the UNESCO World Heritage site of Saltaire village, West Yorkshire. Its good bitterness, piney, resinous aromas and the citrus and grapefruit flavours of the Cascade and Centennial hop make it a brilliant match for Asian food. Available from Morrisons, selected Waitrose stores and independent beer shops. For more information, visit www.saltairebrewery.co.uk

CASCADE

PALE ALE

22. Introducing Smootheelicious: the UK's leading supplier of the pre-portioned smoothie sachet concept. Offering an extensive range of 14 flavours of delicious nutritious Fruit. Vegetable and Protein Smoothie Sachets, simply cut open and blend with a liquid of your choice. The frozen sachets have a 2 year shelf life and range from £1.20-£1.50. Order online and see the full range at www.smootheelicious.com/shop

Use VIP10%DISCOUNT for 10% off. Expires 06/04/16.





Marathon Man... Go The Extra Mile!



1. Swedish Jays offer the highest comfort for the active lifestyle in their t-JAYS Four earphones. This top-of-the-line edition of the award winning t-JAYS Series is a premium music experience that offers sheer power for control. With an incredibly light and durable build, you will find an impressive level of attention to detail. Get yours from www.jays.se at 30% off (£100) using voucher code GGMARATHON. Free worldwide shipping. Valid until April 30th.

2. The perfect way to start the day! This new Golden Syrup flavoured instant porridge pot from OOMF contains no added sugar and 20 grams of protein. Purchase online now www.giveitsomeoomf.co.uk or at your local Holland and Barrett store. RRP E11.99 (for 8 pots).

3. Naked Runner Sunglasses are ideally suited to runners who want lightweight running sunglasses which do not interfere with performance. They are lightweight, durable, comfortable to wear and have UV400 protection, making them perfect for long runs, Purchase now at www.naked-runner.com RRP £26.60.

4. Jabra Sport Pulse – the perfect solution for running. Whether a slow jog or a fast sprint, the Jabra Sport Pulse offers the world's first in-ear biometric heart rate monitor and in-ear coaching. Immersive Dolby® sound allows for optimal training and results alongside the integrated sports app providing a wealth of personal input. The Jabra Sport Pulse has an integrated running app and is available now at £199.99 GBP from www.jabra.co.uk/sports-headphones

5. Find your fuel with the LifeFuels Smart Nutrition Bottle, the first fully integrated product for automated personal nutrition and hydration management. Infuse the vitamins you want into the liquids you drink on the go. Also connects to wearable trackers and health apps. Discover more now at www.lifefuels.co

6. MP, the hot new brand in swimming, is an exciting collaboration between Olympic legend Michael Phelps and goggle guru Aqua Sphere. Worn by Phelps, the uber cool MP XCEED goggle delivers wide peripheral sight and superb comfort.

SRPs from £24.99. Visit www.michaelphelps.com/uk

7. Runderwear engineers seamless, chafe-free, moisture-wicking performance underwear. Specialising only in Performance Underwear, the London brand focus on every detail to make sure there is no rubbing or irritation as you run. Purchase now at www.runderwear.co.uk RRP £16.

8. BodyGlide anti-chafe balm. Being active should be pain-free. Protect your skin against rubbing that causes chafing, irritation and raw skin. The balm forms a dry, invisible non-greasy barrier, protective wherever skin is rubbed by clothing, footwear or skin. Available in 2 sizes: 42g. E11.95 and 12.8g E6.95. Purchase now at www.nuun.co.uk

9. Designed to support individuals of all fitness levels in the quest for strong, healthy bodies and minds, Juvo Board allows endiess workout routines on a single, revolutionary surface. Safely. From SUP fitness and functional strength training exercises to gentle yoga and mobility drills, Juvo Board's Balance and Elevate settings let you choose a difficulty level that's right for your body. Purchase now at www.juvoboard.com RRP \$699.

10. Muscle Food. FREE CHICKEN BREASTS! Eat chicken? Ever had Great Taste Award Winning chicken? You can for FREE! No added salt or water, hand-trimmed by expert butchers – 5kg chicken breasts (equivalent to 40 supermarket 125g breasts) only costs £25. Visit: www.musclefood.com/ggfree to claim 1kg for FREE!

1. MonowearTM proves that embracing technology need not come at the cost of your individuality. Every Monowear band will compliment your Apple Watch to perfection, tailoring it to your unique style. Make a bold colour statement or opt for a classic and refined aesthetic at www.monoweardesign.com or email leslie.@monoweardesign.com for more information.

2. The Mobi iPhone dock by WoodUp combines the roughness of concrete and the elegance of wood in a minimalistic design object. Manufactured to support every iPhone with Lightning connector, with or without a case, its concrete is specially shaped to naturally amplify the sound of your device. Individually handcrafted in Berlin, Germany, using solid walnut wood and anthracite-coloured concrete. Order now at www.woodup.de RRP: 89.90 EUR.

3. Looking for a stylish, premium leather case for your iPhone, iPad or Android device, then look no further than TORRO Cases! Using only the finest materials TORRO are becoming the go to brand for tech and fashion accessories, see more at www.torrocases.co.uk and use GQI for 15% off your order, expires 01/06/16.

4. Lapa is a Bluetooth tracking device that attaches to your objects. Controlled from an App, it helps you find misplaced objects or prevent you from losing them, it is also great for kids and pets. Find out more at www.findlapa.com or email us to team@lapa-app.com

5. Shed light on the matter with MOLT and the Mstick. Controlled by an app on your smartphone, the LED light stick can be used for adding light to your life whether that be for your bike rear light, text visualiser, sound visualiser or flash workout timer. Find out more at www.molt.kr and click the link to pre-order yours now.

6. IBlue. Smartphones are the driving force of our modern and mobile society. Have you ever wondered how could you control your devices with a single tap? Would you like to follow the newest trend and be part of the Smart World? If so, find out more at www.iblue.eu

7. Turtleneck* is a beautiful Scandinavian designed gadget that makes your earphones tangle free. You don't have to carry with you any separate devices or buy a new set of earphones. Continue to use the earphones you already have. Make them awesome looking and tangle free. Purchase now at www.turtleneck.life Available in 8 different colours.

8. Fusion HD from QDOS is a sleek crystal case complete with glass screen protector offering 360° protection for iPhone 6s or 6s Plus. The lightweight case and tempered glass screen protector fuse together seamlessly for the perfect fit. Available for £24.99 from www.qdossound.com

9. The VARIDESK* ProPlus 36™ is a simple way to turn your existing desk into a sit-stand desk. It comes fully assembled, so all you have to do is put it on top of your desk and you're up and working in minutes. Order online at uk.varidesk.com

10. Néit Luggage - Smart, hard-shelled luggage that collapses down to just 3 inches. Their design is based on an armadillo's shell, which collapses flat for storage in small spaces and includes a carabiner-inspired handle to hang in your closet. The case also benefits from optional GPS which links to their travel app. From there you can track your case, check the status of your flight, store your boarding passes, map your travel routes and find local area tips. Check them out at www.neit.life (enter GQ20 for a 20% discount on pre-orders). Expires 01/06/16.

11. Treat your loved ones to award-winning audio and multi-room technology. The **KitSound Boom Evo** has an incredible 110 Watts of power, with the delicacy to draw out every single note, and is only £199.99 RRP. The KitSound Link can transform any speaker that has an audio input into a smart speaker, and can be yours for just £70 RRP. Get them instore or online, www.kitsound.co.uk











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Ballroom bangles, everyday earrings, ravishing rings and much much more. Buy online/stockists/brochure, visit www.lathamandneve.co.uk or call 01580 753399.

2. Lucky Eyes "CIRCLE OF LIFE" Necklace. Available in Sterling Silver. Yellow Gold Vermeil. Rose Gold Vermeil - E75. Make a statement without shouting. Confidence is silent! 17 Hanover Square, Mayfair, London, WIS 1BN, Shop online www.luckveves.co.uk

3. Hillary Catherine Jewelry. Hand crafted, custom designed fine and fashion jewellery. with a purpose. Creating your future heirloom with authentic stones and precious metals. Visit www.hillarycatherineiewelry.com or email hillary@hillarycatherineiewelry.com

4. Treat someone dear to you to this feminine Eternity Bracelet by Merci Maman (E39) This lovely gift will be engraved by hand in London with the names, dates or message of your choice. The team at Merci Marnan will handcraft your bracelet within only a couple of days and they will gift wrap it in their signature box. Available in both sterling silver and gold plated with a wide selection of coloured braids, www.mercimamanboutique.com

5. With their bespoke engraving and specialist photo editing services, The Locket Tree's stunning lockets can be made to order by their in-house gemmologists and designers, making them the perfect personalised gift for your loved ones this season! To find out more visit www.thelockettree.co.uk or call 01202 331675.

6. Nitz & Schieck's Solitaire ring is the signature piece showing how to create beauty and elegance from the 3D printing production technique. Their gold plated stainless steel ring (£75) is directly printed into the shape of a solitaire gem. Who needs diamonds anyway? Available online www.nitz-schieck.com/shop or

7. Diamond Rocks has a stunning range of engagement rings, diamond jewellery and designer jewellery with over 1,500 items in stock and big savings compared to the high street! You can design your own ring on the website by selecting from thousands of certified diamonds. Buy online at www.diamondrocks.co.uk Visit them in Hatton Garden (strictly by

> 8. Keturah specialises in unique handcrafted gemstone jewellery, designed and created in Devon. Each piece is individually handmade using Precious and Semi-precious gemstones, Freshwater Pearls and finished in Sterling silver. Visit www.keturah.co.uk or contact 07908 060476 for enquiries.

> > 9. LIZ TYLER LTD. Award winning designer jeweller Liz Tyler delights in making your dreams a reality. Commissions welcome. Visit

Hazel & Wilfred offers elegant and timeless jewelry for any occasion. Specializing in women's and men's jewelry, each collection is designed using the natural surroundings of Vancouver, British Columbia. Visit

11. Steamylab is an Italian company, offering handmade Sterling Silver, raw stones and minimalist jewellery for the modern woman that wants to feed her bohemian spirit. Custom orders are welcome! Find your element browsing their amazing collection, available

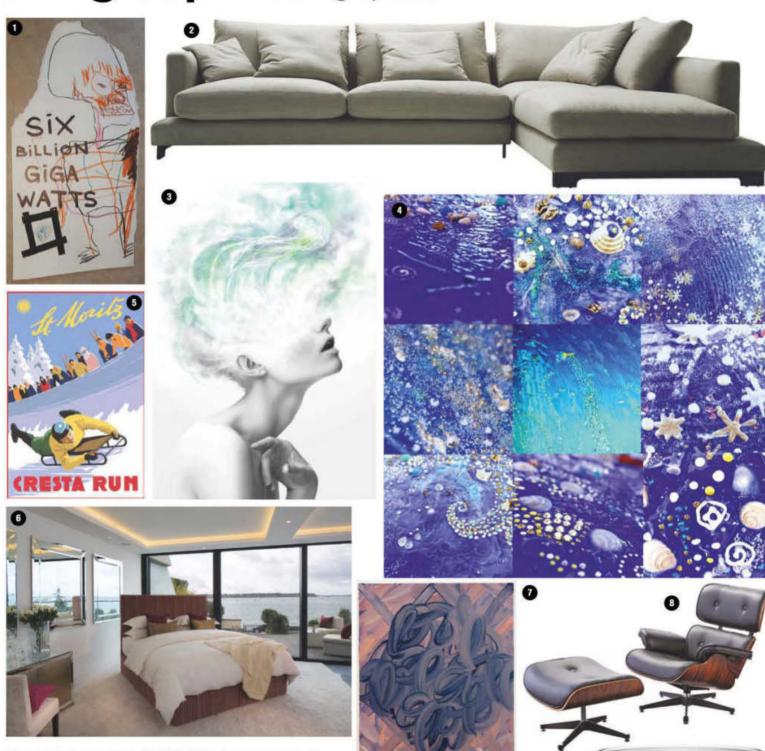
> 12. Fox and Luther Pocket Squares are the perfect gift for sophisticated gentlemen looking for a serious surge in style. Offering a captivating

www.menspocketsquares.co.uk where you can pick up any design for £12.00. - Look out for the Fox in the Box!

13. Nude by Nikki is an online designer lingerie mecca for the luxurious, modern woman. It is their mission to help women feel fabulous from the inside out, starting at the underpinnings. Rendered in beautiful lace and silks, Nude by Nikki reflects a sense of sexy and timeless elegance, focusing on fine, quality fabrics and the perfect fit.

14. Perfect for the stack obsessed, BYJODI's Limited Edition Rare Gemstone and Diamond Pave bracelets are a delicious indulgence! BYJODI is renowned for quality, exceptional attention to detail and flawless custom sizing. Shown are lolite, Australian Opal, Tahitian Pearl, Hematite and Druzy, Aguamarine and Pink Sapphire and Hematite Black Diamond. For more

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- Expressionist drawings and paintings by Harold Westerink for sale on www.saatchiart.com and www.haroldwesterink.com from \$100 and up.
- 2. Camerich's Lazytime plus corner sofa (pictured) is priced at just £2.556 and combines modern design with exceptional comfort. Lazytime plus can be ordered in a wide range of fabrics or leathers; many modules available for immediate delivery. Call 020 7372 9887 or visit www.camerich.co.uk for more details.

3. Wishbone Publishing Ltd, one of the nation's leading fine art publishers, are delighted to announce the signing of multimedia pop surrealist, Mr Go. The highly collectable London-based artist has already developed an exclusive body of works, blending humour and wit via traditional sketching and digital techniques, culminating in an exciting new collection available this spring. For more information on Mr Go, one of the most anticipated, provocative and intriguing names in British Fine Art, please contact. Wishbone Publishing info@wishboneart.co.uk or call 01245 350523.

4. DMINC! Placed in the middle between art, fashion and design, the compositions of the Milan-based painter Dminc, incessantly flow like a waterfall, materializing her visions through her polyhedral technique and unique style made by oil, acrylic and pastes but also paillettes, rhinestones and Swarovski elements. Explore her art at www.dminc.it and get ready to be surprised by her paintings, sculptures and installations in the same work!

5. Pullman Editions designs, commissions and publishes striking original posters which capture the enduring appeal of Art Deco. Their newly-commissioned posters feature winter sports, glamorous resorts around the world, and the world's greatest historic automobiles. All E395 each. Call 020 7730 0547 or view and buy online at www.pullmaneditions.com

6. Millbrook Beds. It's your best kept secret in the bedroom. Traditionally handmade in the UK for almost 70 years, Millbrook Beds are made to order using only the finest, locally-sourced, natural materials to offer the ultimate in sleep luxury. Visit www.millbrook-beds.co.uk email enquiry@millbrookbeds.co.uk or call 0845 373 1111.

7. Anne-Harle Cosgrove. Blue Wool, 2015, acrylic on wood from her new series "Model Citizens". This award winning painter has exhibited her work internationally in cities such as Montréal, Toronto, New York, Miami, Seattle, Vancouver and Washington D.C. www.anne-mariecosgrove.com

8. MoDecor. Huge £225 discount on the reproduction of the 1956 Charles Earnes Lounge Chair and Ottoman. Usually priced at £775, readers can grab a deal just for £550. Visit www.modecor.co.uk for full range / colours. To claim your offer, visit www.modecor.co.uk email wsales@modecor.co.uk or call 020 3239 3902 and use code GQ7 before 30/05 /2016. (or while stock lasts). Next day delivery for UK mainland.

9. Trivae is the perfect accessory for any bachelor pad. Lid holder, trivet and display stand in one! Its edgy, modern look fits seamlessly into any kitchen, even if you only want to boil water. Available in four colours, order now at www.trivae.com RRP \$80.

Living It Up... Continued









10. IVAR is celebrated for their iconic and emotive design. They believe in simplicity, proportion and craftsmanship to create a sense of effortiess elegance. The Brompton Cabinet celebrates the English tradition of brick walls through a pattern obtained by mixing walnut lines with copper. Ingredients for creating iconic pieces and instant classics. Discover more at www.ivarlondon.com or

11. Gary Hogben is an emerging artist with international sales. Based in Kent, he has had one solo show and has participated in many group shows in and around London. Gary specialises in postage stamp collages, such as this Union Jack commission, pictured. His work can be found at www.saatchiart.com/garyhogben fineartamerica.com/profiles/gary-hogben.html or on his website www.cocksoupart.co.uk

12. Mykal Aubry's exquisite art is inspired by the beauty and power everyone holds within and is an expression of his own personal journey of transformation. Seen here is a piece entitled Radium. painted with acrylic on canvas. For enquiries, email mykal@mykalaubry.com and to view more of his work, visit www.mykalaubry.com

13. JW Walls. This Graffiti mural is taken from their Street Art Collection. With many different images to choose from as well as being able to upload your own, each print is customised to fit exact wall measurements. For more information visit www.iwwalls.com or call them on 0800 4334663.

Male Maintenance... Shaving Face!











2. Cover up fine lines, spots, blemishes and all those other confidence crippling facial imperfections with the award-winning MMUK MAN Concealer Stick For Men. At E14, this ultimate grooming game changer brings your complexion back to life in an instant. Visit

www.maleskin.co.uk now for all your makeup and skin care for men's needs.

> 3. Dapper Beard Oil. Light and earthy aroma which is timeless and addictive. Made with cold-pressed argan, jojoba, avocado, and almond oils. Packed with vitamins and antioxidants which repair and protect. Doubles as a great moisturizer to help minimize beard itch. Look captivating, smell handsome. Available

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4. Take care of your beard with For The Bearded Made only with the highest quality ingredients; these oils, creams and waxes will give your beard the pampering it deserves, leaving it soft and smelling great every time! For more information or to order, visit www.forthebearded.com

5. Over at Beard Bundle, they offer the highest quality beard care products on the market. Their Raw American brand of signature, handcrafted beard oils, balms, pomade and washes come in a variety of great smelling scents at a reasonable price. Direct sale available on their website at www.beardbundle.com

6. Vitabiotics Wellman Skin Technology is from the UK's number 1 men's supplement brand and has been developed to help men stay looking their very best. The advanced skin formula is a major development in male nutrition, with a unique combination of 30 nutrients including biotin which

contributes to normal skin health. RRP £17.30 for 60 tablets, available from Boots and online at www.wellman.co.uk

> 7. The last word in beard care, from Worthy & Spruce. This Ultimate Beard Care Toolkit combines all of the very finest product for taming, softening, strengthening, styling, moisturising, and finessing your fantastic face furniture. Moreover, 10% of every toolkit sold goes to support the great charity work of White Ribbon. Purchase now at www.worthyandspruce.com

8 The XI Eiger razor from Bolin Webb - Always elegant. Always distinctive. And always impeccably made. Beautiful and innovate award winning products that turn everyday experiences into exceptional ones. Fitted with Gillette's Fusion ProGlide blade. Razor available for £70 and razor stand for £35 from www.bolinwebb.com and at Harrods and Fortnum & Mason, Or call 01572 868005.



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9. Introducing Earl's & Co. the Cotswolds' go-to grooming venue. A brand new concept blending a barbershop and whisky bar with effortiess cool. Stylish but relaxed, Earl's takes the best of tradition and makes it contemporary. Whether you visit for a quick trim or a full hot towel wet shave, you'll be treated to a whisky and shoe-shine with your treatment. Bespoke whisky tastings are available with the in-house expert making it a great choice for getting groomsmen/friends together. Contact info@earlsandco.com or visit www.earlsandco.com for more information.

10. White Glo. Want to whiten your teeth without any hassle? Simply switch your ordinary toothpaste with White Glo! White Glo toothpastes use special micro polishing particles which work to lighten discolourations and yellowing on tooth enamel to whiten teeth. White Glo Professional Choice is an Australian Dental Association approved product for its safety and efficacy. Look out for White Glo Professional Choice in a fresh vertical packaging design with brand new bonus X-Action toothbrush! Available from Boots, ASDA, Amazon, Superdrug, and pharmacies. RRP £3.99. Visit www.whiteglo.com or call 00 44 20 8274 1238.

11. Gruhme. The ultimate sophisticated scent for the discerning gentleman. To get your hands on your signature fragrance visit www.gruhme.co.uk Gift sets and shaving kits are also available.

12. The Claudia Louch Natural Skin Clinic. Models, presenters and actors rely on the skin specialist Claudia Louch to help their complexions look screen-ready. Her secret is entirely natural and she specialises in Acne, Rosacea, Eczema, Seborrhoeic Dermatitis, Psoriasis, Natural Anti-ageing, Skin Allergies and more. Her medicinal botanical skincare products may be

100 per cent natural, her ethos may be holistic and her procedures non-invasive, but, let's be clear, there's nothing wishy-washy about her approach. It is scientific rooted in testing and analysis, reflected in her 3,000-plus client list. Therapeutic and Cosmetic Phytomedical facials and body treatments are also performed on site by a team of Dermatherapists, addressing different skin conditions and the common-or-garden signs of ageing. Some of her superb skincare range is also available online.

For Priority Bookings, call 020 7467 1539 or email appointments@claudialouch.com and guote 'GQ'. The Natural Skin Clinic, 10 Harley Street, London W1G 9PF. Visit www.claudialouch.com

13. Outlaw Beard Products. Long night on the trail? Well partner... The All Natural Beard Baims and BOLD scents will ensure you're the last man standing! Smoking Gun: (Black Pepper & Sweet Birch), Sundown: (Blood Orange & Vanilla). Blacksmith: (Nicotiana Tabacum & Cedarwood) \$23 CAD/2oz Tin. Visit www.outlawbeardproducts.com or contact outlawbeardproducts@gmail.com

14. Blended and bottled in Yorkshire. Mr B's Beard Care offer a completely organic beard oil range that leaves your beard feeling well-groomed and your face moisturised. Available in a range of blends including bergamot, pine needle & tea tree. Visit www.mrbsbeardcare.co.uk to purchase or email info@mrbsbeardcare.co.uk

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16. Bearded Colonel. Every man's unjust dilemma: shave with an overpriced, over-marketed razor that insults their intelligence, or shave with a cheap razor that insults their skin. They're a better way to shave. Visit www.beardedbolonel.co.uk and get £5 off with the code GQMAG5.

17. Since 1854, Taylor of Old Bond Street have produced and sold the finest in Luxury Men's Grooming Products and accessories, creating a brand which is synonymous with British style and quality, Visit their store at 74 Jermyn Street, St James's, London, SWIY 6NP, call 020 7930 5544 or visit them at www.tayloroldbondst.co.uk

















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The secret of SUCCESS

Get acquainted with the historic estate that's taking Chelsea into the 21st century. Rosemary Brooke reports



t's a well-documented fact that the Cadogan family can walk from Harvey Nichols in Knightsbridge, past Peter Jones on Sloane Square and down the King's Road, without ever stepping off their own land. Like the Grosvenor Estate that spans much of Mayfair or the Howard de Walden Estate that encompasses Harley Street and Marylebone, this prime chunk of Chelsea

is owned by one of Britain's wealthiest families. As these estates have the longstanding interests of their properties at heart, it's easy to see why this form of management makes these areas such attractive places to live in.

'It's lovely being able to take such a long-term view on things,' says Hugh Seaborn, the CEO of Cadogan. 'Having so much history [the estate dates back to the 18th century] means that we've got the confidence to know that we'll benefit from the decisions we make now in the years to come. Our jobs are really to be stewards of the estate and to pass it down to future generations in better condition than we receive it.'

Although the estate is privately owned – Earl Cadogan is the president and his son, Viscount Chelsea, is the chairman of the company – the day-to-day management is overseen by Seaborn and his team. A large part of this involves liaising with tenants, as the business encompasses a residential property portfolio of approximately 3,000 flats and 200 houses. Tenants are either on short leases managed directly by the estate, or on longer leaseholds, some of which now change hands for millions.

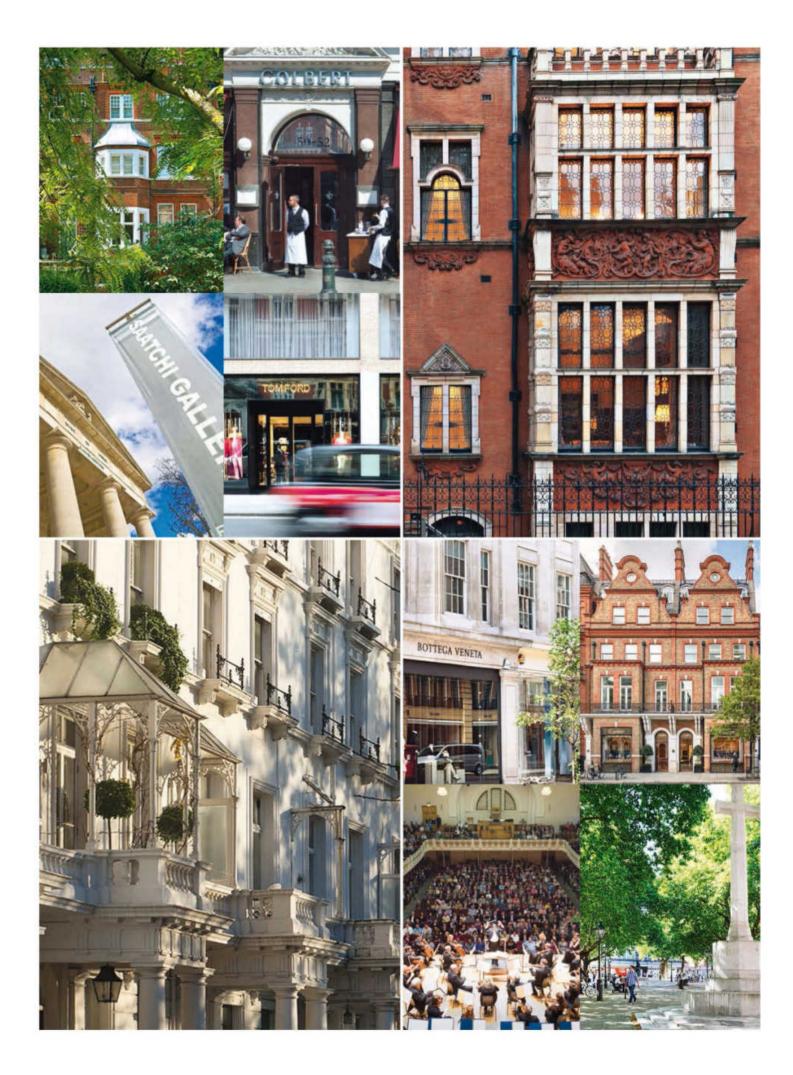
'High prices are obviously a positive, but as we don't usually sell property unless we're obliged to, it's largely academic to us,' says Seaborn. 'We're focused on making sure that the area remains vital, dynamic and interesting for the long term and that people really want to live here. That's why we place such importance on putting the community at the centre of everything.'

Part of the estate's success is down to it focusing on developing the cultural and commercial offerings of the area, thereby ensuring Chelsea remains a vibrant and desirable place to live. It was responsible for refurbishing the Cadogan Hall formerly a disused church - and gave it to the Royal Philharmonic Orchestra as its permanent home. The 900-seat venue has now become one of the capital's leading classical-music destinations and hosts a range of other concerts. The estate was also behind the development of Duke of York Square as a shopping venue - it was previously an army barracks - and attracting the Saatchi Gallery to its present location. As well as funding the bi-monthly Sloane Square magazine, the estate has recently launched a cultural listings website called In Chelsea (www. inchelsea.co.uk), intended to make it easier for residents to find out what's going on in their neighbourhood.

'It's about putting our residents into the position where they really connect with the area,' says Seaborn. 'We want to ensure that the quality of our flats or houses is exceptional, as is the service we provide to those living there.' Last year, Cadogan introduced a complimentary concierge facility for those who rent the estate's most exclusive flats on a shorthold basis. 'Booking tables at restaurants or getting tickets to sold-out concerts seem to be the most popular service,' says Seaborn, 'although we did get a last-minute request for two tickets to the Cannes Film Festival and a helicopter to get them there.' Did they manage it? 'Yes, of course.'

Next on the estate's agenda is Sloane Square: the public toilets under the main square are soon to be transformed into a café, and Hotel Costes is set to open at 1 Sloane Gardens, which will mark the first international expansion of the upmarket Parisian hotel. A new development on Pavilion Road will see the introduction of independent retailers such as a baker and a butcher, and there are some major plans afoot to improve the public realm on Sloane Street. The next few years will see the estate working with the Royal Borough of Kensington and Chelsea to widen and resurface the pavements along the street and introduce high-quality landscaping to create a better atmosphere for shoppers and locals.

By keeping one eye on the future, Cadogan is making this part of London into a place that its leaseholders and tenants want to stay in for good. 'Our priority is making sure that our residents have an exceptional experience,' says Seaborn. 'If they have that, then hopefully they'll never want to leave.' www.cadogan.co.uk



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UNEQUIVOCALLY EXCEPTIONAL

Cadogan Square, SWl, is a boutique Knightsbridge address offering three sensational apartments that set new standards for London's super prime rentals market, as *Claire Pilton* reports.





tep inside this handsome Grade II listed red brick building and there is no doubting you have arrived! An elegant marble entrance hall with a crested mosaic floor, features an original fireplace and a grand staircase - all preserved and perfectly restored. Constructed in the 1870s in the Queen Anne style as a family house, and latterly split into six flats, 25 Cadogan Square has, after three years, been restored in its entirety.

The property is now home to three exceptionally large duplexes, the like of which (as a result of the Royal Borough's recent ruling) are no longer possible to replicate in this prestigious square.

Spanning some 3,000 sq ft with three bedroom suites apiece.

Spanning some 3,000 sq ft with three bedroom suites apiece, the apartments benefit from direct lift access and have huge reception rooms that boast high ceilings and period features, slick kitchens by Bulthaup and Boffi, and sensational bathrooms; one incorporates the original

wine cellar, another extends to a hammam, while mother-of-pearl mosaics dress a guest cloakroom.

The first apartment includes a romantic Italianate courtyard, the second opens to a balcony that fronts the width of the building, while the penthouse offers

The penthouse offers a City sky-scape to St Paul's and the Shard.

a City sky-scape to St Paul's and the Shard. All three enjoy leafy views over, and access (on application) to the private communal garden and hard tennis court of Cadogan Square.

Situated within the Hans Conservation area, a stone's throw from Sloane Street, 25 Cadogan Square combines the cachet of living in the most sought after of London's neighbourhoods with the architectural attributes and historical fabric of Knightsbridge. Unlike many new-build schemes in the capital, this discreet, boutique address is not branded with a developer's 'stamp'. Rather it offers three inherently individual homes whose 'intelligent' specification unobtrusively

enhances the historical integrity of each apartment and the handcrafted designs within every room.

Restored cornices and moulded ceilings that have been reinstated lozenge by lozenge, are teamed with hand polished plaster walls and antique cognac oak parquet de Versailles. Fireplaces in Portland stone and marble feature custom made fire baskets and club fenders, while bespoke door furniture and original monkey tail window handles contribute to the eclectic mix of hand-tufted Belgian and Moroccan rugs, fur throws, cashmere cushions, Eglomise armours and Venetian glass 'Napoleon' chandeliers. Elegantly contemporary cabinetry, sofas, beds and tables have all been individually proportioned and hand crafted to maximise the space, pleasure and style afforded within these sumptuously comfortable and historic homes.

Available with porterage and concierge, the apartments at Cadogan Square are priced from £12,000 a week through:

Savills Super Prime Lettings Louise Good - 020 7535 2953







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What is it about the Caribbean that makes waking to the sound of breaking waves, taking breakfast on the terrace, lunch by the beach and dinner under the stars so unequivocally special? *Claire Pilton reports*

urportedly declared by Columbus to be the most beautiful island that human eyes had ever seen, the Dominican Republic is certainly the most geographically diverse island in the Caribbean. An inherently varied region, the Caribbean embraces 30 territories, including sovereign states, and is home to some of the most exclusive residential

markets in the world. St Barts has long been a celebrity playground, while Barbados's Platinum Coast is the haunt of UHNWIs from around the globe. Tourism comprises 36.2% of the Bajan economy. In the Cayman Islands and British Virgin Islands over half of GDP is generated by the financial-services sector; both rank amongst the world's top 40 financial centres.



Bajan beauties

Platinum Bay will provide five fabulous beach-fronting villas on the west coast by Holetown. They're handy for The Cliff and Lone Star, and a stroll along the beach from Sandy Lane, with shopping close by at the Limegrove Lifestyle Centre and golf at The Green Monkey and Apes Hill. Available through Savills (020 7016 3740), the six-bedroom residences are being developed by London's Residential Land and Prestbury Investments, whose two founders are furthering their strong affinity with Barbados.



ISLAND ENVY

The sum of US\$17 million could see you residing on Jumby Bay, where Knight Frank (020 7861 1553) recommends a six-bedroom villa on Pelican Beach with a plethora of poolside patios. Famous for turtles and starfish, Jumby Bay benefits from an excellent airlift service, with mainland Antigua just a 10-minute boat-ride away: convenient should you tire of your own chef or the island's hotel.



VIRGIN TERRITORY

Made for sun worshipping and stargazing, this secluded fantasy home is built around the giant granite boulder fields of Virgin Gorda near The Baths. It has three bedrooms and costs US\$3.9 million through Sotheby's (+1 284 340 5555). Down the road, Diane Wildenstein's 19-acre Valley Trunk estate (www.valleytrunk.com) can be rented 'all in' from £3,850 a night. Perfect for test-driving the BVI!



FRANCE AT ITS BEST

Named for Christopher Columbus's brother, St Barthélemy is known as The Normandy of the Tropics. Here, €10.5 million will secure a four-bedroom villa on the Lurin hillside with views of St Jean Bay to the ocean. Set in tropical gardens with an emerald pool, it's a five-minute drive from Gustavia and just 10 minutes from the airport. Contact Christie's (+590 590 29 8891)





Republic's Green Coast, with views over Playa Grande beach and the famous Robert Trent Jones golf course, the first four Amanera Villas were snapped up before the December opening of the resort's 25-casita hotel. The restaurants, spa, tennis courts, golf course and phenomenal beach club are available to home-owners, as are the services of architect John Heah, who has fashioned the hotel to a 'raw, organic design': think concrete, teak and glass. The US\$7-million villas take 18 months to build. One purchaser, who couldn't wait, has also bought a two-bedroom casita, which cost US\$4 million. Contact the estate's owner, Dolphin Capital (www.playagrande.com).

PROPERTY

NOTEBOOK

Rosemary Brooke gets the inside knowledge on this month's highlights



NEW ESTABLISHMENT

Properties on Surrey's Wentworth Estate are always in demand, and this grand family residence is particularly desirable. Set on a private road, in half an acre of landscaped gardens, Earlswood House is a newbuild, period-style property with six bedrooms, five bathrooms and multiple living areas. Price £4,150,000.

For more information, contact Barton Wyatt on 01344 843000 or visit www.bartonwyatt.co.uk





Set in stone

Since 1998, Janine Stone has carved out a name for herself as an interior designer who's firmly focused on enhancing a house's architectural merit. Sometimes this involves thinking outside the box, as demonstrated by a recent project, in which her company completely remodelled a 1980s house, adding a new wing and rebuilding several parts. The attention to detail was meticulous period touches were added and even the stone steps were sanded down to give the house a sense of history. It's hard to define precisely what gives a property character and life, but whatever that X-factor is, Janine Stone has it in abundance. 020 7627 5300; www.janinestone.com

ISLAND LIVING

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bedroom villas, with floor-to-ceiling windows,

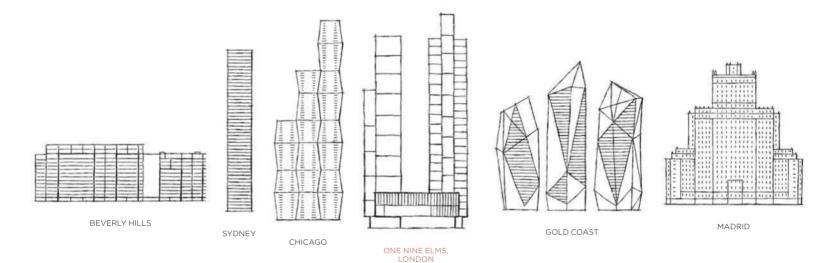
high ceilings, and terraces overlooking the river.

For further information, call 01225 463517 or visit

Serious sun-seekers should take note of Battaleys Mews, a luxurious residential development in Barbados. It's situated in St Peter's on the Platinum Coast, which takes its name from the sandy white beaches that stretch along the west of the Caribbean island. Under the new ownership of British property developers Prestbury Investments, the 25 properties have been refurbished to the highest standard. Each spans across 2,350 square feet of indoor-outdoor space with its own spa pool, and has access to the communal swimming pool, tennis court, club house and a children's play area. Contact Chestertons Barbados on 020 7993 4883 or 00 1 246 432 4663. www.battaleysmews.com







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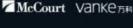
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GQ dines out on class, coups and cigarettes with the first lady of feminism at **Le Caprice**

aitlin Moran, journalist, author and Unofficial Feminism Spokesperson arrives for our lunch at Le Caprice at 4pm. She's not late. Just busy. That's what happens when you sell over a million books – you get rich and you get really busy. Busy and, it turns out, pretty angry. Not I-missed-mybus-so-I'm-going-to-stab-you-in-the-eye-with-a-lit-cigarette angry, but rather frustrated-by-bad-decisions-taken-by-people-whorun-the-country angry.

Caitlin, you see, although largely known for rebranding feminism — via her book *How To Be A Woman* — from something young people might go to a clinic to treat into something with more street cred than a meme of Bernie Sanders dancing to Drake's "Hotline Bling", has, it turns out, lots of opinions on lots of things. Who knew?

"When I started at the *Times* I feared opinion. Having opinions back then was a bit like admitting I was brought up on benefits – I

thought it might get me fired. So I became an arts critic and wrote in the third person for five years. Journalism for me used to be about calling all musicians $c^{***}s$. But as I got older I got a lot less $c^{***}y$, a lot more opinionated and also a lot more confident."

Today, as a self-confessed "40-year-old woman with a massive Caesarean scar", Caitlin has strong, superbly eloquent opinions on politics, the Royal Family and why Radiohead are forever doomed to be pin-ups for the pseudo-intellectual middle-classes. She is bombastic on the gender pay divide, ballsy on the economy, killing on Donald Trump going "full Hitler" and poignant on why being poor can feel "like walking around with your iPhone permanently on four-per-cent charge".

And, boy, can she rattle through it. She's like Wikipedia, if Jimmy Wales was a cross between Beaker from *The Muppets* and a snarling punk activist on amphetamine who also moonlights as a stand-up comedian at Jongleurs. We've hardly sat down, ordered ourselves a glass of champagne and mulled over whether to have the scallops or the haddock

Le Caprice

'We need a revolution... but not one with pitchforks'

and we've already touched on the importance of cultural change as opposed to the impotency of political revolution, why she'll never become an MP – something to do with shagging Zac Foley, the bassist from EMF, apparently – and how you can draw a direct line from the writing of Russell T Davies to the passing of the equal marriage law in Britain. Well, as she puts it so brilliantly herself, "What did you expect from the eldest daughter of a Marxist trade unionist drug dealer hippie?"

Lots of those opinions and more are collected in her new anthology, *Moranifesto*, within which she also addresses the need for a new political guard. "The rich and powerful aren't evil. They're just blithe. I have mixed with the current political elite," she tells me while scoffing at the sheer metrosexuality of my beetroot salad entrée, "and they can't see that it isn't working.

"If your eldest daughter came downstairs and told you she wanted to be a politician you would look at her like she was a massive pervert. Correct? Politicians today are all cut from the same cloth. They all went to the same university, all did the same PPE course and were all taught by the same tutors. Their collective knowledge is all coming from a very

small source. We need a revolution – not one of pitchforks and stone throwing – but something more like an upgrade. A metamorphosis."

One of Caitlin's *Times* columns, reprinted in her new book, was a letter written to her two daughters, to be read in the event of her death. It's a profoundly moving piece. It got me thinking, as between our lunch – which was really a dinner of vodka and tobacco – and writing this column, my second daughter came screaming into this world...

Dear Zelda, if I'm dead and you're combing through my life's work looking for some nugget of wisdom, stop immediately and read Caitlin Moran's books instead. Her writing should be your cultural translator and will tell you far more about good contraception and bad haircuts than I ever could. Love, Daddy x.

PS. Go easy on your mum, LinkedIn will never be cool and never ever DM any boy a "belfie" shot. Even on Snapchat. Le Caprice, 20 Arlington Street, London, SW1. 020 7629 2239.

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